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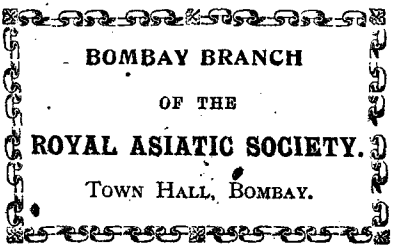

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THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

LIFE AND LIBERTY

IN

AMERICA:

OR,

SKETCHES OF A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN 1857–8.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LIFE AND LIBERTY

IN

AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA TO VIRGINIA.

March, 1858.

AWAY again through the eternal pine forests for hundreds of miles! The railway was as straight as an arrow's flight or a mathematical line; and we had to travel for thirty hours without other stoppages than an occasional ten minutes or quarter of an hour for breakfast or dinner. The country was unpicturesque, the railway the reverse of comfortable, and sleep, if wooed, was difficult to be won in "cars" or carriages where there was no support for the back or the head of the unhappy traveller; where there was not even a place to stow away a hat, a stick, an umbrella, or a bag; and where

about sixty persons of all ages and conditions of life, including half-a-dozen young children, and at least twenty people who chewed tobacco and spat, were closely packed in an atmosphere deprived of all its moisture and elasticity by the red heat of the anthracite stove that glowed and throbbed in the middle of this locomotive den. Behind the stove, on the side of the car, in large letters, was the following inscription :—

GENTLEMEN
ARE REQUESTED
NOT TO SPIT
ON THE STOVE.

And here, as well as at any other point of his journey, let a European, unaccustomed to the odious practice of tobacco-chewing, and its concomitant and still more odious practice of spitting, so disgustingly prevalent in the Southern and Western States, and to a minor extent in the Northern, disburden himself upon the subject, and have done with it. Before witnessing the extent and prevalence of this filthiness I imagined that the accounts given by preceding travellers were exaggerations and caricatures, intended to raise an ill-natured laugh; but observation speedily convinced me that all I had previously read upon the subject fell short of

the truth, and that it would be difficult to exaggerate the extent of the vice, and the callousness with which it is regarded even by people of education and refinement. Americans who have travelled in Europe do not seem annoyed that strangers should take notice of the practice and be offended by it; but custom so dulls even their perception of its offensiveness that they consider the fault-finders as somewhat squeamish and over-sensitive. Once, at Washington, I found myself the centre of a group of members of Congress, two of whom were among the most expert and profuse spitters (I was going to write expectorators, but the word is not strong enough) whom it was ever my fortune to meet with, when, the conversation having turned upon the military prowess and skill of several gentlemen who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican war, I was suddenly asked by one of them—who cleared his mouth, for the purpose, of a most portentous flood of tobacco-juice—who, in my opinion, and in that of Englishmen who studied American politics, was the greatest General in the United States? The reply was, General Spit. "Well," said the senator, "I calculate you are about right; and though you, as a Britisher, may say so, I should advise you not to put the observation into

print, as some of our citizens might take it as personal." On another occasion an eminent lawyer, who had filled some of the highest offices of the State, a man to whom ancient and modern literature were equally familiar, who had studied European as well as American politics, whose mind seemed to have run through the whole circle of human knowledge, and who could converse eloquently on any subject, though while he spoke the tobacco-juice oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and ran down upon his shirt-front and waistcoat, took a large cake of tobacco from his side-pocket, and courteously offered me a chew. The cake, I should think, weighed about half a pound. I asked him if he had ever calculated how many gallons of spit such a cake represented? "Well," he said, putting the cake back again into his pocket, "it *is* a disgusting habit. I quite agree with you. I have made several attempts to break myself of it, but in vain. I cannot think, or work, without a chew; and, although I know it injures my stomach, and is in other respects bad for me, I am the slave of the habit, and will, I fear, be so to the end of my days." Even in the presence of ladies, the chewers and spitters do not relent; and ladies seem almost, if not quite, as indifferent to the practice as the

other sex. In theatres and lecture-rooms are constantly to be seen inscriptions requesting gentlemen not to spit in the boxes or on the stoves; and in all places of public resort the spittoon is an invariable article of furniture. Spittoons garnish the marble steps of the Capitol at Washington; spittoons are in all the reading-rooms, bars, lobbies, and offices of the hotels; spittoons in every railway-car; and in the halls of every State Legislature which I visited, the Parliamentary spittoons seemed to be as indispensable as the desks and benches of the members. If the American eagle were represented as holding in his, or her, claw a spittoon instead of the thunderbolt of Jove, the change might not be graceful or poetical, but would certainly not be inappropriate. But enough on this subject, which I would gladly have omitted to mention, if I had not hoped, as I do, that the concurrent testimony of all travellers will ultimately produce some effect; and that, sooner or later, gentlemen addicted to this form of intemperance,—for there are many gentlemen among them,—will be shamed out of a habit so loathsome in itself, and so prejudicial to the health, bodily as well as mental, of all who indulge in it.

But do Europeans come into court with clean

hands when they accuse Americans of the abuse of tobacco? Are not Englishmen in some respects almost as filthy? And is it in reality more disgusting to chew tobacco, than it is to walk in the streets, with or without a lady—but more especially with a lady—smoking either a cigar or a pipe in her presence? Is it not, in fact, as vulgar for any one to smoke as it would be to eat in the street? And is it more offensive in men to chew than it is in boys and youths to smoke? These are but questions of degree; and in some respects the American chewer is less offensive than the English street-smoker. The chewer poisons his own mouth, it is true, but he poisons no one's else; which is more than can be said for the smoker who pours his pestilential fumes into the wholesome atmosphere; which belongs quite as much to his inoffensive fellow-mortal, the non-smoker, as to him, and which he, the smoker, has no legal, moral, or natural right to contaminate, to the annoyance or the injury of his neighbour.

The first night brought us to a place called Florence, whence, after a stoppage of twenty minutes, we started—sleepy, but sleepless—through the pine-woods once again. At morning dawn we were in the State of North Carolina; and still amid the pine-woods stretching, vast and apparently

illimitable, on every side. Most of the trees on our line of travel were tapped for their precious juice; and at every station were to be seen barrels of turpentine, the staple produce of North Carolina, waiting for transport to the coast, and thence to all parts of the civilized world. We made no stay in this ancient Commonwealth, which the "smart," "go-a-head" people further north have chosen to designate, after the well-known personage in Washington Irving's story, as the "Rip Van Winkle State," to express thereby their opinion of the somnolent, unprogressive character of the people. All day our train wheeled through its forests, and at night we expected to enjoy the luxury of a bed in the renowned and beautiful city of Richmond, in Virginia. But this was not to be. The limit of our train was at the city of Petersburg, twenty-two miles from Richmond, where we were to "connect" with another that was to carry us to our destination. But our train was two hours behind its time. The connecting train had started to the appointed minute, and there was no help for it but to remain in Petersburg and make the best of it. And we made the best of it; and certainly did not fare badly. We found an excellent hotel—fish of names unknown in Europe, and most deliciously cooked;

Catawba, both still and sparkling, of Longworth's best; and reasonable charges. Petersburg is the third city in Virginia in point of population and importance; is situated on the Appomattox River, a tributary of the James, by which it has communication with the sea; and contains nearly 20,000 inhabitants. There is nothing of interest to be seen here, and, if there were, weary travellers such as we, who had not slept for thirty hours, and who had to rise the next morning at three o'clock, were not likely to start in the evening on any visits of exploration to the wonders of nature or the curiosities of art. So to bed we went, and had half a night's rest, being rewarded for the short allowance of sleep by the full enjoyment of a more gorgeously beautiful sunrise than often falls to the lot of any one to behold. We crossed at early morn the railway-bridge over the sparkling and foaming rapids of the James River, and entered Richmond, the capital of the Old Dominion, and the metropolis of the F. F. V. s.

The reader may ask what is the Old Dominion? and who or what are the F. F. V. s.? The Old Dominion is the name affectionately given to Virginia by its inhabitants, proud of its ancient settlement in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and the F. F. V. s.

are the First Families of Virginia. "Who is your master?" said I to a negro-driver in Washington. "He is an F. F. V.," was the reply. "And are you working out your freedom?" "Yes," he replied. "And when you have got it what will you do?" "Stay in Washington, and have all my earnings to myself."

Richmond is picturesquely seated on a hill, overlooking the windings of the James River, and is said to have received its name from its resemblance to Richmond, in Surrey. But this resemblance is difficult to discover; for the landscape seen from Richmond in Virginia is almost bare of trees, while that from our English Richmond is a paradise of verdure and beauty. The Capitol, or Parliament House, stands on the crown of the hill, and, seen from a distance, gives the city an imposing and imperial air, as if of a city destined to command; but at nearer approach the illusion vanishes, and the Capitol dwindles into an insignificant-looking edifice, without either beauty or proportion. Lest the Virginians should object to the criticism of a stranger on the principal edifice of their State, I quote from a local handbook the following description:—"The Capitol is a Græco-American building, having a portico at one end, consisting of a colon-

nade, entablature, and pediment, whose apicial angle is rather too acute. There are windows on all sides, and doors in the two longer sides, which are reached by high and unsightly double flights of steps placed sidewise, under which are other doors leading to the basement. The view from the portico is extensive, various, and beautiful."

The "General Assembly"—such is the name given to the Parliament of this Commonwealth—was in session on our arrival, and the speakers of both the upper and lower house did me the honour of admitting me to what is called "the privilege of the floor." I had thus an opportunity of listening to the debates, and of observing the easy, decorous, and expeditious manner in which the public business is transacted. But far more attractive was the library, containing the original draught of the Constitution of Virginia by George Mason—a man of whom Virginia is, and ought to be proud; and the lower hall of the Capitol, containing the celebrated statue of Washington—most illustrious of Virginians as of Americans—by Houdon, a French artist. The statue, of the size of life, is represented in the costume of an American General, worn by the hero, and bears about it all the unmistakeable but undefinable signs of being a true portrait.

Stuart's portrait of Washington—taken in his later years, when he wore false teeth, badly made, that gave an undue and unnatural prominence to his lower jaw—is the one by which he is generally known. It is difficult to look upon that portrait, even if ignorant of the circumstances under which it was taken, without forming a hope that it is not a true resemblance. Houdon's statue is very different; and my first impression on beholding it was an instinctive belief that this was the real Washington—this the identical patriot—this the man who founded what is destined to be the greatest empire in the world. I was not a little gratified to learn, some days afterwards, that when Lafayette visited Richmond, a few years before his death, he affirmed this to be the only likeness of Washington that did him justice. "Thus he stood," he said; "and thus he looked. This is Washington! This is my friend! This is the very man!"

The statue stands on a pedestal four feet and a half high;—and no pedestal ought to be much higher, if it be desired that the countenance of the person honoured or apotheosized should be seen by the public, to excite whose emulation it is erected. The pedestal bears the following honest, simple, and eloquent inscription:—

"The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this Statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

who, uniting to the endowments of the Hero the virtues of the Patriot, and exerting both in establishing the Liberties of his Country, has rendered his name dear to his Fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true Glory. Done in the year of

CHRIST,

One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight; and in the year of the Commonwealth the Twelfth."

The citizens of Virginia had, a few months before my visit, just inaugurated, on the hill of the Capitol, another and a larger statue of Washington, executed by the eminent and lately deceased sculptor Crawford. It is a noble equestrian statue of bronze gilt; but, to my mind, not equal as a work of art to the pre-existing statue of Houdon, and somewhat injured in its general effect by the undue height and disproportionate narrowness of the pedestal, on which it is elevated eighteen feet into the air. Around the base are to be ranged six other statues of illustrious Virginians, only two of which are as yet completed—one of Jefferson, and the other of Patrick Henry. Both of these are infinitely superior as works of art to any statues which London can boast. But as this of itself would be but poor praise,—it may be added that these two figures are

so dignified, so truthful, and so nearly perfect, as to cause a feeling of regret that they should serve as accessories and adjuncts to a larger statue, instead of standing by themselves.

Richmond contains a population of about 30,000 souls, of whom nearly 10,000 are slaves. It carries on a very large export trade in wheat and flour, has extensive flour-mills, and is noted as the great depôt of the well-known tobacco for which the state of Virginia is celebrated, and in the growth and manufacture of which it principally employs its slave population.

CHAPTER II.

FROM RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON.

March 24, 1858.

WEARY of the rail and all its nuisances—mental, physical, and olfactory—it was with pleasure, after a ride of seventy-five miles from the pleasant capital of Virginia, that I found myself at Aquia Creek, on the banks of the Potomac, and took a place on board the mail-steamer bound up the river for the city of Washington.

The Potomac at this place is a noble stream, apparently from two to three miles in width; and far more picturesque than any other river I had seen in North America, with the sole exceptions of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. The wooded heights and undulating hills on the eastern and western shores slept in a haze of golden sunlight. The broad bosom of the river, unruffled by the slightest breath of wind, reflected the landscape like a mirror; and numerous flocks of canvas-back ducks—vagrants

from the luxuriant marshes of Chesapeake Bay, where they breed in countless myriads—floated on the smooth waters, like tiny argosies. But Baltimore is the city *par excellence* of the canvas-back duck—one of the greatest delicacies of America; and what is to be said upon that subject shall therefore be reserved for its proper locality.

In natural beauty the Potomac is rich, but there is no place of any historic or even legendary interest on its banks between Aquia Creek and the capital, except one; but to every traveller, whatever his nation, that one is the most interesting spot in the United States. But *interesting* is too weak a word to express the feeling with which it is regarded by all the citizens of the Great Republic, young or old, male or female. It is their Mecca and their Jerusalem—hallowed ground, consecrated to all hearts by the remembrance of their great hero and patriot —the only one whom all Americans consent to honour and revere, and whom to disparage, even by a breath, is, in their estimation, a crime only second to blasphemy and parricide. Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington, is the sacred spot of the North American continent, whither pilgrims repair, and on passing which every steamboat solemnly tolls a bell, and every passenger

uncovers his head, in expression of the national reverence. Our boat did not stop to allow us to visit the place—a circumstance which I have since much regretted, as I never had another opportunity; but in the summer season, when travellers are more numerous, sufficient time is usually allowed for the purpose on the downward trip from Washington. But the bell on the upper deck tolled its requiem for the departed; and captain, crew, and passengers took off their hats and remained uncovered until Mount Vernon was left behind, and the home and grave of the hero were hidden from sight among their embowering verdure.

The Americans, as a people, are accused of being utterly without reverence. A recent French tourist, more famous for music than for philosophy, declared them to be "*une nation railleuse et moqueuse;*" whilst others have asserted that they love and respect nothing but the "almighty dollar." The deep homage paid to the memory of Washington is sufficient to exonerate the Americans from such a sweeping censure. They certainly treat their living statesmen with little respect. They set up a President only to attack and vilify him, just as some African savages make an idol that they may kick and cuff while they pretend to pray to it; and the

abuse which they at times lavish upon some of the ablest, noblest, and purest-minded of their statesmen is such as to afford some grounds for the belief that veneration is not the organ which is most largely developed in the American brain. But this view of the matter is a superficial one. There are no living men to whom they owe loyalty, or towards whom they can feel it; for it is they who make, and who, if need be, can unmake Presidents, Governors, and Members of Congress. It is they who are the only source and the sole agents of power. They are so courted and flattered by knaves, at all sorts of elections, for all sorts of offices from that of President down to that of doorkeeper in a Court of Justice; and so besmeared with fair words, which mean nothing, by intriguers who put their tongues in their cheeks almost before their fine speeches are ended, that they value their public men at exceedingly little. Perhaps they treat their great authors, painters, and sculptors with more regard; for literary men and artists do not, as such, canvass for votes, or stand upon platforms to flatter a mob, but rely solely upon their genius, to be appreciated or not, as the people please. In this respect the universal homage rendered to the venerable Washington Irving, and the affection with which the mention

of his name is everywhere received; the pride with which all people of every party speak of such writers as Prescott, the able historian and accomplished gentleman, and of many others who have made American literature illustrious in our day, is a proof that, beyond the sphere of politics and the bitter question of slavery, the Americans can render ample justice to their living greatness. Yet, if ungrateful to men in public life, and especially to politicians, they make amends to the memory of the illustrious dead, and prove abundantly that they have both loyalty and veneration in their nature by pouring them around the name of Washington, and in a minor degree around those of other early heroes and founders of the Republic, such as Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Mason, Adams, Patrick Henry, and, in more recent times, those of Clay, Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, and Quincy Adams. And, as regards living statesmen, before we accuse the Americans of want of veneration for authority, let us ask ourselves who can be better abused than a Prime Minister of England, or a leader of the House of Commons?

Mr. J. A. Washington, the present representative of the family of Washington, and proprietor of the Mount Vernon estate, to whom I had the honour of an introduction, at the hospitable table of Mr.

G. P. R. James, the British Consul at Richmond, had incurred considerable odium at the time of my visit—odium which, whether deserved or not, was more than sufficient to show that the loyalty of Americans was not rendered to a mere name, but was jealously reserved for individual services and glory. A lady of Richmond, Miss Pamela Cunningham, weak in body, but strong in mind, bedridden, but able to wield an eloquent and persuasive pen, entertained, with many others, the idea that the tomb of Washington ought to belong, not to any individual proprietor, even though his name were Washington, but to the American people. Miss Cunningham may not, perhaps, have been more strongly imbued with this idea than others: but it is certain that she gave more effect to her feelings than any of the persons who may have shared the conviction before she gave it life and palpability. From her sick bed she wrote and dictated letters to the newspapers to stir up the sentiment and enthusiasm of the country. Her appeals—earnest, simple, and eloquent — answered their purpose. She summoned the ladies of America to unite with her, as statesmanship and Congress would do nothing to aid them, and to form an association for the purchase of Mount Vernon by the voluntary

subscriptions of the American people. In the course of a few months she found herself burdened with an amount of correspondence to which that of a Secretary of State was a trifle. The ladies responded cordially to the appeal from every part of the Union, and gave not only their names, but their time and talents to the work. Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, wrote a book of her travels in Europe, and handed over the profits to the Mount Vernon Association. Other ladies painted pictures, composed music, established fancy bazaars, got up balls and concerts, and all for the purchase of Washington's tomb. Others, again, who objected to such aids to a good cause, and who had influence, marital or filial, over popular preachers, enlisted them in the subscription, until there was scarcely a church or chapel in the land of which the congregations had not subscribed to the fund. And last, but by no means least, Mr. Everett, the most eloquent of living Americans, was brought into the service. He was persuaded by some of these fair enthusiasts—whether by Miss Cunningham, by Mrs. Le Vert, or by Mrs. Ritchie (so well known and greatly admired in London as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt), or whether by these three graces in combination, it is difficult to say—but, by the happy thought of some insinuating fair one, he was induced

to travel from city to city throughout the Union, and to deliver his celebrated oration on the "Life and Character of Washington," for the benefit of the fund. By his exertions alone upwards of 5,000*l.* sterling had at an early period of the year 1858 been secured towards the purchase of Mount Vernon, and there was every probability that by these and other agencies the whole sum requisite would be obtained within one year, or at most two, and Washington's tomb, with a few acres of land adjoining, handed over to the perpetual guardianship of the ladies of America. At the commencement of their patriotic agitation they were incorporated for the purpose by solemn Act of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Virginia, confirmed by the still more solemn fiat of the General Congress of Washington.

And here it will, perhaps, be asked why and whence the odium thrown upon Mr. J. A. Washington? The charge made against him, chiefly by the press, was, that he had asked too much of the ladies of America, and that he had "trafficked in the bones of his illustrious relative." But in a country where, above all others,

> "the value of a thing
> Is just as much as it will bring,"

and where the pursuit of wealth is carried on with an eagerness elsewhere unparalleled, the charge appears ungracious, if not unnatural. The representative of the Washingtons is far from wealthy; he has a large family, principally of daughters; in the opinion of impartial persons he did not ask a cent more for the acres than they would be likely to sell for by private contract to any one who desired to possess them, and less, perhaps, than they would fetch by public sale; and, moreover, the committee of the Ladies' Association have publicly declared, with their names appended to the declaration, that nothing could be more straightforward, manly, honest, and liberal than the conduct of Mr. Washington in the whole course of the transaction. It is to be presumed, judging from the temper displayed in the discussion, that nothing would have satisfied the objectors to Mr. Washington except his free donation of the property; and that any sum he might have asked would have been carped and cavilled at by people determined to be displeased. Surely it was unreasonable to expect from a man, even though he bore a great name, that he should have sacrificed his interests to the manes of his illustrious predecessor, and done in his own person what the State ought to have done? If honour were to be paid

to the memory of Washington by the purchase of his burial-place, and its dedication for ever to the reverence of the American people, the Central Government, representing all the States of the Union, or even the Government of the commonwealth of Virginia, should have drawn upon the public purse for the funds necessary to purchase the property. As the purchase of the nation, both the tribute would be greater than if it proceeded from the pocket of any individual, whether his name were Washington, or any other less renowned. If the rich nation declined to act in the matter—a nation so rich that it does not know what to do with the public money—why should Mr. Washington, who is not rich, be blamed for not taking upon himself a task that was not his by any natural or national compulsion; and which, moreover, he could not undertake without injustice to those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who, if he had reduced them to penury, might have asked in vain for a dollar from the national bounty?

Under all the circumstances, it is more creditable to the American character that the purchase should be effected by the voluntary effort of the people than by any other means. The ladies of America have done a noble deed in a graceful and a gracious man-

ner, and nobody is the poorer for it—except, perhaps, Miss Cunningham, who has well-nigh exhausted the energies of a frame that was never powerful by the labours consequent upon so great an organization. But her name upon the records on the Mount Vernon Association, and on the book that will, doubtless, lie upon Washington's tomb, setting forth how it became the property of the public, will be to her a sufficient reward. And that at least will be hers as long as America shall revere the name of Washington.*

* In reference to this subject, the following memorandum has been received from Mr. Everett:—

"It is intimated that I was enlisted in the Mount Vernon cause by the ladies named in your letter. This is inexact. I have been most proud and happy to co-operate with those very estimable ladies in this excellent cause; but I commenced delivering my 'Washington Lectures' at Richmond, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund, as a volunteer, without the suggestion of any man or woman. I made the offer to do so before I had made the acquaintance of Miss Cunningham or Mrs. Ritchie, and without any previous communication on the subject with either of them, or any other human being."

CHAPTER III.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ASPECTS OF SLAVERY.

Washington, March 25, 1859.

No traveller in the United States, who desires to record his free, unbiassed opinions, can give the go-by to the question of Slavery. That question has long been a sore in the bosom of the Great Republic, but has not pressed at any time for immediate solution. It has been a difficult and complicated, as well as an exasperating subject. It has been the battle-ground of parties—the touchstone of political life—the theme of the senate, the platform, the pulpit, and the press; but it has involved too many personal and national interests, and been of too vital an importance to the integrity of the Union, to be driven even by the most zealous friends of negro freedom to such a point as to force a deliverance. If, on the one hand, there were slavery to be abolished, there was, upon the other, the union of the thirty-two republics which lend a star each to the banner

of the states to be maintained inviolate. Many abolitionists have been prepared for the *fiat justitia*, but not for the *ruat cœlum;* and the few able and earnest men who have avowed themselves ready to confront all consequences, however ominous or fatal, have been in such a minority as to render their action hopeless for the present, and to adjourn it into the indefinite future, where all hopes grow, and where all theories gradually transform themselves into facts.

In the district of Columbia slavery is not offensive in its outward manifestations; and Washington contains a large number of free negroes. But the fact that slavery is permitted to exist within the district is made a particular grievance by the abolitionists of the free North. "You have slavery in your own states," they say to the people of the slave-holding south; "and unfortunately we have not the power to interfere with you; but we know of no right that you have to introduce the objectionable and criminal system into Columbia and the city of Washington—which belong to the whole Union, and not to the South, and to us quite as much as to you." The South has replied by insisting on as much right to maintain slavery as the north has to abolish it; that possession is nine points of the law, and that being in possession they are determined to remain so.

Several attempts have been made by the abolition party to carry a law through Congress, to free the national capital and its small surrounding district from the "domestic institution" of the South, but hitherto in vain. The fact, however, suggests the opportunity to say a few words on the social and political aspects of this great question—not simply as affecting the national metropolis, but as affecting both the white and the black races in every part of the Union.

It was intended by the original framers of the Declaration of Independence that all the United States should be free. Wiser at this time than the monarchy, whose yoke they so gallantly threw off, they thought to repudiate slavery, and all that appertained to it. It was their wish to set an example to the world. They desired to proclaim that "a man was a man for a' that," and that the accident of his colour made no difference either in his rights or his responsibilities. But a timid and unwise Conservatism, even at this early stage of American history, was permitted to prevail—and because slavery *was*, it was allowed *to be*. At a later period the parent monarchy—impelled by the irresistible impetus communicated to its actions by the people—abolished slavery in all its forms and phases. The republic

profiting, or fancying that it profited, by the evil thing, and not only tolerating, but loving it, because it was established — refused to follow the noble example. Thus it sowed dragons' teeth over more than half of the fairest dominion that ever in all recorded history fell to the lot of an energetic and intelligent race. The result is what we now see, and what all the friends of human liberty deplore. The dragons' teeth have grown up into giants. Frankenstein has made his monster—and the monster puts poison into the cup of prosperity, and keeps his master in constant terror of a day of retribution. Slavery, that might easily have been eradicated half a century ago, has assumed such formidable dimensions, that it is hard to say which is the more difficult thing to do—to put up with it, or to abolish it; and which course is fraught with the most danger—to give the slaves their freedom, or to allow them to increase and multiply in bondage. But the history of such model states as Massachusetts—one of the most respectable and wise communities in the world;—and indeed of all the New England states, together with New York and Pennsylvania, and the commonwealths of the West, which are gradually spreading themselves to the bases of the Rocky Mountains — is a proof, not

only of the far-sighted philanthropy, but of the worldly wisdom of the men who, at the earliest period of American history, washed their hands of the shame and guilt of slavery. The Free States are not alone the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most energetic in the Union; but by the activity of their intellect, the exuberance of their literature and the general vigour — public and social, as well as private and commercial—of their citizens, they give the law and the tone to the whole Union. Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maine — small in extent, and, with the exception of Maine—as finely cultivated and almost as densely peopled as that Old England from whose shores their early founders emigrated, in disgust with the political and religious tyranny of their time, are the great hives that supply the fruitful and all but illimitable West.

The emigration from Ireland, from Germany, and from Norway, great as it is, would not keep the great West in healthful and progressive motion, were it not for the Yankees of New England. It is these who drift off from their parent establishments in these elderly States—for Massachusetts, as a commonwealth, is older than many European kingdoms, and not much more juvenile than Prussia—and

who found mills, banks, stores, newspapers, churches, chapels, and universities in the wildernesses of the Upper Mississippi and Missouri. Every now and then, when their numbers have sufficiently increased by European and other immigration, they "thunder at the gates of the capital," and claim admission for the new territory which they have wrested from desolation or from the Indians, as a sovereign state and component part of the greatest confederation in the world. The non-existence of slavery within their bounds is one of the causes of their unparalleled growth and prosperity. The poor white man —the ragged, half-starved Irishman—with nothing to offer in exchange for his food, lodging, and raiment, but the unskilled labour of his brawny arms; the frugal German and Norwegian, desirous to gain a few dollars by hard manual labour, and to invest the results in the purchase of an acre or two of the virgin earth — will not settle in large numbers in the slave-holding States. In the South they would enter into competition with the slave, and the slave, as far as mere labour goes, is master of the position. In the ruder operations of the field and plantation, where no particular intelligence is required, and where a horse is almost as good a labourer as a man, he is cheaper than the white

race; and the white man, with higher aspirations than to be always a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, naturally betakes himself to regions where negro labour does not come into competition with his own, and where he will not be kept by capitalists —either of land or money—at a lower level than he believes to be his by right of his superior mind.

The Free States are progressive; and, to use the regular Yankee word, "go-a-head-itive." They see far before them. They do not stand continually upon the ancient ways. Like Englishmen and Scotchmen, — with whom they have many points of resemblance—they are "look-a-head-itive" as well as "go-a-head-itive"—if I may imitate themselves so far as to coin an ugly but expressive word for the occasion; and seeing that the whole continent requires to be settled and cut up into commonwealths; thinking little of distance and of time, and scarcely considering either as impediments to any work which they may undertake, or to any design on the accomplishment of which they have set their hearts; knowing no superiors to themselves, politically or socially, and being fired with the ambition, not simply to become rich, but to be eminent and powerful—they manufacture States for the Union as well as fortunes for themselves. They give their names to towns, cities,

and counties, and do, in this advanced age of the world, and by a different process, what the early Saxons and Danes did twelve hundred years ago for the British Isles. The people of the Free States have an immense work yet before them. Maine is the only one of the six New England States that exists to any considerable extent in the condition of the primeval wilderness. The other five are finished. Their roads are made, the tree stumps have been long ago removed, the original forest has disappeared, except where it has been allowed to remain, here and there, in small patches, for its beauty and amenity. The log hut is not often to be seen; but the neat, elegant, comfortable white house, the church, the chapel, the bank, are everywhere to be met with. There is no trace of squalor or of misery, but over the whole land there is an air of refinement and of high civilization. But the other Free States have not yet arrived at the same high culture. Large portions of the "Empire State" of New York are still in a state of nature, and though the red man has long ago disappeared, the bear and the wolf are in possession of districts not a day's journey by rail from the mighty city of Manhattan, and almost within sound of the paddle of the monster steam-boats that ply upon the Hudson. With capabilities of soil and

climate, and with natural resources more than sufficient to feed a population of ten or twelve millions, the State of New York, though constantly invaded by the Saxon, Celtic, and Scandinavian immigration, has a resident population of less than four and a half millions. Though the most populous State in the Union, and absolutely much richer, both in wealth and in men, than England was in the days when Henry VIII. first began to make England a power in the world, and almost as populous as when Cromwell first made his country to be feared and respected throughout Europe;—still, New York is but half peopled. Pennsylvania, another large and flourishing commonwealth—with agricultural and mineral wealth all but inexhaustible in its soil—is not more populous than Scotland; and Ohio, one of the noblest of all the Free States, and able to support as large a population as England, numbers upon its fruitful bosom little more than two millions of people, or a million less than London and its circumjacent boroughs.

Indiana—which an intelligent old Scotchman, who had cultivated his farm in it for upwards of ten years, declared to me, with an expression of sorrow in his rough, honest countenance, to be an unwholesome place for a man of northern blood to live in—might contain and feed the whole population

now existing in the United States, and be all the better for the burthen, does not number above a million and a half of people. I asked the Scotchman what was his objection to Indiana? "Objection," he replied, with a strong Highland accent; "objection, did ye say? There is no objection but to its over-fruitfulness. The soil is so rich, the climate so delicious, that the farmer has no adequate inducement to work. The earth produces its fruits too readily. The original curse presses too lightly. The sweat of a man's brow is to be read of, but not to be experienced here; and the very air is balmy and sleepy. Idleness is the affliction that we have to struggle against; and idleness leads to drinking, and to quarrelsomeness, and all other evil. Satan is to be fought with hard work, and that will conquer him better than preaching. Na! na!" he added, shaking his head; "if I had my life to live over again, and know what I know now, I would settle in a ruder soil and in a colder climate. Men whose ancestors are from the cold north—the wholesome north, I say—require frost to bring out their virtues. Heat is fatal to the true Scotchman, and for that matter to the true Englishman also. Men of our blood thrive upon difficulties. We grow rich and fat upon toil and obstruction; but here, in Indiana, Illinois, and away to the West as far

as you can go, man gains his bread too easily to remain virtuous. This is a matter," he continued, "which people do not sufficiently consider. The southern and middle States will in time deteriorate for these reasons, but the north—the north—*that* will be the country. And as for Canada, no one can describe, without being accused of extravagance, the greatness and the glory of which it may not be made capable." In this respect, if my Highland friend was right—which I firmly believe he was—Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, and the large territories of Nebraska, Oregon, and Columbia, large enough to be made into fifty commonwealths of the extent of Massachusetts, may share with Canada the advantages of a climate that makes men hardy, enterprising, and strong. It certainly seems to have been of some effect in stimulating the energies of the "Yankees," and in making them, all things considered, the sharpest, smartest, and most eminent people in the Union—a people little loved, perhaps, but very much respected.

In the southern States, partly perhaps from the influence of the climate, but more probably in a still greater degree from the operation of slavery upon the life, character, and feeling of the whites, there is nothing like the same social, commercial, and literary energy that exists in the north. The contrast between

these two sections of the Union is in this respect most remarkable. Between Massachusetts and South Carolina, between Vermont and Arkansas, between Connecticut and Alabama, there exists almost as great a difference in everything, except language and the style of dress and architecture, as there does between Scotland and Portugal, England and Naples, Wales and the Ionian Islands. The cities in the free "Far West" double, treble, and quadruple their population in twenty, sometimes in ten years. The cities of the Slave States, and the Slave States themselves, either remain stationary or increase disproportionately. In the Free States all is bustle and activity; in the Slave States there is elegant and drowsy stagnation. The railways in the North are well conducted. Populous towns, villages, and manufactories swarm and glitter along the line; but in the South the railways are for the most part ill-served and ill-regulated. The land is imperfectly cultivated, and the primeval forest is more extensive than the farms and the plantations. The great rivers Missouri and Mississippi run for nearly two thousand miles through a comparative wilderness; the reclaimed land on either side occupies but a very narrow belt and border of the illimitable dominion that man has yet to rescue from the wild animals, and from the super-exuberant

forest and the deadly swamp. Even in Virginia, ancient enough to have been called by the same name when the Empire now known as Russia was called Muscovy, and whence the swamp and the wilderness have long since disappeared, there is an air of non-progressiveness, if not decay and desolation.

The traveller from New England and the other Free States no sooner penetrates into the Slave-Land than he sees all around him the proofs that slavery is omnipresent; not in the mere appearance of negroes at every turn and in all places, for they are to be found everywhere in America, but in the slovenly cultivation, the want of drainage, the absence of towns and villages in the rural districts, and the paucity of population even in the largest cities. Competition—the very soul of progress—is scarcely to be found. Where it exists at all it is only among the retail tradesmen. Thought is not free. You may talk of the dissolution of the Union as desirable and probable, abuse the President and his Ministers, speak ill of Congress collectively and individually, be profane or immoral in your speech or life; but you must not say a word against the sanctity of the "Domestic Institution." Rome itself, with its *Index Expurgatorius*, does not act with an effect more blighting and deadly upon intel-

lectual activity than the South does, when it forbids the expression of opinion on this subject. No doubt it would be dangerous to allow of free discussion: as dangerous as it would be in Rome to allow Protestant divines to dispute publicly with priests and cardinals on the vital truths of Christianity, or the comparative merits of Luther and Pope Hildebrand. Slavery being an admitted fact and an established institution, it is not to be supposed that those who are educated in the belief that they profit by it can do otherwise than forbid, within their own jurisdiction, the calling of it in question, either by zealous and malignant philanthropists among themselves, or by interlopers from New or Old England, but the fact remains that thought is not free. Consequently, the wings of the Angel of Knowledge are clipped, so that he cannot soar into the empyrean, or sit upon the clouds. Literature, which cannot attain its full development under any system of restriction or impediment whatsoever, whether it be theological, political, or social, attains but a stunted and imperfect growth. It loses its most generous inspiration, the sense of absolute liberty. It becomes conventional instead of natural. It "gives up to party what was meant for mankind;" and as a necessary consequence of its thraldom, finds it impossible to compete with the universal literature which

knows no such restrictions, and appeals to the wider audience of all humanity. The Slave States have produced some excellent lawyers, some admirable orators, and some consummate politicians and statesmen; but they have produced no great poet, no great novelist, no great historian, no great philosopher or metaphysician; nay, as far as my knowledge extends, they have not brought forth even one great or eminent preacher. They have produced a few pleasant and fanciful rhymers and versifiers, both male and female, and one or two novelists and essayists of some ability; but no writer in any walk or department of literature, whom the most adulatory partizanship, or local preference, can conscientiously compare with such names as Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, in poetry; such historians as Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley; such novelists as Washington Irving and Hawthorne; or such a philosopher as Emerson: all of whom are northern, and the greater number New England men or Yankees. The leading spirits in the Slave States are aware of the deficiency without being aware of the cause, and cannot as yet see that there are many things which can be obtained without liberty; but that a great, and wholesome, and fructifying literature, which can speak trumpet-tongued to all mankind, and

move the universal heart of nations, is not among the number.

One characteristic of both the Slave States and the Free—which has been partially noticed by all travellers, though few, if any, have attempted to account for it on philosophical principles—is the intensely aristocratic sentiment, or it may be called instinct, of the native-born Americans, of the Anglo-Saxon, and generally of the white race. It was the eminent statesman and orator, John C. Calhoun, who first enunciated the dogma, which has since his time been openly accepted by the whole South, and more tacitly and partially by the North, that there is not such a thing as a Democratic Republic—that there never was such a thing in ancient or modern times; and that there must of necessity be an aristocracy of some kind or other to keep the framework of society together, under a form of government so delicate and so complicated as a Republic. That there may be a monarchy and a despotism without an aristocracy is proved by Asiatic as well as by European experience; and we need not travel forty miles eastward from the English coast to find a striking proof of it; but Mr. Calhoun held a strictly democratic republic to be impossible, and appealed to Greece and Rome, to Venice and Genoa, for corroboration. He declared that the only

possible aristocracy in the United States was the aristocracy of colour and race. He may, to some extent, have undervalued or ignored the aristocracy of wealth and genius, which always, in every society, whatever may be its form of government, assert and maintain their own claims to pre-eminency; but there can be no doubt that, as regards the aristocracy of colour, avowed or unavowed, he was perfectly right in the fact. As regards the political conclusions which he drew from it, opinions will probably differ. The North—which will not tolerate slavery—shows its participation in this aristocratic notion by refusing to tolerate the social equality of the "nigger." "We shall not make the black man a slave; we shall not buy him or sell him; but we shall not associate with him. He shall be free to live, and to thrive, if he can, and to pay taxes and perform duties; but he shall not be free to dine and drink at our board —to share with us the deliberations of the jury-box—to sit upon the seat of judgment, however capable he may be—to plead in our courts—to represent us in the Legislature—to attend us at the bed of sickness and pain—to mingle with us in the concert-room, the lecture-room, the theatre, or the church, or to marry with our daughters. We are of another race, and he is inferior. Let him know his place—and

keep it." This is the prevalent feeling, if not the language of the free North. A negro must not ride in the public omnibuses, nor in the railway cars; he must not, however wealthy, sit in the boxes or in the pit of a theatre; and if he desires to go to church, he must worship with those of his own colour, and not presume to taint the atmosphere of the pure whites by the odours that exhale from his impurer epidermis. The whites in the North object to a negro, not alone for moral and political, but for physical reasons. They state that he smells, and that it is almost as offensive to come near him as it would be to fondle a skunk. The words of a pretended hymn—made for the negroes, but not by one of them, although it is sometimes asserted that the author had a dark skin—are often quoted to those who are incredulous as to the odours that exhale from the black man:—

> "De Lord He lub de niggar well,
> He know de niggar by de smell;
> And when de niggar children cry,
> De Lord He gib 'em 'possum pie."

I attended a negro church, and heard a negro preacher, at Richmond, in Virginia; and, though I have as sensitive a nose as most people, and a more sensitive one than many, I was quite unconscious of any unpleasant effluvium, or of any effluvium at all,

proceeding from the persons of the seven or eight hundred black men and women there assembled to worship their Creator. I mentioned the fact to the Virginian gentleman who accompanied me. He replied, that it was quite true that there was at that time no smell—but "then," said he, "the month is March. In June or July the odour would be perfectly intolerable; and I for one should not have ventured to have done myself the honour of accompanying you." But whatever may be the fact as to the physical discomfort said to be produced by the odours of the black men on the olfactory nerves of the whites, it is evident that in the South, where, if anywhere, this peculiar unpleasantness would be more likely to be offensively demonstrative than in colder climates, there is no such repugnance to the persons of the black population as there is in the North. In the South, the slave-owner not only cohabits with the more youthful and beautiful of his female slaves, but seems to have no objection whatever to the close proximity of any negro, young or old, male or female; though the Northern men, who talk so much of liberty, and of the political equality of all men, turn up their scornful noses at the slightest possibility of contact with an African. Negro women are not only the favourite and most

fondly trusted nurses of white children, but often, and, indeed, generally, entertain for the infants of their masters and mistresses, whom they have reared and tended in their helplessness, a life-long and most devoted affection. They inspire the same feelings in the bosoms of their young charges. Black women nurse the little white girl in her babyhood—wash her, dress her, and adorn her—take her to school in her girlhood—and share in all the joys and sorrows of her youth. They are, besides, the honoured, though humble, confidants of their wedded life and maturity, and would scorn to accept of a freedom that would separate them from the objects of this disinterested and ungrudging affection. In the South, the negro may ride in the omnibus without offence; his proximity to the white creates neither alarm nor disgust; and the faithful slave—looked upon as a friend—receives the familiar and affectionate title of "uncle" or "aunt," as sex may dictate. If the master or mistress be young, and the "uncle" or "aunt" old, the negroes exercise the right of advice, authority, and control in everything that relates to personal comfort and domestic ease; and the superior race is gratified by the control, and the interest which it presupposes. If the Northern states and the Northern people would only

show half or a quarter as much social kindness to the negro as is shown in the South, the question of negro slavery would be deprived of one of its greatest difficulties. But while Northern men talk of the political rights of the negro—while they oppress and degrade him socially, although they may neither buy nor sell him—their anti-slavery speeches, books, and resolutions savour of hypocrisy and false pretence. More than this, they harden the hearts of the slave-owners, who can see through a false pretence quite as readily as the Yankees, and tend to deprive the question of the abolition of slavery of the grace, the force, and the impetus that are derived from an uncompromising and thoroughly sincere conviction.

Another proof of the aristocratic feeling which pervades the white democracy of the United States is the repugnance which native-born Americans almost universally entertain to domestic service. As is well known, a domestic servant of American birth, and without negro blood in his or her veins, who condescends to help the mistress or master of a household in making the beds, milking the cows, cooking the dinner, grooming the horse, or driving the carriage, is not a servant, but a "help." "Help wanted," is the common heading of advertisements

in the North, where servants are required. A native American of Anglo-Saxon lineage thinks himself born to lead and to rule, and scorns to be considered a "servant," or even to tolerate the name. Let negroes be servants, and if not negroes, let Irishmen fill the place; but for an American, an Englishman, or a Scotsman to be a servant or a waiter is derogatory. Such people consider themselves of superior breed and blood. They are the aristocracy of the New World; and if poverty fall upon one of this class—as it may do upon many a noble-minded fellow—and compel him to tend sheep, wait in a shop, or, worse than all, to stand behind a chair at table, he is a help, not a servant. But the negro is not a help; he is emphatically a servant. And the Irishman is seldom long in America before he, too, begins to assert the supremacy of his white blood, and to come out of what he considers the degrading ranks of "service." The negroes, both free and slaves, have generally a great dislike to the Irish, whom they were the first to call "white niggers." A very poor white man—such as an Irishman generally is when he arrives in America, and struggles hard to compete with the negro for the lowest kinds of occupation—is looked upon with pity and hate by Sambo. "A white Buckra" is the most opprobrious epithet

that a negro can make use of; for in his eyes, wealth, authority, power, and white blood should always be found together. The Irishwomen fall willingly at first into domestic service, but the public opinion around them soon indoctrinates them with the aristocratic idea that black men and women are the only proper servants, that white men ought to trade and cultivate farms, and that white women are their proper helpmates, and should scorn to serve, save in their own households and in behalf of their own husbands and children.

But to return to slavery—which is, in reality, far more of a white man's than of a black man's question, and of which the aristocratic tendency, as regards the white, is but one feather out of the multifarious plumage of the subject—it is well to consider what effect it has upon the whole policy of the United States—among men, both of the North and South, who care no more for the negro, as a negro, than they do for their horse or cow, but who use him, or abuse him, as suits the higher political purpose which sways their actions. And here we come to the very core of the political differences which separate the Free from the Slave States of the Union. These differences are many and serious, and are besides embarrassed and exas-

perated by numerous complications of interest and policy quite unconnected with slavery. Free America is ultra-protectionist, and Slave America is strongly in favour of the widest freedom of trade. The Free States are alarmed at the increase of British manufactures, while the slave States are not only not alarmed, but gratified, and desire to profit by British industry to the fullest possible extent, in the cheapening of clothes for themselves and their slaves, and of all articles of domestic use and luxury, which Great Britain can furnish better and more cheaply than the manufacturers of the North. But this is the least of their differences. The unfortunate provision in the Constitution, which allows a slave-holder to possess votes for the House of Representatives, not one vote simply in his individual right as a free white man, but several votes, in proportion to the number of the black population, makes a Southern white of more integral political importance than the Northern. He is a heavier weight in the political scale, and, individually, is of more power and consequence than any ordinary white man can be, unless the other add to his personal vote the influence always derivable from eloquence and genius in swaying the opinions of his fellow-men. The struggle between the North and South, of which the negro is

made the pretext, is, as all the world knows by this time, a struggle for political power and ascendancy—for the patronage of the Republic, and of the several Commonwealths which compose it. The men of the North and of the West—whether they be the old and staid conservatives of such States as Massachusetts and Connecticut, or the hardy pioneers of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas, or those equally hardy and more adventurous and far-sighted "go-a-heads" who look to Nebraska, Oregon, Columbia, and even cast a longing look to the arable land of the Hudson's Bay Company as the scene of their future operations in the art and industry of State-making—may ask why, individually, and man for man, they should be of less account than the slave-owners and slave-breeders of the South, who vote in right of their slaves, but do nothing to extend the boundaries of the Union—unless by aggression upon the dominions of independent European and American powers? And this is the main difference between the two great sections. The Southern States desire to annex, and to increase the territories of the Union; but they have no means of doing so—unless by war, just or unjust, against Mexico and Spain, and the effete, ridiculous and perishing Republics of Spaniards, half-breeds, and quadroons, that vege-

tate southward of Mexico as far as Panama. The Northern States, on the contrary, in sending out their pioneers, come into contact with no European powers. The wilderness is their natural inheritance, and neither to them nor to their forefathers has the red man been an invincible or even a formidable obstruction. It has always been possible to deal with him without doing much violence to the consciences of those who traded or fought with him. Philanthropy, very like misanthropy in its results, gave him trinkets and fire-water, that he might "civilize himself off the face of the earth:" and the puritan or the pedlar stepped into his broad acres, and made himself, like Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe, the autocrat of every circle bounded by the horizon. The North is compelled by nature, instinct, policy, and calculation, to send forth its superabundant children to subdue and replenish the fruitful earth, not otherwise preoccupied. The South has no such chances. It sees a territory further south, which is already subdued and replenished, though by an inferior race; and must either take that territory, *per fas aut nefas*, from its present possessors, or consent to be outnumbered, outweighted, and conquered by its rivals for power and office at Washington. To Europeans it sometimes appears

strange that the United States—as an aggregate, already sufficiently large—should have such an insatiable lust of territory, as to invade Mexican, Spanish, and other independent territories in this ruthless and unconscionable fashion; but fairly and dispassionately looked upon, it seems as if the "manifest Destiny" of which they speak were no dream, but a reality. They are doomed to "annex" by the necessities of their social politics. Like Robespierre, they must cut off heads or lose their own. Mexico is tempting, and Cuba is more tempting still; yet the prizes are costly. As for the little Republics, carved out of the weakness of Spain, which lengthen and spin out their useless lives in the latitudes between Mexico and Panama, no power on the earth, even if it can, will be so foolish as to interfere to prevent the inevitable consummation either of their absorption into the American Union, or of their annexation, in some more dependent form, to the great Confederation. Were it not that the constitution of the United States had made no provision for any increase, except by the normal form and force of agglomeration and accretion, the Spanish republics or empires (for these moribund states change from one political condition to another with kaleidoscopic rapidity) would long ago have been absorbed

into the ever-gaping and yawning maw of Uncle Sam. And herein exists a difficulty for the Union, all consequent upon slavery, and the antagonism which it excites in the North. Foreign conquest appears to be imperative; but if it be undertaken, how will the North, which only wars with the Indian, with desolation, and the wild beasts of the forest, be affected by a state of affairs alien to the intentions of the founders of the constitution, and to the whole spirit of the most populous and energetic portions of the Republic? The answer to the question is in the future. No one can foresee the ultimate pattern which the moving of the shuttles and rollers will produce; or whether the whole machine will not ultimately break into pieces. The strength of a chain cable is but the strength of its weakest part. The strength of the American Union is the strength of Slavery. It is that question which bears the whole strain of the mighty ship; and if it prove strong enough, the ship may defy all other dangers, and ride triumphantly upon all seas and into all ports. But if that link be weak, or broken, and have no supports in nature and necessity, and no links in the heart of humanity, it will drop, sooner or later, and then the world will see a new shifting of the kaleidoscope. The focus may be symmetrical,

but the component parts will be differently disposed; and the Northern States may make one pattern, the Southern a second, and the Californian or Pacific seaboard a third. There is room enough and to spare for all of them.

CHAPTER IV.

PRO-SLAVERY PHILOSOPHY.

THERE was a time, not very remote, when the slave-holders of the South, and their supporters, driven into a corner by the arguments of the Abolitionists, were content to rest their case upon the existence of Slavery as a great fact—"a chiel that wadna ding"—and which it was useless to dispute. They agreed that *per se* Slavery was wrong, and not to be defended upon philosophical or religious grounds; but they insisted that to abolish it would be to produce far greater calamities, both to the slave and his master, than to permit its continuance, with such modifications as circumstances might allow. Virtually they gave up the controversy, and made an appeal *ad misericordiam*, to the vulgar common sense of mankind, to the conservative feelings of many, who would rather submit to old evils than run risks in new experiments, to the general laziness and selfishness of the masses, who are content

to endure the existence of afflictions that do not come home to themselves; and they strengthened all these arguments in favour of the *status quo*, by many economic considerations of trade and commerce, and the supposed necessity that lay upon England to manufacture cotton, under the penalty of revolution, and the equally strong necessity to produce it, under the similar penalty of ruin, that weighed upon the Southern States of the Union. The easy politicians of the middle and Northern States, from Pennsylvania to Maine, and from New York to Wisconsin, who cared a great deal more for the Union than for the "rights of man"—and especially of that portion of the race which happened to have black skins—were quite contented to rest the existence of slavery upon arguments such as these. Whilst in favour of freedom in the abstract, they postponed into the indefinite Future all attempts to realize it. "After this generation let the deluge come; but let us not be disturbed in our time." Such was their prayer, and such their policy. Imbued with these motives, they strengthened the "peculiar institution" which they affected to condemn, and allowed the black man to be a man theoretically, but not a man politically or socially. In their refusal to eat, or drink, or pray with him—

or to allow him the civil rights which they claimed for themselves in virtue of their white skins—they treated him, in effect, as if he were only a superior kind of horse, or perhaps of monkey;—a docile, useful, agreeable, affectionate brute;—to be kindly treated, but still a brute;—and no more fit to serve upon a jury, to sit upon the bench, or to be Governor of a State, than Gulliver was to give laws to the Houyhnhnms, or Cæsar's horse to be a consul.

But within the last two or three years a change has come over the philosophy and the tactics of the slave-holders. The North is weary of the "Nigger question;"—and the South, feeling the weakness of a position dependent upon the toleration of its foes, has ceased to make the appeal *ad misericordiam*. Not only justifying Slavery as an established fact, they have gone one step lower (or an infinite number of steps lower), and asserted it to be a reasonable, a benevolent, and a divine institution, an institution entirely in the order of nature, and one far better for the slave than freedom; better for the master, better for the workman and for him who profits by the work, and who calls himself a shopkeeper or a merchant: a system that is not dependent upon the colour or race of those who are enslaved, but which may conduce

to the advantage of a white slave quite as much as to that of the black. In one sentence they allege Slavery to be the normal and only proper condition of society. Instead of being defendants in the great court of the world's opinion, they have assumed the position of plaintiffs. They have entrenched themselves upon their rights, and accuse all that portion of the European world which condemns Slavery as being false not alone to morality and religion, but to the true principles of trade, and to the philanthropy of social science. In short, the slave-holders—worried, vexed, perplexed, and exasperated—have, like a dying stag in the wilderness, done desperate battle with their opponents. They have taken up a position with their backs to the rock, and defied all onslaught. Over any foes who will recognise things so totally distinct, but in their minds so homogeneous, as the authority of the Bible, the right of Labour and its adequate reward, the superiority of intellect to animal strength, and the distress and misery of European labourers, they claim a logical, a political, a philosophical, and a religious triumph. They assert themselves to be students and neophytes no longer, but doctors of the law. They speak no more with bated breath, as if they were afraid of somebody, but bellow and thunder *ex cathedrâ;* call-

ing upon the whole world to listen to a philosophy as old as history and as indestructible as human society. "Slavery is no evil," they say; "so far from its being a wrong, or the curse of humanity, it is the proper condition of the masses of mankind, and better than the freedom in which they pine and starve, and —if they do not go to the grave before their time— in which they breed revolution and war. The black man is necessarily the first slave, because he is the stupidest, the least valuable, and most easily captured; but the white labourer with nothing to give to the world on whose bosom he was born but the unskilled labour of his brawny arms, is a slave *de facto* in every part of the earth, and were he a slave *de jure*, would be happier and more comfortable than he can ever hope to be under the system prevalent in Europe and in the Free States of America." Such is the trumpet-blast, blown in loud and saucy defiance by the new generation of Southern writers and politicians. Among these one of the ablest and most conscientious—a man who writes, as if he believed himself to be the preacher and the apostle of a new science, which is to enlighten the darkened, and reform the corrupted world—is Mr. George FitzHugh, of Virginia. This gentleman boldly enunciates the theory, that free

society is a failure; and that the best, if not the only hope of civilization, unless it would fall the prey of stronger and honester barbarism, is the re-establishment of Slavery—independently of colour and race—in every part of the world. Although the Gospel be preached, the rails be laid, and locomotives run—although the electric telegraph sends its messages, and the printing press is in constant activity, disseminating ideas—he holds his system to be fully adapted to such a state of circumstances. There are many other writers, both in prose and verse, who have taken up this principle as the social religion of the South, but Mr. Fitz Hugh is the one who has gone most systematically and philosophically into the discussion, and laid down authoritatively a system of Slavery, pure and simple. He would not only enslave the negroes, but the poor Irish and German immigrants, as fast as they arrive in New York, and either send them off to till the ground in the cotton and sugar regions, or sell them at Charleston, or New Orleans, by public auction, to the highest bidder. "Liberty is for the few—slavery, in every form, is for the many!" That is the maxim of which he attempts to justify the universal relevancy, by history, by philosophy, by religion, and by the "eternal fitness of things."

It may be thought that Mr. FitzHugh and the other doctrinaires of Slavery write in jest. On the contrary, they write in grim earnest, and as if they were the founders of a new or the restorers of an old religion. But their arguments, when not supported by or drawn from the Old Testament, and the "bondage" known among the Egyptians and the Jews—or from the negative support they derive from the absence of an express denunciation of slavery in the New Testament—and the more positive authority which they imagine they have discovered in the book of Revelations, when, at the opening of the Sixth Seal, the free man and the "bond" are to call upon the rocks to cover them from the wrath of the Almighty—are chiefly devoted to the one point, upon which they make the whole question to revolve—the superiority of the physical condition of the slave to that of the free labourer in Europe. The poets of the South attempt to sing of the happy Arcadia where the planter, like the patriarch of old, sits under the shadow of his vine, and treats his slaves as if they were the members of his own family, the sharers in all his gains, his faithful and affectionate dependants, who are provided for by his care, who enjoy all the benefits of his prosperity, but never suffer from his adversity; who work for the

common good when they are hale and well, and who, when they are old and sick, or from any cause unable to work, are tended quite as affectionately as if they still contributed to the common stock. Philosophers, like Mr. FitzHugh, while painting the same sunny picture, and holding up the condition of the slave as if it were the *summum bonum* of human bliss, dive deeper than the poets into the social causes of the state of things of which they so highly approve, and demonstrate, to their own satisfaction, and that of all the South, that the few must be the lords, and the many the slaves; and that the lordship on the one side, and the slavery on the other, are equally right and mutually beneficial. And from this peculiar point of view their arguments are sound. If the sole aim, end, and enjoyment of the bulk of mankind be to eat and drink, to be clad and housed, and to have no care for the morrow—no moral responsibilities—no harassing duties, that make them prematurely old, not so much with labour as with anxiety;—then the condition of the slave in the Southern States of the American Union is superior to that of the free labourer in Europe. To the argument that "man shall not live by bread alone"—that his moral, intellectual, and religious nature,—of infinitely greater importance

than his merely physical well-being,—can not only not be cultivated and developed, but must deteriorate, in a state of slavery—these writers reply with scorn: "The customary theories of modern ethical philosophy, whether utilitarian or sentimental," says Mr. FitzHugh, "are so fallacious, or so false in their premises and their deductions, as to deserve rejection; and must be replaced by others, founded on a broader philosophical system, and on more Christian principles." "The world will fall back on domestic slavery when all other social forms have failed and been exhausted. That hour may not be far off." "I treat of slavery as a positive good—not a necessary evil." Such is the new doctrine.

Mr. FitzHugh draws a contrast between what he calls the white slave trade and what others call the black slave trade, very much to the disadvantage of the former. He defines the white slave trade to mean, the employment of white men, at low wages, regulated rather by the keenness of their own competition with one another, than by the intrinsic value of their labour, and their non-sustenance, as soon as they become impotent and unfit to work, by those employers who made the most of them when they were strong. He alleges it to be far more cruel than the black slave trade,

"inasmuch as it exacts more from the workers, and neither protects nor governs them." He asserts that when the abolitionists, or enemies of Slavery, proclaim that white labour is cheaper than black, they destroy their own case; and so far from leading men of sense to give the blacks their freedom, they merely lead the true philanthropist and the wise philosopher to govern, employ, protect, and enslave the whites. The whole theory is thus stated in the first chapter of Mr. Fitzhugh's treatise:—

"The profits made from *free labour* are the amount of the products of such labour, which the employer, by means of the command which capital or skill gives him, takes away, exacts, or exploitates from the free labourer.

"The profits of *slave labour* are that portion of the products of such labour which the power of the master enables him to appropriate. *These profits are less, because the master allows the slave to retain a larger share of the results of his own labour than do the employers of free labour.*

"But we not only boast that the white slave trade is more exacting and fraudulent than black slavery, but that it is more cruel, in leaving the labourer to take care of himself and family out of the pittance which skill or capital have allowed him to retain.

When his day's labour is ended he is free, but overburdened with the cares of his family and household, which make his freedom an empty and delusive mockery. But his employer is really free, and may enjoy the profits made by other people's labour, without a care or trouble as to their well-being. The negro slave is free, too, when the labours of the day are over, and free in mind as well as in body; for the master provides food, raiment, house, fuel, and everything else necessary to the physical well-being of himself and family. The master's labours commence when the slave's end. No wonder white slave-holders should prefer the slavery of white men and capital to negro slavery — since the white slave-holding is more profitable, and is free from all the cares and labours of black slave-holding."

Here is the picture drawn in support of the first part of the principle: "The negro slaves," says Mr. FitzHugh, "are the happiest and in some cases the freest people in the world. The children and the aged and infirm work not at all, and yet have all the comforts and necessaries of life provided for them. They enjoy liberty, because they are not oppressed either by care or labour. The women do little hard work, and are protected from the despotism of their

husbands by their masters. The negro men and stout boys work on the average, in good weather, not more than nine hours a day; the balance of their time is spent in perfect *abandon.* Besides this, they have their Sabbaths and holidays. White men, with so much of licence and liberty, would die of *ennui;* but negroes luxuriate in corporeal and mental repose. With faces upturned to the sun, they can sleep at any hour, and quiet sleep is the greatest of human enjoyments."

This is the picture drawn in support of the second: "The free labourer must work or starve. He is more of a slave than the negro, because he works longer and harder for less allowance than the slave; and has no holidays, because with him the cares of life begin when its labours end. He has no liberty, and not a single right. We know it is often said that air and water are common property, in which all have equal right to participate and enjoy. But this is utterly false. The appropriation of the lands carries with it the appropriation of all on or above the lands, *usque ad cœlum, aut ad inferos.* A man cannot breathe the air without a place to breathe it from, and all places are appropriated. All water is private property 'to the middle of the stream,' except the ocean, and that is not fit to drink.

"Free labourers have not a thousandth part of the rights and liberties of negro slaves. Indeed, they have not a single right or liberty except the right or liberty to die.

"Where a few own the soil, they have unlimited power over the balance of society, until domestic Slavery comes in, to compel them to permit this balance of society to draw a sufficient and comfortable living from *terra mater*.

"Free society asserts the right of a few men to the earth. Slavery maintains that it belongs in different degrees to all.

"The slave trade is the only trade worth following; slaves the only property worth owning. All other is worthless, a mere *caput mortuum*, except in so far as it vests the owner with the power to command the labour of others: in other words—*to enslave them*. Give you a palace—ten thousand acres of land, and you are poorer than Robinson Crusoe, if you have no slaves—either to capital, or domestic slaves. Your capital will not bring you an income of a cent, nor supply one of your wants, without labour. Labour is indispensable to give value to property. If you owned everything else, and did not own labour, you would be poor. But fifty thousand dollars mean, and are, fifty thousand dollars' worth·

of slaves. You can command, without touching on that capital, three thousand dollars' worth of labour per annum. You could do no more were you to buy slaves with it, and then you would be cumbered with the cares of governing and providing for them. You are a slaveholder now to the extent of fifty thousand dollars, with all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages and responsibilities of a master.

"Property in man is what everybody is struggling to obtain. Why should we not be obliged to take care of men, our property, as we do of our horses and our hounds, our cattle and our sheep? Now, under the delusive name of liberty, the free labourer is wrought from morn to eve, from infancy to old age, and then turned out to starve."

It will be seen from this abstract how bold the assertion, how weak the argument, and how great the fallacy that underlies the whole. To horse, bullock, or dog—to white man or to black—such reasoners apply the same rule: for horse, bullock, dog, and man are only different varieties of the worker; to be all tended and taken care of, as their natures require—all unfit, though in ever varying degrees, to take care of themselves. But without personal disrespect to Mr. FitzHugh, who is evidently a

sincere and an accomplished man, or to any others who have preceded or followed him in the enunciation of his doctrine, may we not ask him and them to consider in what condition he or they would have been in at this moment, if the principles of the philosophy they uphold had been acted upon in the case of white labourers in England, or Europe generally, at and subsequent to the period of the discovery and colonization of America? Perhaps two out of three of the white population now flourishing in the South—the owners and rulers of the soil of the most fertile portions of the United States—are the descendants of labourers—men of mere arms and sinews—men born to till the earth, and having no skill or knowledge of any other art but that of agriculture in its rudest forms. Had their progenitors been made slaves of then—as they ought to have been, if the theory be good for anything—their descendants, and perhaps Mr. FitzHugh among the rest, would have been slaves also, and, according to his argument, far better off, physically, than they can hope to be under the *régime* of personal liberty. But what would have been the progress of the great continent of America? Who would have fought with Washington for the independence of a noble nation? Who would have covered the land with

railroads, and sent ships to every sea? Who would have built such cities as New York, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and San Francisco? And where would be the great Republic that, young as it is, holds up its head among the mightiest powers of the earth, and treats with them as equal to equal?

The basis of this philosophy—if it be not a desecration of the name so to apply it—is the grossest sensualism. Better be a sleek horse, or a corpulent pig snoozing upon a dunghill, than a lean man, overburdened with anxiety. Such is the ultimate element into which all such reasoning resolves itself. And no doubt there is many a pig which is happier than a man. To suffer, and to elevate ourselves by suffering, is our great privilege as human beings. To endure, and to grow, is in the essence of the immortal mind. Were it not so, the gradations of happiness would extend downwards, and not upwards. The happy pig would be less happy than the oyster; and the oyster itself would be a miserable creature compared with a monad, and still more miserable compared with a stone. We should either wallow in the styes of sensualism, or take refuge in the Brahminical philosophy—that annihilation is supreme bliss. We should live lives

of despair, instead of hope, and cry in our blank misery, with melancholy Byron—

> "Count o'er the joys thy days have seen;
> Count o'er thine hours from anguish free;
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Tis something better, not to be."

But it is not necessary to argue out to its ultimate deductions a system like this, upon which many readers may perhaps be of opinion that too much has already been said. It was, however, necessary to say thus much, to indicate, for the better comprehension of English readers, the new phase into which the slavery and anti-slavery controversy has entered. The friends of Slavery act no longer on the defensive. They have outgrown their early timidity. They no more walk warily, as if upon rotten ice, but step out boldly, as if upon the rock and the solid earth.

Slaves, in a certain sense, all men are. We are slaves to the law of gravitation, and to the laws of health; slaves to hunger and thirst; slaves to our passions and our affections; slaves to our prejudices; slaves to and prisoners of the earth—from which we cannot escape, under the penalty of death. We are slaves to capital, also—as Mr. FitzHugh asserts—unmistakeably slaves to it; and the capitalist, also, is the slave of the labourer, without whom, as he says, all his capital is worthless. But Mr. FitzHugh,

and all the Southern reasoners, who look upon him as the apostle of the new faith which is to end all controversy with those who maintain that a black man is not a chattel, must go far deeper into first principles, before they can convince one human being, out of the narrow circle of Southern society, that they have either made a discovery, or that their discovery is of the slightest value. The white labourer is a slave, and is often a slave ill-paid and ill-tended, with none to care for him, and with nothing oftentimes but Christian charity to depend upon for his life when he is old and sick, and unable to toil any more; but he had this consolation in toiling, that no man could come to his cottage or his hovel, and take away the wife of his bosom, and sell her into bondage in a strange land; that none could take his children forcibly away, so that he might see them no more; and that none could lay hands upon himself, and make him toil upon the land, when he preferred to toil upon the water; or treat him with the same unconcern as a dog or a horse. Any one powerful enough to carry off Mr. FitzHugh and sell him into bondage, might apply to him the arguments he uses to negroes and to white slaves; and if he remonstrated, say to him, "Foolish fellow! why do you complain? You shall not labour more than nine

hours a day. You shall have Sundays and holidays. You shall have the comforts and necessaries of life. When you are sick, you shall be tended. When you are old, you shall be taken care of. Go away! Do your work, and be happy. When you have done it, make your mind easy, and sleep; for sleep is the greatest of blessings. And pity me, your unfortunate master, who am compelled to take care of you, to think for you, and to protect you." If such arguments are good for white men and black men alike, why not for white philosophers?

Are not a crust and a draught of water in the pure fresh air, with liberty of locomotion and the privilege of looking at the sunshine, better than turtle soup and choice wines in a dark dungeon? Let the advocates of the new faith decide. But Mr. FitzHugh is a slave already—a slave to his theory.

CHAPTER V.

DECLINE OF THE SPANISH RACE IN AMERICA.

Washington, March, 1858.

As Greece was to Persia, and as Rome was to Carthage, in ancient days—as England was to France within the memory of living men—so are the United States to the Spanish races on the North American continent, and more especially to the Mexicans. There is deadly and traditional enmity between them, and a growing conviction on the part of the Anglo-Saxon race, strengthened by prejudice, by passion, by interest, and by a vague and nameless but powerful antipathy, that, sooner or later, Mexico must be invaded, conquered, and annexed. And not only Mexico, but the whole continent as far south as Panama, is doomed in the popular mind to a gradual incorporation into the great Republic. The star-spangled banner has now but thirty-two Stars to glitter on its folds, or one for each State; but should that day ever arrive, it will have to place at least one hundred

and fifty stars upon it, or adopt a new symbolism for a power so magnificent. Nor is this a mere dream of ambition confined to the warm South, and the teeming fancy of Southern politicians, who, by the supposed necessities of the institution of slavery, imagine that as they cannot extend to the great West, or keep pace with the growth of the Free States by any other means, they must perforce annex Cuba and the vast, ill-governed, miserable, but beautiful and fertile regions lying between the frontiers of Texas and the two oceans that all but mingle at Panama. The feeling is shared by many soberer men, and cooler politicians, who deplore, while they assert the necessity that impels them. They consider it the "manifest destiny" of the Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian race—for these are but one in their origin—to drive out the degenerate Spaniards, and descendants of Spaniards, who are about as unfit to develop the country as the Red Indians, and utterly unable to establish anything like a free or a firm Government. And every year things, instead of mending, become worse. The Spaniards intermarry with the Indians, and produce a mixed race, with all the vices of both breeds, and none of the virtues of either. By their indolence, rapacity, and lawlessness, they come into constant

collision with Yankees and other adventurous spirits of the United States, who push South to trade and speculate; and at the least real or supposed indignity or injustice, clamour lustily for the interference of the Government at Washington, glad of an occasion for quarrel, and panting for the spoils of a race whom they despise, and of a country which they covet.

The last war against Mexico, which ended in the annexation of California, was one of the most popular ever undertaken by any nation. The spirit of the whole country was aroused. Farmers left their farms, lawyers their desks and courts, tradesmen their stores, students their colleges, and members of Congress their seats in the Legislature, to fight against the Mexicans. Not only the youth, but the middle age of the Southern and some of the Northern States were in arms, burning for glory and for annexation. Men of fortune shouldered the rifle, and went through all the hardships of the campaign in the capacity of private soldiers; and the number of volunteers was so great, that the Government had to repress, rather than encourage the martial ardour of the citizens, and to throw every imaginable impediment in the way of their enthusiasm. Should there be any new cause of quarrel with Mexico

leading to a war, the same ardour would indubitably be aroused, and not all the sobriety and *vis inertiæ* of New England, nor all the prudence of all the statesmen that the Union possesses, would be sufficient to cool the martial spirit, or prevent further conquest and the annexation of at least another province.

The popular favour enjoyed by General William Walker, the famous Filibuster, and invader of Nicaragua, is but one out of many proofs of the feeling with which the people of the United States regard their effete southern neighbours. This personage, who is as familiar in Pennsylvania Avenue, and in the purlieus of Congress, as any public man in Washington, and who has just left, accompanied by his second in command, a General Henningsen, formerly connected in some capacity with the press of London, was brought to this capital in custody of the United States Marshal, for having infringed the laws of the United States in his late attempted invasion of Nicaragua. But his imprisonment was a mere sham. He was free to go hither and thither as he pleased; and he was ultimately released even from that nominal captivity and surveillance without even a caution as to his future behaviour. In fact, Walker, though, by the law of nations, a vulgar

pirate and outlaw, was a popular person even in Washington: and in New Orleans and Mobile was the honoured recipient of enthusiastic ovations. Though his conduct was disavowed and condemned by the Federal Government, the public feeling was strong that it was his failure, and not the attempt itself, which was distasteful to men in power. "To go in and win" would have been admirable; but to be foiled and beaten was disagreeable to the Government. Failure brought inconvenient remonstrances and remarks from foreign powers, and placed the Executive in a false position. Walker has identified himself for the time being with this particular movement; but Walker is but a straw upon the wind, and there are hundreds of others ready to supply his place, should fortune play him false, and give him the pirate's death, instead of the victor's laurel, and a high gibbet instead of Nicaragua.

The present condition of Mexico, and of all the Central American Republics, and the probable future that awaits them in consequence of their own tendency toward disorganization and the rapid increase in population, trade, and moral power of the United States of America, are questions quite as pertinent to Englishmen as to the rest of the civilized world. The growth of the United States is merely one

of the forms of the development of that political and industrial civilization of which England was the birth-place, and of which Englishmen and Scotchmen are still the leaders, and which is founded upon the greatest personal freedom, consistent with order and organization, and the untrammelled liberty of individual enterprise. Addressing itself to the elevation of man through the development of his material interests, which must always precede, to a greater or less extent, the development of a higher form of civilization, Anglo-American progress is fated to exercise a powerful influence over the decaying communities of Spanish America.

Impressed with the general bearing of these truths, but having no means of making a personal investigation into the actual circumstances of all these quasi republics and anarchies—as showing how far the instinctive notion of their irretrievable decay which is prevalent in the United States was founded on facts—I requested Mr. Thrasher, of New York, a gentleman who passed some years in Cuba and in Mexico in a high official position, to put into writing the results of his experience. I was favoured shortly afterwards with the following *résumé* of the subject, which, though it may happen to be tinctured with the American sympathies of the writer, is none the

less interesting from the information it conveys, and from the political warnings which may be drawn from it:—

"In taking a succinct view," says the writer, "of the political and social condition of the Spanish-American Republics in North and South America—though South America is of little importance in the inquiry—it is necessary to keep in view the fact that they have constantly endeavoured to imitate the political example of the United States, in which they have as constantly failed. In this must be sought the causes of failure—causes which may easily be found. Whenever a nation is constituted by the separation of itself from that of which it formed a part, it necessarily receives a political impulse, the direction of which it is apt to follow ever after. When the distinct, and to some degree discordant, British colonies of North America severed their connection with the Crown, their first impulse was to create a common centre of action. The result was the erection of the Federal Power; and the involuntary political tendency of the United States has ever been to increase the influence of the Federal Executive and of the Federal Congress. In the Spanish colonies of America the reverse of this took place. Under the

rule of the mother country, the form of government was a thorough centralization; and the old viceroyalties of Mexico, Peru, and Buenos Ayres, as well as the captain-generalcies of Guatemala, New Granada, Venezuela, and Chili, were divided into provinces, or intendencies, as they were called, merely for the purposes of local administration. In the struggles which gave birth to them as independent nations, the political impulse which they received was towards decentralization, and the advocacy of the principles known in America as the doctrine of States' rights. The involuntary political tendency of these countries has ever been to diminish the influence of the Central or Federal Government.

"Thus movements seemingly identical in their origin produced directly opposite results; for while in the United States the power of the Federal Government to repress domestic rebellion continually increased, and was never stronger than it is at present, that of the Federal power in the Spanish-American States continually diminished, and was never more impotent to suppress revolt and rebellion than it is to-day. Other circumstances have also contributed to the political decay of the Spanish-American States, among which their readiness to

adopt the ideas of the first and last French Revolution, and to place the individual above the State, holding that the State owes him an obligation greater than he owes to the State, has been perhaps the most prominent.

"While, under such influences as these, the political fabric in Spanish America has exhibited a constant decay, the changes in social organization have been equally great. The line of separation between the discordant, unequal, and inferior races that constitute the population, and which under the rule of Spain was kept in constant view, has been destroyed; and all the old Spanish laws for the organization of labour have been repealed without the substitution of anything in their place. Mexico may be taken as the type of the result; for the same thing, with slight modifications, has occurred in all those countries. The political and social inducements to the white race to preserve its purity and integrity having been removed, it has gradually amalgamated with the inferior races; and the latter, possessing a numerical superiority of seven millions to one million of white inhabitants, has nearly swallowed up the white race in the course of the one generation that has elapsed since the era of their independence.

"The consequence of all these causes is, that the Northern States of Mexico have lost nearly all their white population, and that the unorganized native communities are unable to resist the attacks of the savage Apaches, Comanches, Seminoles, and other Indian tribes, who are driven southward from their old hunting-grounds by the westward march of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In the beautiful province of Sonora, the rule of Mexico is reduced to a few towns, such as Guaymas, Ures, and Hermosilla; in Chihuahua constant sallies of the Government troops are necessary to protect the scattered rural population; in Durango the Indians roam, in small parties, unmolested over the whole State, and the civilized inhabitants have been compelled to concentrate in the cities and large towns for mutual protection. The grazing districts of Coahuila, Leon, Zacatecas, and Sinaloa, are a constant prey to small parties of savages, who drive off the cattle, and carry the women and children into captivity amid their mountain fastnesses.

"In the southern part of Mexico a similar state of things exists. General Alvarez, who, although he boasts a Spanish name, is a cross between the negro and the Indian, has long ruled the State of Guerrero with despotic sway. But he has ever given a lip-

obedience to the Federal Government, and has kept the Pintos, as the preponderating native race is called, in subjection. His own recognition of the Federal Government, and the influence of his name, have hitherto kept the other native races in the South to their allegiance; but lately they have revolted; and now, at the age of eighty years, he is engaged in a war of doubtful issue with the Indians of Chilapa and Oajaca, who are hounded on by priests and plotters, who refuse to recognise the present Federal Government of Mexico. The course of Alvarez in this question has produced dissatisfaction among his own people, the Pintos, which will doubtless break out into open revolt after his death. In the eastern and peninsular State of Yucatan the savage tribes of the interior have recovered possession of nearly the whole territory, and the quasi whites are driven into the cities of Merida, Sisal, and Campeachy, the capital (Merida) having been frequently menaced by a large force of Indians.

"Amid all this disintegration and political decay the Federal Power has grown constantly weaker, until its influence has become too powerless to reach the more distant portions of the Republic. In the South, Alvarez has long held supreme power; in Sonora, the Gandara family ruled for many years,

until recently overthrown by Pasquiera, who likewise pays little heed to Congress or the President. Vidaurri, in the North, has annexed the State of Coahuila to that of Nuevo Leon, where his will is law; and endeavoured, a little more than a year since, to perform the same act with the State of Tamaulipas. In Central Mexico, a more formal obedience is rendered to the Federal authority, but one that is practically of little import; and amid all their party divisions two great principles emerge. The first asserts that the national decay is owing to the decentralization of power, and the other that power is still too much centralized. The one principle triumphs, and brings back Santa Anna to the Dictatorship, as in 1853;—to be overthrown in 1855 by a plan of Ayutla, which instals a new constitution in 1857, decentralizing the Federal Power still more, and placing it entirely in the hands of a single representative chamber, that is to sit permanently, either of itself or through a committee of one representative for each of the States. This again is immediately superseded by the establishment of the Dictatorship of Comonfort, which may be overthrown between the writing and the publication of these remarks.

"Under these circumstances, the remnant of the white race in Mexico is seeking new blood and a

reinvigoration by an infusion from abroad. When the army of the United States held Mexico, General Scott, the American commander-in-chief, was tendered a bonus to himself of two hundred thousand pounds, if he would resign his commission and accept the supreme power in Mexico. At this time he aspired to the Presidency of the United States, and he declined the offer. When Santa Anna returned to power, in 1853, he drew around him a large number of Spanish officers from Cuba, but took with him no troops. It is said that he looks forward now to an early return to Mexico, and that he will seek to create several regiments composed entirely of Spaniards. On the other hand, Comonfort has turned his eyes toward the United States, and anticipated receiving aid from the ambitious and restless spirits that abound here. The experience of the past, as shown in the expeditions of Lopez to Cuba, Walker to Lower California and Central America, Carvajal to Tamaulipas, and Raousset de Boulbon and Crabbe to Sonora, leads to the belief that, though these have failed, they will be followed by others that will succeed in the future, sustained as the spirit of American Filibusterism is by what is called Saxon "pluck" and tenacity of purpose.

"But let us follow the process of political disintegration southward. The former Republic of Central America, obeying the political impulse it received at its birth, soon destroyed the Federal Power it had created, in imitation of the United States, and broke up into the five independent States of Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. In Guatemala, after years of successive revolutions, the Indian races asserted their supremacy, and elevated Carrera, a half-bred creole cattle-driver, to supreme power. He rules something as Montezuma and Atahualpa may be supposed to have ruled, but with some of the forms of a civilized organization. In parts of the State, the Government still decrees what proportions of the land shall be sown in wheat, what in maize, and what in other productions of the soil. Carrera has centralized power in Guatemala, and peace reigns for the time.

"In San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, internal discord has been the rule for many years, and in the struggle the white race has gradually died out, or been absorbed, until now it does not possess a single representative man. The native and mixed races have triumphed under the leadership of the half breeds. Santos Guadiola, the President of Honduras, partakes largely of the Indian; and

Martinez, the new President of Nicaragua, is a dark Mulatto. Costa Rica, having a larger infusion of white blood, and few negroes or Indians, has kept the races more distinct, and the rule of the whites is represented by the family of Mora. This State has exhibited less intestine disorder than any of the others of Central America.

"The condition of Southern America, in as far as it is occupied by the Spanish races, is equally suggestive of approaching change.

"First in geographical order on the Southern Continent comes the former Republic of Colombia, founded by Bolivar, the hero of South American independence. Before his death, he was driven from power, and the State followed the political impulse of its creation, breaking up into the smaller republics of New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador. The first of these, New Granada, held until quite recently a centralized form of government, in which the white race, settled upon the slopes of the three Andean ridges that run through it, retained the political power. But the rule of centralization now prevails; and, during the present year, a federation of States has been formed on the model of the North American Union. In the tropical regions of the coast and riverine provinces, the sambo, or

mixed race of whites, negroes, and Indians, preponderate; but in the temperate regions of Antioquia, Socorro, and Cundinamarca, the white population hold political and social sway. Under their rule, the several revolutions that have been attempted by the mixed races have never succeeded, and the republic has exhibited a political stability and material development, equalled only by that of Chili among the Spanish-American nations.

"Venezuela, whose territory consists mostly of vast tropical grazing plains, inhabited by negroes and mestizos on the coast, and roving white and Indian herdsmen in the interior, has followed a political course similar to that of Guatemala. The Monagas family, by ingratiating themselves with the mixed and black population, have centralized political power in their own hands, and kept the country quiet for several years. The same struggle exists there, however, as in the other States; and General Paer and many others are in exile, watching an opportunity for a new revolution. Ecuador, being one of the Spanish colonies upon the Pacific, received less slave importation than the others which possessed ports on the Caribbean Sea, and consequently has less of the negro element in its

population. But the want of white immigration from Europe, and the gradual absorption of this race by the native, are rapidly bringing the latter into power, and even now the communities of the interior are assimilating to the pure Indian.

"Peru contains more of the negro and mixed races on the coast, but the whites still preserve, in a great measure, their former political and social influence. But in the interior there exist many native communities that do not recognise the rule of the Government at Lima, and who not only preserve the memory and the traditions of the Incas, but make continual forays upon the settlements of the Christian native races. The same decentralizing tendency exists, as is seen in the new constitution issued recently by the Convention at Lima, which body has now been three years in continual session. The possession of the valuable guano islands on her coast has given the white rulers the means of maintaining their sway, and at the same time afforded a constant provocative to revolutionary attempts to get possession of the Government. In Bolivia, Belzu succeeded for a time in becoming absolute master, after the manner of Monagas in Venezuela, and Carrera in Guatemala, supporting his power by a monopoly of the valu-

able trade in quina, or Peruvian bark. A revolution is now raging there—the attempt being made to place Linares in power instead of Cordova, a relative of Belzu, who is President.

"Chili lies in a more temperate zone than the tropical countries we have just reviewed, and has received less of the negro element from the slave importation than other Spanish colonies. Besides this, the Araucanian Indians of the South have always maintained their independence and a hostile attitude towards the whites. Chili, for a variety of reasons, has exhibited more material progress and intellectual development than, perhaps, any other of the Spanish-American republics.

"The old viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, so long the scene of the despotisms of Rosas and Dr. Francia, presents nearly the same political and social features as the rest of Spanish America. Lopez has succeeded Francia in Paraguay, and Urquiza wields a portion of the power that Rosas held in Buenos Ayres; but the political tendency there is also towards decentralization, and the Argentine Confederation is the result. The Guachos of the Pampas have a large portion of Indian, with something of the negro blood in them, and entertain the greatest dread of the savage tribes on the

southern, western, and north-western frontiers. A line of forts has been erected to protect them; and travellers across that portion of the Continent to Chili still pursue the path opened by the Spaniards more than a century ago. So great is the fear of the mixed races, that the inhabitants of the north-western provinces, near the eastern slope of the Andes, have never dared to descend the water-courses of the Bermejo, Salado, and other large rivers, until the present year. The expedition of the United States' steamer *Waterwitch*, under Capt. Page, two years ago, to examine these rivers, has stimulated the desire for fluvial navigation, and some foreign houses are sending small steamers up the Bermejo and Salado. General Taboada is at this moment receiving great praise in the Argentine Confederation for having dared to cross the wilderness with a party of one hundred men, to meet the steamer on one of the rivers.

"I have endeavoured to present only a succinct view of the political and social retrogression of Spanish America, without touching some other questions of great importance that are being developed there. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning one prominent fact to be observed in all these countries, and that is the decay of the

Roman Catholic Church. Everywhere in Spanish America, the temporal organization of the Church is a point of attack. A spirit of rationalism, somewhat of the French and somewhat of the German school, is pervading the more intelligent portion of the rising generation; while the more ignorant are relapsing into uncouth religious practices that savour of Paganism.

"Under the operation of political, social, and religious decay, the immutable law of races plays its part in the great drama. The race which largely preponderates in number swallows up the others; and thus the aboriginals of Spanish America are reassuming their ancient sway. This fact is giving rise to movements in America, for which there is no parallel in Europe. There moribund civilization is seeking for support by an infusion of new vigour through white immigration, and assistance from Europe and Northern America. In the Argentine Confederation an active immigration from Spain and other portions of Southern Europe is already established; and the distance of those countries from the United States will, no doubt, protect them from the Saxon overflow from North America, and will possibly enable the renewed European element to work out the problem of its

future without interference. Whether it possesses the requisite qualifications to ensure success, I shall not stop to examine. But Mexico and Central America lie too near the busy, enterprising, and ambitious elements that swarm in the United States, to justify the opinion that they will be left to die quietly. Already the paths of American intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are laid in many places across the territories of those republics, and the natural result that has followed the footstep of the Anglo-Saxon in all parts of the world must follow it there. The policy of the United States Government, thus far, has been to avoid all concessions from those countries, except the absolute transfer of territory from Mexico, about one half of whose former dominion is now incorporated in the American Union; and the Bulwer-Clayton Convention, now existing, with Great Britain, precludes any further settlement or occupancy. But, before the great necessities of nations, policies change and treaties become inoperative, so that there is little doubt that, either through the action of the Government, or that of Filibusterism—which some friends of General Walker and General Henningsen designate by the more courteous appellation of "private enterprise"—

the disintegrating communities of Mexico and Central America will receive their new life from the Anglo-Saxons of North America. The manner and time of this operation who shall undertake to predict?"

The Mexican pear has, since these observations were written, been ripening and rotting. Brother Jonathan need not pluck it, for it will drop into his mouth; and then, the greatest of all the troubles of the Union—Slavery alone excepted—will begin.

CHAPTER VI.

BALTIMORE AND MARYLAND.

Baltimore, March 27, 1858.

MARYLAND is one of the original thirteen States of the Union, and the most northern of the slave-holding communities. But Slavery does not flourish upon its soil. In such a climate as it enjoys, white men can perform all kinds of agricultural labour with as much pleasure and impunity as in the British Isles. Consequently the labour of the negro becomes unprofitable, and white men are gradually displacing the black from all employments except those of the waiter, the barber, and the coach-driver. The same state of things has resulted, in a greater or less degree, in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Missouri, where slavery, though still maintained as a "domestic institution," is proving itself every day to be a social and economic failure. These States, and more especially Maryland and Virginia, having no purpose to which they can profitably devote slave labour, have become mere breeders of negroes for the

rice, cotton, and sugar plantations of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana. In States like Maryland, Slavery exists in its most repulsive form; for the owner, having no use for the superabundant negroes, seems to acknowledge no duties or responsibilities towards them, but breeds them as he would cattle, that he may sell them in the best market. Further south the owners of slaves, who employ them in the cultivation of the soil, establish what they call the "patriarchal relation," and seldom or never think of selling them, of separating families, or of treating them otherwise than kindly. But not so in the tobacco and corn-growing States. As slaves are not wanted, and are a burden to maintain, the owners have little compunction in selling the wife without the husband, or both without the children, according to the caprice or wants of the purchaser.

It is constantly repeated in America, by those who, without any very strong feelings on the subject, are nevertheless of opinion that Slavery is wrong, and that it would have been better for the Union if it had never existed—that, had it not been for the extreme violence of the ultra-abolitionists, it might long ago have been peaceably abolished in the five States just named. They urge that abolitionism has

become more of a political than a philanthropic movement; and that the people in these middle states have clung to slavery, even when it has ceased to be profitable, because they would not by its abolition weaken or dissever the Union, or overthrow the balance of power so as to place it completely in the hands of the North. The Northern abolitionists are almost invariably protectionists. They would give freedom to the black man, but they would put shackles upon commerce, for the benefit of the Northern manufacturers. In the South the case is exactly the opposite. The Southern planters would —some of them say—abolish slavery if they were not goaded and exasperated to it, and if they saw or could invent the immediate means of doing so, without ruin both to themselves and the negro; and they are free-traders almost to a man.

The first British settlement in this part of the continent was made, in 1634, by Leonard Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore. The country was granted to Lord Baltimore by charter of King Charles I., and is said to have been named Maryland in honour of Henrietta Maria, queen of that monarch. But this has been denied; and the honour claimed on behalf of Mary Calvert, wife of Lord Baltimore. Virginia, the neighbouring state, was named in

honour of Queen Elizabeth; and Maryland, taken possession of in the preceding reign, but not settled or colonized so early, is by others asserted to have taken its appellation from the ill-starred lady known to Protestant tradition as "Bloody Mary." But, however this may be, Maryland was not ambitious to rival the character of such a sovereign, but took a course on religious matters which entitles its early founders to grateful mention in the history of the world. By an Act passed in 1639 it granted entire freedom of religious faith and practice to all creeds, sects, and denominations whatsoever, within its boundaries.

Baltimore, though not the capital, is the principal city of this State, and contains a population of upwards of two hundred thousand, taking rank as the largest city in the slave-holding States. It was founded in 1729. Its growth, however, has not been rapid. Cincinnati, not yet forty years old, has outstripped it; and Chicago, still younger, has a population nearly as great. But cities like these last mentioned are fed by the great stream of immigration from Europe, which invariably stops at the frontiers of slave States, and spreads its fructifying waters only in the lands of the free. Should the day ever come when Maryland shall

abolish slavery, the growth of Baltimore will, doubtless, be more steady. Philadelphia, its free sister, has a population approaching to half a million; and there seems to be no reason, except slavery, why Baltimore should not become as rich and populous as the capital of the Quakers.

Baltimore, famous for the beauty of its women, is seated on the Patapsco River, at about twelve miles from its junction with Chesapeake Bay, and has harbours for the largest merchant-vessels. It is called by its admirers "The Monumental City," but why it should have received so flattering a title is not very obvious. Of the three or four monuments on which its only claim to this distinction can be founded, there is but one worthy of the name, and that is the column erected to the great hero of America. "The Washington Monument" is a noble Doric pillar of pure white marble, one hundred and ninety-six feet in height inclusive of the basement, surmounted by a colossal statue of the *pater patriæ*. It stands in the centre of a square, on a terrace one hundred feet above the level of the Patapsco; and seen from the river, or from any part of the neighbouring country, forms an imposing and picturesque object. Of "Battle Monument," erected to the memory of those who fell in defending the city

against the British forces in the war of 1814, the less said the better. A basement of twenty feet, surmounted by a column of only eighteen, surrounded by houses three or four times as lofty, looks ludicrously small; and, however much we may respect the motives of its builders, is more suggestive of a pencil-case, standing upon a snuff-box, on a drawing-room table, than of a piece of architecture. In other respects Baltimore deserves the name of a fine city. It possesses many elegant public buildings; its streets are wide, long, and full of life and activity; and seem, if the traveller may judge by the names on the shop-doors, to partake largely of the Irish element. Its principal trade is in tobacco, and next to the home consumer, its principal customer is Great Britain.

I was "under the weather," as the Americans say, when I arrived in Baltimore, and had caught so violent a cold from sitting in a draught between two windows in a railway-car, preternaturally heated by a fierce cast-iron stove, glowing red with anthracite coal, that I found it comfortable, if not necessary, to retire early to bed. My name had not been entered in the hotel books above an hour, and I was just preparing myself for slumber, when a negro waiter knocked at my door, and, entering, handed me the

card of a gentleman who desired to see me on very particular and important business. The card bore this inscription: "The Eccelentissimo Herr Alphonso G——r, Prince of Poets of the United States of America, to the Right Hon. Charles Mackay, Prince of Poets of England."

"Surely," said I to the negro, "this man must be mad?"

"Don't know—nebber see him before, massa."

"Tell him I'm sick, and in bed; say that he must write his business, and call again to-morrow."

"Yes, massa."

I turned round in bed, and was trying to forget the untimely visitor, when the negro again appeared.

"He won't go away, massa."

"Tell him that my name is Brown, or Jones—that he has made a mistake. Tell him that I've got the smallpox, or the yellow fever—anything to get rid of him."

It was evident that the negro did not quite understand me. I fancied, moreover, that I heard the "Eccelentissimo Herr" and "Prince of Poets" close behind him. And, as a last resource, I got out of bed, told the good-natured negro to be gone, and barred and bolted the door. This was suffi-

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cient security for the night, and I soon forgot all about the interruption; but next morning, just as I was putting on my boots, there came a gentle tap at the bed-room door. Oblivious of the "Eccelentissimo Herr" and "Prince of Poets," I said, "Come in." And in walked a young man, with a very dirty shirt, very dirty hands, very shabby garments, very wild eyes, and very loose, discoloured teeth. He smelt very strongly of tobacco, and held in one hand a roll of paper, and in the other a card. The card was a fac-simile of the one I had received on the previous night. I knew my fate. I knew that I was in the presence of a lunatic. There was madness in every line of his countenance, in every movement of his limbs and body; nay, in every thread of his attire. Having rung the bell, I desired him to sit down, that I might make the best of him, and get rid of him with all possible celerity.

"I was determined to see you," he said, in very good English, but with a German accent that betrayed his origin. "I have been watching your arrival for three months. You came over in the *Asia*. I saw it announced. You dined with the President. You should not have done that. Excuse me, but 'Old Buck' is not the right man. He

knows nothing of poetry. But let him slide! I am glad to welcome you to Baltimore."

I endeavoured to look pleased; and as politely and as blandly as I could, I thanked him for his courtesy, and asked him his business.

"You are a prince of poets," he said. "So am I. I am the greatest poet of America—perhaps the greatest in the world. Now, I want you to do me a favour."

Here the bell was answered, and a negro entered. "Wait a minute or two," said I. "I will attend to you when I have done with this gentleman." "And what is the favour?" I inquired.

"To read this MS.," he said, "and give me your opinion of it. It is poetical, musical, philosophical, and astrological. It is the grandest work ever written on this continent. But, sir, the editors here are utter fools: there is not one of them fit to clean my boots. They refuse to look at my poems. And the President of the United States is no better than they are. He knows no more of poetry than a pig; and as for music, sir, I don't believe he knows the difference between a grunt and a psalm."

The Eccelentissimo Herr here proceeded to unfold his MS., which was very dirty and spotted with tobacco-juice. It was covered all over with hiero-

glyphics, astrological signs, musical notation, algebraic formulæ, and odds and ends of sentences—partly in German and partly in Italian text; sometimes written across the page, and sometimes down, in Chinese fashion.

"I am very sorry," said I, "that I cannot read your composition; I am too ignorant—too utterly uninstructed in the symbols you use."

"Oh, that will not signify," he replied; "I will read it for you. In fact, I have come on purpose. It is an oratorio as well as a poem, and some of the best passages will have to be sung. Would you like to hear them?"

I fancy that I must have looked alarmed at the probability of such an infliction; for he said with great good nature, "Not now, if it will distress you, or if you are busy. But I must absolutely have your opinion within a day or two. The work, I am sure, is magnificent; and, if you will only have the kindness to say so publicly, all Europe and all America will believe you. You are going to Europe soon?"

I nodded assent.

"That is lucky: I will go with you; and then I shall be able to read my poem to you on the passage. When we get to London I shall ask you to introduce

me to the Queen. I have heard that she is very fond of poetry, and has given Mr. Tennyson a pension out of her husband's pocket-money, and that she often sends him a bottle of wine."

"I have not the honour of being personally known to her Majesty," I replied; "and if I had, I could not introduce you. The American Ambassador in London would be the proper person."

"I don't believe in Ambassadors. They are all humbugs. They know nothing except how to tell lies. But did you say that you were not personally known to the Queen?"

"I have not that honour and privilege."

"Excuse me, stranger," he said, slowly and emphatically, "when I say that won't do. You can't sell Brother Jonathan in that manner."

"I really do not know the Queen; nor does the Queen, as far as I am aware, know me."

"What! the Queen of England not know all about the poets of her own country? Does she not give Mr. Tennyson wine? And has she never given you any? I am certain the Queen of England knows me—the 'Prince of Poets of America.'"

"Quite certain?" said I.

"Oh, quite certain," he replied. "I have written to her about my oratorio, but she never answered the

letter. But I shall go to England and see the Queen. Music and poetry are properly rewarded there; and you shall introduce me to her, to Lord Palmerston, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the rest of them."

"What does massa please to want?" chimed in the negro waiter who had been listening all the time with very little comprehension of our discourse.

"I want you to order me a carriage; I have a very particular engagement."

"Excuse me," I added, turning to the Eccelentissimo Herr Alphonso, Prince of Poets, "if I am obliged to go away. I shall, perhaps, have the pleasure of seeing you again—next week."

"Do you stay a whole week in Baltimore? Then I shall make it a point to call upon you every day. You will thus have opportunities of hearing my poetry and my oratorio. There is nothing like them in the whole world. Stupid America! and still stupider Baltimore! But after all, it is not so much the fault of Baltimore or of America as of the dough-faced editors. But you, sir, must know me better. Look here!" And he again spread forth his greasy, tobacco-spotted manuscript, and pointed to a passage which it was utterly impossible to decipher. "Look

here! and tell me if the man who wrote that is not worth a thousand dough-faced editors?"

He looked so wild as he spoke, that I thought it good policy to coincide in his opinion touching dough-faced editors. If he had been Prince Consort of Great Britain or Emperor of all the Russias, I could not have treated him with greater courtesy and deference. He was evidently pleased.

"Come again another day," I said.

"This evening?" he asked.

"No; I am particularly engaged."

"To-morrow morning?"

"I shall be very busy."

"To-morrow evening?"

"I will write to you whenever I can conveniently fix the time."

"Ah!" he said, with a deep sigh, "I am afraid you are no better than the dough-faces. You do not want to read my poetry?"

I was in a dilemma. I did not wish to tell him so disagreeable a truth. There was no way of getting out of the perplexity, unless by humouring him till the carriage was ready—a carriage that I did not want, but for the arrival of which I began to grow impatient.

For ten minutes, that seemed to have lengthened

themselves out to ten hours, I had to play with this lunatic, to watch every change in his countenance, and to be constantly on the alert, lest his madness should take a turn unfavourable to my safety, for he kept fumbling with his right hand under his waistcoat in a manner that suggested the possibility of a concealed bowie-knive or revolver, or, perhaps, another oratorio, longer than the first. But, by dint of assumed unconcern and great politeness, I managed to parley with him without giving him offence or exciting his suspicions. When the carriage was announced, he walked with me through the lobbies and hall, saw me safely into it, kissed his hand to me, waved his manuscript in the air, and said, "To-morrow!"

On my return, I took especial care to arrange with the landlord for my future freedom from all intrusion on the part of the Eccelentissimo Herr and Prince of Poets, and was informed that though very troublesome, he was harmless; that he went every day to the hotels to ascertain the arrivals, by inspection of the hotel books, and that, if he found a name of which he had ever before heard, whether in politics, literature, music, or the drama, he sought out the distinguished stranger, and requested his attention to his poem and oratorio.

He raved more particularly about the Queen of England, and imagined that if he could see her, his merits would be acknowledged by all America, and especially by the Baltimore editors—all of whom he pronounced to be "dough faces," "muffs," and "white niggers." I saw no more of him; but he called at least a dozen times, and finally declared his solemn conviction that I also was a "white nigger," a despiser of poetry, and one not worthy to be known to a person like the Queen of England, who had the good sense to send wine to Mr. Tennyson; but that when M. Thalberg (then expected) came to Baltimore, he would find a man of true genius to appreciate his oratorio.

Baltimore is celebrated for the canvas-back duck, one of the greatest delicacies of the table in the New World. The canvas-back feeds and breeds in countless myriads on the waters of Chesapeake Bay—that great arm of the sea which extends northwards into Maryland for upwards of one hundred and twenty miles from the Atlantic. Among the wild celery which grows on the shores of the shallow waters, the canvas-back finds the peculiar food which gives its flesh the flavour so highly esteemed. Baltimore being the nearest large city to the Chesapeake, the traveller may be always certain during the season,

from November to February, of finding abundant and cheap supplies. Norfolk, in Virginia, at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, is, however, the chief emporium of the trade, which is carried on largely with all the cities of the Union, and even to Europe, whither the birds are sent packed in ice, but where they do not usually arrive in such condition as to give the epicure a true idea of their excellence and delicacy. "There is," says a writer in the *American Sportsman*, "no place in our wide extent of country where wildfowl-shooting is followed with so much ardour as on the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, not only by those who make a comfortable living from the business, but also by gentlemen who resort to these waters from all parts of the adjoining States to participate in the enjoyments of this far-famed shooting-ground. All species of wildfowl come here in numbers beyond credence; and it is necessary for a stranger to visit the region, if he would form a just idea of the wonderful multitudes and numerous varieties of ducks that darken the waters. But the great magnet that makes these shores the centre of attraction is the canvas-back, that here alone acquires its proper delicacy of flavour. The sportsman taxes all his energies for the destruction of this one species alone, regarding

all others as scarcely worth powder and shot." The best places on the bay are let out as shooting-grounds to companies and individuals, and appear to be as strictly preserved as the grouse-shootings in Scotland. If steam shall ever shorten the passage across the Atlantic to one week, Europe will, doubtless, be as good a customer for the canvas-back duck as America itself.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM BALTIMORE TO NEW YORK.

April 3rd, 1858.

In proceeding from Baltimore, in Maryland—the last of the slave cities—to Albany, the political capital of the State of New York, the train by which I travelled made a short stoppage at Philadelphia. On purchasing a newspaper from one of the vendors, who at each great "depôt" make their way into the cars, I was somewhat surprised and amused to read the denunciations hurled against myself by an irate editor. This personage called upon the stones of the streets to rise, and the tiles of the roofs to fall down, in judgment against me if I ever presumed to revisit Philadelphia. And what, the reader may ask, was the dire offence which had been committed? Not much of an offence. I had expressed an opinion slightly adverse to the claim of Philadelphia to be considered the most eminently beautiful of all the cities of

America. I had alleged that its long rectilinear and rectangular streets, kept in a continual drench by the squirtings of water on the legs and feet of wayfarers at all hours, from sunrise to sunset, by Irish maid and negro man servants, were neither to be commended for their architectural amenity nor for their external pleasantness. For this want of taste or appreciation the vials of editorial wrath were uncorked against me. I was declared to be a person without knowledge or judgment—a prejudiced Britisher, who had come to America to inflame international animosities, and a person meanly jealous, as all Englishmen were, of the glory and the power of "our great country" and its "free institutions."

It appeared from some of the allusions of this angry editor, that a controversy had been raging on the subject in several of the Philadelphia newspapers for at least a week previously, and that some gentleman in the *North American*—one of the most influential and best conducted papers in the Union—had been endeavouring to do battle in my behalf, to show that there was some modicum of truth in what I had stated, and that, whether right or wrong in my opinions on this not very important matter, I had not overstepped the limits of courtesy. My

champion was almost as scurvily treated as myself. All that I could gather from the hullabaloo was another proof, in addition to many more, of the extreme sensitiveness of public opinion in America on the reports of English travellers. French and Germans may condemn, and nobody cares what they say; but every editor seems to care about the expressed opinions of an Englishman, and to take an unfavourable verdict as a personal affront.

A native-born American may abuse his country as much as he pleases, and say the bitterest things imaginable of its climate, its institutions, its cities, its villages, its men, its women, and even of its habits and characteristics. No one is at all surprised or offended. But if a "Britisher" says the gentlest word, or makes the faintest hint, that is not of thorough and uncompromising approbation, he is forthwith brought by the press to the bar of outraged nationality, and adjudged to be either a knave or a fool. Previously he may have been hailed as a hero, a wit, a statesman, or a poet; but as soon as he has published a word, correctly or incorrectly, in disparagement of anything American, these writers ignore or deny all his good qualities. What was heroism becomes poltroonery; the wit collapses into drivel, the statesmanship into folly, the poetry

into doggrel; and the unhappy wayfarer, who meant no offence, and who only spoke to the best of his judgment and to the extent of his opportunities for forming it, may think himself fortunate if he be not accused as a public enemy, or at the best as no gentleman.

Nor is it always as safe to praise as it is unsafe to condemn. Agree with an ultra-American recently imported, or of native growth, that his country "beats all creation," and that, as Governor Walker of Kansas once affirmed, New York will, in twenty years hence, be the political, financial, and commercial centre of Christendom, and he will put on a grave face and accuse you of "poking fun at him." The truth seems to be, that Americans really desire to stand well in English opinion. They care little for the good word of any other nation under the sun. It is their over-sensitiveness in this respect which leads them to attach undue importance to what English travellers may say; which causes them to wince under censure, to mistrust praise, and act like those people in private life, who, not being assured of the reality of their own position, find enmity where none is meant, and see covert depreciation even under the guise of the most flattering speeches.

On arriving at New York, I took a few days' rest

—much needed after a journey, since I left it three months previously, of upwards of six thousand miles, principally by railway, and inclusive of fourteen hundred miles down the Mississippi, and through all its manifold perils of fire, flood, and snags. Here, at the New York Hotel, in the upper part of Broadway—a palace for travellers, to be highly recommended to all strangers who value choice fare, excellent wines, comfortable accommodation, moderate prices, and courteous attention—I prepared myself for a new course of travel, to the noble St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the loyal British Colony of Canada.

New York, which, when I left it, was in a state of commercial depression, consequent upon the unended panic of 1857, had recovered all its confidence. A leading journal no longer thought it necessary to denounce gentlemen who gave dinner parties, or ladies who gave balls, as public enemies, who mocked the miseries of the people. Everything had resumed its natural course; and beyond the fact that a few commercial firms, once of high repute, had disappeared altogether from business, and were known no more in Wall-street, there was little or nothing to show that the country had so recently passed through a severe financial crisis.

It was estimated during the panic, by those whose knowledge of the subject entitles them to form an opinion, that British capital to the amount of 450,000,000 dollars, or nearly 90,000,000*l.* sterling, was invested in American securities. The whole gold coinage of the United States put into circulation from the year 1793 to the 1st January, 1856, is stated, on the authority of the *American Almanack*, to be only 396,895,574 dollars; the silver coinage circulated during the same period is placed at 100,729,602 dollars; and the copper coinage at 1,572,206 dollars: the three together making a total of 498,197,383 dollars.

It will be seen from this statement that the difference between the sums invested by Englishmen in American stocks and the whole metallic circulation of the United States is but little more than 38,000,000 dollars, or 7,500,000*l.* sterling. Thus it is obvious, if these figures be true, that all the gold in the United States would not suffice to pay back to British capitalists the sums they had invested in American railroads and other stocks, with the hope of larger dividends than similar enterprises yield in their own country; and that more than half the silver, in addition to the whole of the gold, would be required for the purpose. The Duke of Welling-

ton once said that "high interest was but another name for bad security;" and the late panic in New York, and the suspension of cash payments by nearly all the banks throughout the Union, was but another proof, added to thousands of others in European as well as in American history, of the wisdom of the apophthegm.

The railroads in the United States, the depreciation in the stock of which so largely increased the panic, extend over 22,259 miles of territory; and are thus classified, according to the several commonwealths in which they have been constructed. The State of Arkansas is omitted, no return having been made:—

	Miles.
Maine	472·70
New Hampshire	479·96
Vermont	493·04
Massachusetts	1,451·30
Rhode Island...	65·50
Connecticut	618·55
New York	2,749·85
New Jersey	479·41
Pennsylvania	1,777·00
Delaware	94·00
Maryland	545·00
Virginia	1,132·00
North Carolina	653·00
Carried forward ...	... 11,011·31

	Miles.
Brought forward ...	... 11,011·31
South Carolina	... 677·00
Georgia	... 1,142·00
Alabama	... 397·00
Mississippi	... 92·00
Louisiana	... 296·00
Texas	... 57·00
Tennessee	... 592·00
Kentucky	... 195·00
Ohio	... 2,695·00
Indiana	... 1,533·00
Illinois	... 2,285·50
Michigan	... 678·80
Iowa	... 94·00
Wisconsin	... 348·00
Missouri	... 145·00
California	... 22·00
Total ...	... 22,259·61

These roads are managed by no less than 202 companies, of which the names and titles figure at full length in the official records; and by a large and unknown number of smaller companies, not designated, but classified in the statistics of each State as "other roads." The paid-up capital of scarcely any of these roads has been found sufficient to construct and work them. The amount of the paid-up capital, and debts of the greater portion of them, have been published. Taking a few of the most important, and beginning with the richest

and most indebted, — the two words have of late years come in some quarters to signify the same thing,—it appears that the New York and Erie, running 445 miles, has a paid-up capital of 10,023,959 dollars, and a debt, funded and floating, of 25,902,540 dollars; the Illinois Central, with a paid-up capital of 2,271,050 dollars, has a debt of 19,242,000 dollars; the New York Central, a paid-up capital of 24,000,000 dollars, and a debt of 14,000,000 dollars; the Baltimore and Ohio, a capital of 13,000,000, and a debt of 9,700,000; the Vermont Central, a capital of 5,000,000, and a debt of 4,900,000; the New Albany and Salem, a capital of 2,535,000, and a debt of 5,282,000; the Western, a capital of 5,966,000, and a debt of 10,495,000; the Philadelphia and Reading, a capital of 11,000,000, and a debt of 9,200,000; the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore, a capital of 5,600,000, and a debt of 8,022,000; the Virginian and Tennessee, a capital of 2,500,000, and a debt of 3,000,000; the Kentucky Central, a capital of 1,300,000, and a debt of 2,235,000; the Central Ohio, a capital of 1,521,000, and a debt of 3,485,000; the New Jersey Central, a capital of 2,000,000, and a debt of 2,266,000; the Michigan South and North Indiana, a capital of 6,929,000, and a debt of

6,319,000. All the American railroads are constructed at a much cheaper rate than those of Great Britain. Land is cheap, law is cheap, and no show is made by the erection of monster stations in the cities, or of stations with the least pretence to architectural beauty in the minor towns or villages. The cars are all first-class; but of a construction very little superior to second-class carriages in England, and much inferior to second-class carriages in France and Germany. Yet the competition among the various lines is so keen, that fares are, in a great number of instances, reduced far below the remunerative point.

Another, and very important reason why American railroads do not pay, notwithstanding their cheapness of construction, is not sufficiently known in England to the capitalists who have advanced their money to make them; it is, that there appears to be no sufficient, or any efficient check upon the accounts. The stations, or stopping-places, are not walled in as with us; the taking of a ticket is not imperative upon the traveller, though he who enters a train without a ticket has to pay ten per cent. excess to the conductor. The great fault is that there is no check upon the conductor. He travels with the train all the way, collects the tickets and

the money, and if he be dishonest can put into his own pocket all the cash that has come into his hands. A conductor of this kind was threatened with dismissal by the directors of a line. "You are foolish to dismiss me," he replied. "I have got my gold watch, my chain, my diamond pin, and my fair lady. If you turn me away, the next man will have to get these things at your expense. Better let me stop."

To turn to the Banks. At the end of the year 1855 and the beginning of 1856 the number of Banks in the States of the Union was 1,396, whose conditions and operations at that time are thus stated:—

	Dollars.
Capital	343,874,272
Specie Funds	19,937,710
Specie	59,314,063
Circulation of Notes, from one dollar upwards	195,747,662
Loans and Discounts	634,183,280
Stocks (Railroad and other)	49,485,215
Real Estate	20,865,867
Other Investments...	8,822,516
Deposits	12,705,662

A few additional figures, without comment, will show what a vast amount of wealth is produced in America; and how soon such a country will be enabled to right itself after a financial squall. Its exports, under the several heads of "Productions of

the Sea," "The Forest," "Agriculture," and "Manufactures," amounted in the year 1852, to 192,368,984 dollars; and in the year 1855, to 246,708,553 dollars. The imports from foreign countries, in 1855, amounted to 261,468,520 dollars. The American tonnage engaged in the foreign trade, and entered in American ports for that year, was 3,861,391 tons; and the foreign tonnage, 2,083,948 tons. In the same year, the United States exported 1,008,421,610 lbs. of cotton, at the average price of 8·74 cents (4¾*d.*) per lb.; 52,250 tierces of rice; 150,213 hogsheads of tobacco: and breadstuffs to the value of 38,895,348 dollars. In the year 1855, there were built and launched, from American ports, 381 ships and barques, 126 brigs, 605 schooners, 669 sloops and canal boats, and 243 steam-vessels: a total of 2,024 vessels, with a tonnage of 583,450 tons. Of the whole tonnage of the United States, 770,285 is engaged in steam navigation, 186,773 in the whale fishery, 102,928 in the cod-fishery, 2,491,108 in the coasting trade, and 21,265 in the mackerel fishery. The crews of American vessels entered in the same year were 137,808, of whom only 557 were boys; and of foreign vessels, 100,807, of whom 916 were boys. The sales of public lands by the United States' Government, principally in the west, the great re-

sort of emigrants from the "old country," as it is fondly called, has greatly fluctuated within twenty years. In 1836, the sales amounted to upwards of twenty millions of acres. The price received by the Government being twenty-five millions of dollars. In 1837, the sales dropped to 5,600,000 acres. The years from 1851 to 1855 inclusive show the following results:—

	Acres sold.	Dollars.
1851	1,846,847	2,390,947
1852	1,553,071	1,975,658
1853	1,083,495	1,804,653
1854	7,035,735	9,000,211
1855	15,729,524	11,248,301

These figures will suffice to throw some light, to those who attentively peruse them, on the present as well as on the future of the United States, which have within them all the elements of power, greatness, and prosperity in a far greater degree than any other empire, Great Britain not excepted.

By the seventh and last census of the United States, taken in 1850, the total white population of the thirty-two States, the district of Columbia, and the territories not yet admitted as States into the Union, was 19,533,068. In addition to these were 433,643 free blacks, and 3,204,347 slaves, making a total population of 23,171,058.

In 1790, the total population was 3,929,872, or, in round numbers, 4,000,000. In 1850, it was upwards of 23,000,000, as above stated, or a more than five-fold increase. In 1790, the slaves amounted to 697,897; and in 1850, to 3,204,313, or rather under a five-fold increase. But when we take into account that the white population, within the last twenty years, and especially for the two or three years preceding 1850, was augmented by a vast immigration from Europe, from Ireland and Liverpool alone, amounting to upwards of 1,000 per day; and that during that period, the slave population was only augmented by its natural increase; we must come to the conclusion that the black race thrives better than the white in America.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

New York.

THE British races, transplanted to America, had scarcely concluded their earliest wars with the aborigines, when the literary spirit began to manifest itself among them. And although the struggle for Independence so gallantly fought, and so nobly concluded, was unfavourable to any other literature than that of the newspaper and the political pamphlet, the United States produced some authors of repute even while they were yet colonies of Great Britain. The most noted, if not the best English grammar ever written, and which has not yet been superseded on either side of the Atlantic—that of Lindley Murray—was the work of an American of that early period. And Franklin was a name both in literature and in science, before it became a name in politics and diplomacy.

The progress of Time and the consolidation of civilization in the elder commonwealths of the Union,

such as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the New England States, together with the diffusion of education among the whole people—not as a charity and as a dole, but as the inherent and sacred right of every American child—led naturally to the growth of a literary taste, and to the encouragement of literary genius. Though for a long period the Americans were too bountifully supplied with the literature of England, to bestow adequate encouragement upon the authors of their own land, and though American booksellers flourished too luxuriantly upon the brains of English genius, to give anything but the cold shoulder and the averted look to any native talent that claimed to be paid, a change was gradually wrought.

For the last quarter of a century, the United States have produced as many eminent poets, historians, philosophers, and essayists as Great Britain herself. In every department of literature Americans have entered the lists of Fame, and competed for the prizes; and no one can say that they have competed in vain, or failed to pay back to England a portion of the delight and instruction which our modern as well as our ancient literature, like a beneficent fountain on the wayside, has afforded to all who chose to drink of its gushing waters. In their

poetry, which was formerly but little more than a faint echo of the poetry of the old land, the Americans have imbued themselves with the colour and with the spirit of their own clime; and in growing more national have become more original. And it will show alike the newness of the poetic genius of the United States, and how much has been done in a short time, if we recall the fact, that all the greatest poets whom America has produced are living men, and some of them still in the prime of their lives and the vernal efflorescence of their powers. Bryant, Longfellow, Dana, Lowell, Halleck, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Stoddard, and others, as familiar by their names and writings to Englishmen as to Americans, are still in the land of the living; and even the Nestor of the choir, Bryant, has not wholly ceased to sing. All these poets, it may at the same time be observed, are men of the free North.

The South, with its lovely climate, its balmy skies, its magnolia groves, and the abundant leisure of its aristocratic white population, has not yet produced any poet whose name is worthy to be enrolled among those above cited; or if it have, he blushes unseen, and his merits are unknown to the reading public both in the Old World and the New. It is not,

however, to be asserted without qualification, that slavery is the cause of this. But it is, at all events, singular to remark, that except in the literature of their newspapers, the Slave States do not compete with the literary genius of the North; and that they have as yet but few authors, and that these few are not of the highest class.

America is even more distinguished for its great historians than for its poets. Such men as Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Motley, and Washington Irving, have not only conferred honour upon the land of their birth, but on the language in which they have written. The same may be said of such novelists and essayists as Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Channing; and, indeed, of many more whose names will readily suggest themselves to all who are conversant with the current books and intellectual activities of our age. And under every aspect of literature, America is bravely doing its part to maintain the ancient reputation of the language which it is its privilege to have inherited; that noble language which, above all others now spoken or written in the world, gives expression to the best hopes and highest aspirations of mankind. British and American literature are twin branches of the same lordly and wide-spreading tree, under the shadow of which

every man can not only speak but print and publish his free thoughts. There is no other language spoken either in Europe or in America which has a living literature, unless it be the literature of the brothel, as in France, and that of metaphysics and theology, as in Germany.

In the English language only can the great thoughts with which the heart of the world is heaving be freely expressed; and those searching inquiries into all subjects of human thought and speculation—political, philosophical, and theological—which signalize our time, be carried on to any available purpose. Without the enfranchisement of the people from the pestilential thraldom and blight of irresponsible despotism, it is utterly impossible for a wholesome and fruitful literature to take root. The languages of France, Italy, and Spain, once so prolific in poetry, history, biography, romance, and philosophy, retain the works of bygone authors; for tyrants fortunately, however tyrannical and mighty they may be, cannot destroy a book that has once been published: but these languages produce nothing new for the delight of the world. They are left in arrear with the intelligence of the age, and can only keep pace with the progress of a more generous and expansive literature, by transla-

tions of such masterpieces of genius as appear in the English language.

Where treason may lurk in a song, where heresy may leaven a history or a romance, and where a logical argument subversive of the illogical arguments upon which a throne may have been founded, may be traced in a treatise upon electricity, in a grammar, a sermon, or even a dictionary; and where the caprice or the passion of one fallible or perhaps insane man, and not Law or Justice, has to decide what is treason, what is heresy, and what is sound philosophy,—how is it possible for poetry, history, romance, or philosophy to exist? The horses of Apollo's chariot can neither draw the state carriage of an autocrat, nor the omnibus of a vulgar crowd. The winged steeds are free, and to submit them to thraldom is as fatal as to send them to the knacker's. Without liberty poetry becomes mere jingle, history a lie, romance the pimp and the pander of licentiousness, metaphysics practical atheism, and theology the text-book of superstition.

Having so great a language and such great ideas and duties in common, it is much to be deplored that the two kindred nations on the east and the west of the Atlantic should not yet have devised the means of establishing an identity of interest in the pro-

ductions of contemporary literature. The Federal Government, as if it were actuated by the thoughts, the feelings, and the calculations of a trader and dealer in books, and not with those of the living and dead men, without the exercise of whose genius there could be no such things as books, has hitherto evaded, in a manner the reverse of brave and noble, the question of an international copyright. It has either forgotten, or has not chosen to admit, that the authors of a nation, more largely than any other class of men, build up the glorious fabric of the national renown; and that these men, like all others, require to eat, to be clothed and housed, and to provide for their families. But on these men not a thought has been bestowed if they have happened to be Englishmen.

Much has been said of the scandal and disgrace that would attach to both, if son and father should ever go to war; but thousands who thus speak and write, do not consider what a peace-maker literature is, and that if an American author had a legal copyright in England and an English author a legal copyright in America, the very best and wisest men of both nations would be peace-preachers and peace-makers, and fuse in the mighty alchemy of their genius all the heterogeneous ideas that

would militate against the perpetual friendship of two great States with a bond like this to unite them.

It is to be hoped that the day will come when the Federal Government will be bold enough to look at this question in its proper light, and cease to make itself the mere partizan of piratical booksellers, and of the very lowest and most mercenary influences of the shop. But as it is beginning to be apparent in America, that American authors would gain quite as largely in England as English authors would gain in America by the establishment of a system worthy alike of the civilization and the relationship of the two countries, the probabilities increase that the bookselling interest will be made to know its true place; and that the author, both British and American, will receive his due. And let no one undervalue the importance of the question, or affect to treat it as one in which authors alone are interested. On the contrary, it is a question affecting, more or less, the whole policy of both nations, and one which if carried would be of more real and enduring efficacy than any treaty of peace and friendship which diplomatists could frame, or governments establish. It must be observed too, in reference to this subject, that no impediment exists on the part of the British

Government. All the opposition to justice, on this plea, comes from America.

In considering, in however cursory a manner, the literary developments of the United States, it is impossible to avoid some mention of that great and growing power—the newspaper press. It cannot be said, by any one who knows them both, that the press of America, as a whole, is equal to the press of London, or of the British Isles generally. In Great Britain newspapers are comparatively few. It was not until the recent repeal of the newspaper stamp duty, that such populous towns and cities as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, bethought themselves of having daily newspapers of their own. Until that time, a man who advocated the establishment of a daily paper out of London was considered a crack-brained enthusiast, born before his time, a candidate for Bedlam or St. Luke's. In Glasgow, the only place where the experiment was previously tried, the results were not such as to make men of business in love with it. Had these towns and cities been in America instead of in Great Britain, they would each have had five or six, or perhaps a dozen daily newspapers, besides weekly newspapers too numerous to count: and the daily

papers, instead of being things of yesterday, would perhaps have been thirty or forty years old. In the United States, every town of 20,000 inhabitants, or even less, has generally one, if not two daily newspapers to represent its politics and clamour for its advertisements. In laying out a new city in the West, the hotel, the mill, the bank, the church, and the newspaper-office are often in existence before the streets have any other claims to identity than such as are derived from the plans of the architect and surveyor. The natural consequence of this universal demand for newspapers is that there are by far too many of them; and that pressmen, and compositors, or other persons having even less connection with literature than these, establish newspapers in the merest villages, and are their own editors, their own reporters, their own cashiers, and their own publishers; nay, actually shut up the shutters of their own shop, sweep the office, or take "a turn at case," as necessity may dictate. In such great cities as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, and in many minor cities of the New England, the Southern, and the Western States a different state of things prevails,

and the newspapers are conducted by competent and highly accomplished editors and writers; but as a rule, and in consequence of their multiplicity, the newspapers of the United States are far below the European average. Of late years a marked improvement has been visible in the daily press of the great cities of the Union; and New York, New Orleans, and Washington more especially, have newspapers which might challenge comparison, not alone in commercial enterprise, but in literary ability and incorruptible honesty with those of London.

One distinguishing characteristic of the American press, considered not with reference to any particular city or state, but in its broadest aspects, is the personality — sometimes ill-natured, and often very good-natured — in which its editors and reporters indulge. Every one lives in a blaze of publicity in the United States; and English snobbery, which records who dined with the Duke of This and the Marquis of That on such a day,—details gathered by penny-a-liners and Jenkinses from footmen and butlers, and not communicated by the "noble lords" themselves,—is outdone by the snobbery of America. There being no nobles to fasten upon, it makes a grip at political or literary notoriety in the male

and at wealth and beauty in the female sex; and retails unblushingly what we in England would consider the most sacred secrets of life. In England, Jenkins tells us who dined with such a duke, marquis, or earl, and who were present at the ball of the Duchess of Rosewater, or the Countess of Dash; but he indulges in names only; and if he have any descriptive power he displays it upon the furniture, the millinery, or the supper. Not so the Jenkins of America. He goes further and deeper, and presumes to describe, and even to criticise, the female beauty that falls under his notice. He is gossiping, familiar, and gallant, but sometimes ungallant; and writes as if it were the most natural and proper thing in the world—of the eyes, the hair, the lips, the teeth, the shape, the smiles, the accomplishments, and the fortune, nay, of the very age of maids, wives, and widows. He criticises a fashionable beauty as he would a book—with the name in full, and the address also. In short, there is nothing like the same privacy in America that there is in England. Doubtless, the principal cause of this vulgarity is the keen competition among newspapers, which has gradually broken down the barriers of propriety, and accustomed the public to a favourable and unfavourable personality, which, under no cir-

cumstances, can be reconciled to good taste or gentlemanly feeling. Something of the same kind, though less virulent, has become observable in the provincial papers of England since the abolition of the newspaper stamp; but, with few and base, and no doubt ephemeral exceptions, it has not yet tainted the press of the metropolis. Let us hope that it never will.

One peculiarity of second and third rate newspapers in all countries is the number of advertisements of quack medicines which they contain. In this respect the United States seem to beat the whole world. To judge from the announcements in all the journals, America must be the very paradise of medical and non-medical impostors, and the people the most credulous or the most sickly under the sun. These announcements, always offensive, sometimes disgusting, and often indecent, render the journals that publish them unfit to be introduced into private families. But it does not appear that they lose in circulation what they gain in advertisements; and that the business of compounding and puffing such frauds upon the public credulity, if not upon the public health, must be highly profitable we know by the experience of England. I doubt, however, if it be carried on to anything like the same extent in England as in America.

Two other peculiarities of the American press may be noted, not for any importance attaching to them, but as showing the difference of manners in the Old World and the New. In a land where Liberty is supreme, fortune-telling, astrology, and necromancy, under the old names, and not disguised under the veil of clairvoyance and spiritualism, appear to be recognised and lawful professions. The *New York Herald* publishes almost daily a string of advertisements under the head of "Astrology."

The following, taken from the first number of that journal that I could lay hands on after beginning to write upon the subject, and from which the names and addresses have been purposely excluded, will serve as specimens. The fourth in the list, who "feels confident she has no equal," would speedily, if she carried on her swindle in England, make an intimate acquaintance with the interior of the House of Correction:—

"ASTROLOGY.

"ASTROLOGY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.—M. B.—— CAN BE consulted at her office; —— street, second block east of the Bowery, up second stairs first door, where she has astonished thousands with her truth in the line of astrology and clairvoyance. Fee 50c."

"CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. H——, THE BEST MEDICAL clairvoyant in the world. Mrs. H—— has restored thousands to health when all other remedies have failed, and the patient left to die. Long doctor's bills and life saved. Let the wise consider. Rheumatism cured. Residence, B—— street."

"NOTICE.—MRS. F——, CELEBRATED BY HER SCIENCE, gives medical advice, and can be consulted on business, marriage, &c., at her office, B—— street. She speaks French, English, and German. N.B.—She cures consumption and rheumatism."

"N B.—WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF THE CELEBRATED Madame P——? She has been consulted by thousands in this and other cities with entire satisfaction. She feels confident she has no equal. She tells the names of future wife or husband, also that of her visitor. If you wish truth give her a call, at ——, opposite B—— street. Ladies 50 cents, gentlemen 1 dollar."

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD IS OFFERED to any person who can surpass Madame C—— in the art of clairvoyancy and astrology. She warrants to cure any disease in its worst form, particularly rheumatism, affection of the throat or lungs. N.B.—Madame C—— is the only natural clairvoyant in the United States. All who are afflicted, in trouble, or unsuccessful in business matters, call and see this naturally-gifted lady."

"ASTROLOGY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.—M. B——, THE mysterious veiled lady, can be consulted on all events of life, and has also a charm to bring people together who are unhappy, at G—— street, second block east of the ——, second stairs up, front door."

"CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. S——, No. —, S—— STREET, the most successful medical and business clairvoyant in America. Consultations day and evening on sickness, business, absent friends, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed always, or no pay taken."

"MADAME L—— CAN BE CONSULTED ABOUT LOVE, marriage, and absent friends; she tells all the events of life; she has astonished all who visit her. If you wish truth, give her a call at M—— street, in the rear. Ladies, 25 c; gentlemen, 50 c."

The second peculiarity, not so much of American newspapers as of American society, is that while marriages and deaths are invariably announced in their journals, births are excluded. On asking for an explanation, the answer of one person was that there was no reason, except ancient custom; whilst a second informant explained that it was considered indelicate to parade such matters before the public: but how a birth could be more indelicate than a marriage or a death was not stated.

The progress of America in art has not been by any means so striking or so rapid as its progress in literature. But the taste for art is on the increase, and many of the most wealthy of the merchants and bankers in New York, Washington, Boston, and Philadelphia, have fair collections both of ancient and modern pictures.

The Century Club—one of the most agreeable of all the places of resort in New York to which a stranger can be introduced—was established, and is supported, for the purpose of bringing together the wealthy inhabitants who love art and literature, and those who cultivate art or literature as a profession. Here every night may be met in social intercourse with men of wealth and enterprise the principal living artists of rising or established fame. These, instead of being ignored or depreciated by their countrymen because they are Americans, are the more highly esteemed on that account; not only because they are good artists, but because the natural vanity is flattered by the proof which their talents afford, that Americans are able to compete with Europeans in a walk of genius, hitherto considered above the stage of civilization to which the United States have attained.

Among the most deservedly celebrated of American artists may be cited Mr. Kensett in landscape and Mr. Darley in delineation of life and character.

In figure drawing, Mr. Darley is, perhaps, the greatest artist that America has yet seen. His outline illustrations to "Margaret" are equal, if not superior, to "Retch's Faust;" and his designs for bank-notes, descriptive of American scenery, incident, trade, and character, are unrivalled for breadth and facility of touch, and for admirable truth to nature.

Mr. Darley, unfortunately, for the art of which he is an ornament, has been too fully employed by the banks of America, in making designs for their notes, to have leisure for more ambitious performances; but no one who has seen his drawings can doubt that his pencil rivals that of Horace Vernet in breadth of effect, and that of John Gilbert in facility.

But it is in sculpture that the artistic genius of America is seen to the best advantage. Sculpture—grand and severe, and dealing with the gigantic as well as with the lovely—seems to suit the taste and the capacities of a people who have so vast a continent to subdue and replenish, and which appeals strongly to the primitive feelings of men, who know they have a great work to do, and are determined to do it. Hiram Powers has made himself a name throughout Christendom by his Greek Slave, though as a work of art it must be considered somewhat meretricious. Miss Hosmer has worthily competed

for the laurels of sculpture, and won them. Crawfurd, cut off prematurely in the meridian of his genius, has endeared himself to all America, by his statue of Washington, at Richmond, in Virginia, and by many other excellent works. Hart, who does not disdain to make geometry an aid to portrait sculpture, is one of the best moulders of busts known in our age; and Palmer, of Albany, in the State of New York, in a higher degree than any of these, promises to be the great sculptor of America. This gentleman renders the female figure in immortal stone, in a manner that not even our own E. H. Baily, who gave the world "Eve at the Fountain," has excelled. This artist seems not to have derived from Greece or Italy, but from natural intuition and patient study at home, the mental conception and the manual dexterity, which have already enriched his native land with many admirable pieces of sculpture. His figure of a Puritan girl, the daughter of one of the early settlers, stripped and tied to the stake, preparatory to her cremation by the savages; a figure in which innocence, modesty, beauty, supplication, and horror, are inextricably blended, haunts the memory of all who have seen it;—a joy and a sorrow for ever.

In science, the United States have long since

established their claim to high rank among nations. It was Benjamin Franklin, an American, who first "tethered the lightning to a wire." It was on the Hudson or North River, under the auspices of Fulton, that the first steam-boat paddled through the waters. It was Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, who first made a chart of the currents of the Ocean. It was Morse, of New York, who first promulgated the daring idea — not yet brought to working perfection—of an electric telegraph from the Old World to the New; and if further proofs than these were required of the scientific taste and proficiency of the American people, they are to be found in the Patent Office, at Washington, where there are models of every kind of invention and of re-invention, betokening alike the mechanical ingenuity and the scientific mind of the people. To walk through these long and well-filled rooms of that great Museum of Invention—to which few, if any, nations can offer a parallel—is to be impressed with a deep feeling of respect for the practical genius of the Americans, and to anticipate many greater triumphs of science at their hands. And although many of the models exhibited are but the dreams and crotchets of clever men, and others are but the re-inventions by uninformed and

self-taught genius of contrivances, previously well known, if not in full operation; it is impossible to look without interest and admiration upon the skill, the perseverance, and the philosophic penetration displayed in their construction. Doubtless, it would be easy to turn into ridicule the misplaced energy and perverted talent of too many of the patentees, whose models are here exhibited; but to the philosophic mind, even the aberrations of talent are worthy of respect. The steam-engine was not brought to perfection in a day: and many failures must be incurred, by many men, before the one man, more fortunate than his predecessors, and knowing how to take advantage of their shortcomings and mistakes to build up the edifice of his own success, vaults into the high places which they could not reach, and makes himself a name among the benefactors of his race.

Much as the United States have done in literature, art, and science, they have as yet done nothing in music. England erroneously and stupidly said to be a non-musical country, until Mr. Chappell, in his painstaking and highly valuable work, "The Popular Music of the Olden Time," knocked the absurdity on the head and killed it for ever, seems to have transmitted no portion of her musical genius to her children in America. Though "Yankee Doodle" inflames the patriotism of Americans, abroad

and at home, and is remarkable for the spirit of bravado and "pluck" which made the nation adopt a song of ridicule and reproach, and transform it into a chant of glorification and triumph, the air is not American, but old English; and the poetry, if it be not a desecration of the name to call it so, is below contempt, both in its English and its American version. Their one great national song, "Hail Columbia," above the average as a poetical composition, has also been wedded to music which is not American. "When Bibo thought fit from this World to Retreat," a roistering old English ditty, of the days when to get drunk after dinner was supposed to be the mark of a gentleman, furnished the air to which these vaunting lines are sung. The "Star-spangled Banner," another patriotic song, is sung to an English tune; so that the United States, even in so sacred a matter as the national glory, remain without a melody. The airs called "negro melodies," concocted for the most part at New York, may seem, at first glance, to militate against the theory that the Americans have no music. But, on the contrary, they serve, in the minds of those who have studied the subject, to prove the truth of the assertion. The tunes are neither negro nor American. The negroes have no capacity whatever for the composition of music, and their pre-

tended melodies, as any one skilled in music, who will take the trouble to investigate, will speedily discover, are but rifacimenti of old English, Scotch, and Irish melodies, altered in time and character. "Buffalo Gals" is an old Christmas carol, "Sailing Down the River on the Ohio," "Bobbing Around," and many other alleged negro melodies, are all built upon English and Scottish foundations; and so far from being genuine and unconscious perversions, on the part of negroes, are the handiwork of white men, well known in Broadway. Certainly there is no reason why the United States should not produce first-rate musical composers as well as poets, orators, historians, and sculptors; but the fact is worth mentioning that, up to the present period, no such composer has established a claim to the highest honours of musical art. An opera, by an American gentleman connected with the press of New York, was produced at the Academy of Music, with considerable success, in the spring of 1858; and it is possible that, hereafter, the claim then put forward may be substantiated. But as yet the United States are without a national composer. Until they produce one worthy of the people, they must be content with their fame in literature, science, and art, and not ask for it in music.

CHAPTER IX.

PARTIES, AND PARTY TYRANNY.

New York.

THERE being no great and self-supporting forces in social and public life in the United States, to balance and trim each other; no hereditary privilege, no aristocracy of rank, no preponderating church, no overshadowing families, alike illustrious by their descent, powerful by their wealth, and historical by their services, to compete with and to rival public opinion, mainly expressed through the newspapers and by the orators of the local and general legislatures, elected by universal suffrage; it results that, in many important respects, the great American Republic is not a country where there exists as much political freedom for the individual as we enjoy in England. The whole course and action of public life in the Republic go to prove that political freedom may exist in the aggregate, without being permitted in the segregate; and in the body corporate, without extending to the individual

members. The press, having no rival except the Senate, is a greater power than it can ever become in an older country, where its rivals are many, and enjoys a liberty for itself, which it does not always care to extend to those who differ from its opinions, or refuse to share its passions. This despotism is mainly shown in party organization, and in the exaction by party as a body, of duties real or supposed, from its individual members, which are incompatible with the right of private judgment. Party and the press act and react upon each other; and between them both they establish a political tyranny, none the less unscrupulous and effectual, because it is unsupported by bayonets, cannon-balls, and dungeons, or the other agencies of despotism employed in Europe.

Universal suffrage is not only the substratum on which the whole political edifice rests, but the supreme arbiter in all cases; and the intricacy of the system of government—firstly, as regards the separate States, and, secondly, as regards the Federation—is such that the appeal to its arbitration is incessant. Scarcely a day passes in which the popular vote is not required; sometimes for the election of merely municipal officers, or the appointment of judges; at others for the election of members to the local legislatures—some of which have

but one and some two houses. But it is the still more important election of members of Congress, with representatives elected for two and senators for six years, and the quadrennial election of the President, which call the life of the country into periodical activity, and create a perpetually recurring source of political agitation.

All elections whatsoever are party questions; and as such are contested with a bitterness which might astonish the most experienced burgesses of our own Eatanswills and Little Pedlingtons, and make our oldest and astutest electioneering agents blush for the littleness of their own field and scale of operations. Though there have never been more than two great and well-defined parties in the United States, in existence at any one time, their nomenclature as well as their objects have always been so shifting and uncertain, as to puzzle the English student and observer to understand exactly the principles which they profess, and the strict line of demarcation between them. To add to the difficulty, these parties have at times assumed names which are pre-occupied in England, without reference to their original meaning. Thus, in England and in Europe generally, a Democrat and a Republican are terms which are well nigh convertible.

But in the United States the Democrat and the Republican are quite as distinct and antagonistic—as far as office and its emoluments are concerned—if not in principle—as Whig and Tory, or Liberal and Conservative are in the British Parliament. A Whig in America means, or used to mean—for the party that once existed under this venerable cognomen, is either defunct or denies its name—an ultra-Conservative; or what in England would be called a Tory of the old school. In a country where all are republicans, to be called a republican is to be called by a designation that one-half of the country would repudiate. And in a purely democratic Government, a large portion of the electors indignantly object to being called democrats.

At the present time, the two great divisions into which the whole politics of the American Union resolve themselves are the two just named—the Democratic and the Republican. The existing President, Mr. Buchanan, is a democrat, and came in on what is called the democratic ticket. By democrat seems to be understood, at present,—though possibly the word had not always the same meaning,—one who is opposed to the anti-slavery and the free-soil agitation—one who would refrain from abolishing, or attempting to abolish, slavery in any of the southern

or middle States, but who is not committed to the policy of extending it beyond those bounds; and who would not aid in its reintroduction into any State by the Constitution of which it has already been abolished.

The democrats desire to see the end of the anti-slavery agitation in all its forms and phases, believing that the statesmen of the Union have something better to do and think of than to be always, as they phrase it, "talking about niggers." But as the Slave States, by an unfortunate political necessity, and to maintain the balance of power, must annex territory to the south of the existing limits of the Union, and by the acquisition of Cuba—by fair means or by foul—the democratic party is obliged to give more countenance to slavery than it has always cared to confess. The Slave States have no chance of keeping up their equality of numbers with the Free States, which are always adding to the votes of their party in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, by the creation of new States, in the great wildernesses of the far west—wildernesses that are capable of being cut up, in time, into at least twenty new commonwealths, and all free of slavery, except by southern immigration. Hence the democratic party is composed of two sections:

one which loves slavery for its own sake; and another which neither loves nor hates it, but is quite content to tolerate it, and even to extend it for the sake of political power, which might otherwise slip from its grasp. The republicans, on the other hand, are opposed to slavery on principle, and look with some alarm upon its growth within its own recognised boundaries, and with still greater alarm upon its extension into such territories as Kansas, or any other States which may hereafter be formed to the north of the latitude formerly known as the Missouri Compromise Line. There are some minor and some important differences between these two great parties on other points;—the republicans, whose stronghold is in the manufacturing north and New England, being for the most part ultra-Protectionists; while the democrats are occasionally more inclined to look favourably upon those doctrines of Free Trade, of which British policy, since the repeal of the Corn Laws, has set the world so great an example.

In all civilized countries, and more especially in those where there is any degree of popular liberty, there must be a party which desires to move, and a party which desires to stand still; a party which would reform abuses, and a party which would retain

them as long as possible, for fear lest in removing them, some great bulwark of wise liberty, as distinguished from irrational licence, might be carried away along with them. These two parties have always existed in the United States, although universal suffrage would seem to leave nothing for the advanced liberals to desire; and had defined their principles, with more or less of perspicuity and sharpness, long before the recognition of the Republic by Great Britain. In the days when Washington was President, the two great parties in the States were the Federalists and the Democrats. Washington was himself the leading spirit of the Federalists, as his great opponent, Jefferson, was of the Democrats. The Federalists desired a strong central government that it might present a bold front against foreign aggression, and hold up its head as equal to equal among the greatest powers of the earth. The Democrats, on the other hand, while not wishing to oppose the end, objected to the means, and were fearful that, if power too extensive were given to the Central Government, the liberty of the people in the several States and Commonwealths of the Union would be impaired and ultimately destroyed. The Federalists disappeared from the arena of politics after the last war with Great Britain, in

1812–14, but began to reappear afterwards, under the newer name of the "National Republicans." The same party, with some minor shades of difference, appears to have sprung into renewed activity in 1831-32, under the revived name of "Whigs," when the northern manufacturers, alarmed at the progress of the cotton and woollen as well as of the iron and metal manufactures of England, began to clamour more lustily than before for protection to native industry. Thus, a new source of antagonism between parties, in addition to Slavery, Federalism, and what are called State Rights, was introduced. It would be useless to detail all the nicknames which the two great factions of the Outs and the Ins, and the Slave and the Free, the Protectionists and the Free Traders, have accepted either from their friends or their enemies—names which lasted their little day, and are almost forgotten even in Washington and New York. But among these may be mentioned the Nullifiers, the Free-soilers, the Locofocos, the Know-nothings, and the Native Americans. Some of these would exalt the particular State, at the expense of the Union; and some the Union, at the expense of the State. Some would annex territories for the sake of slavery, and some for the sake of abolition. Some would welcome the immigration

from Europe, and give it political rights as soon as it arrived; and some would acknowledge no political privilege but in men born on the soil, and would keep all the political good things of America entirely for the Americans.

It is not for modes or principles of Government that American parties are arrayed against each other. They have established universal suffrage, the ballot, short parliaments, paid membership;—all the points upon which our English Chartists insist as necessary to political salvation; but they have not entered on the political millennium, or secured good or cheap government. But they have secured a tyranny of party and opinion, to the violence and stringency of which the annals of British constitutional strife can offer no parallel. In public life in the United States a man is not allowed to exercise a right of judgment in opposition to his party; if he do, it is at his peril. He must go with his party in all that the leaders in public meeting assembled consider to be necessary or expedient. He must accept the whole "platform," whether he like it or not. He must not presume to take one "plank" out of the structure, and adhere to that alone, as independent judgment is treason to the cause. If he be

guilty of it, he is lost as a politician, and is solemnly "read out" of the ranks, to become a mere aërolite, revolving in his own orbit, but having no further connection with the greater planetary body of the party, except to be dashed to pieces, should he ever come within the sphere of its attraction. The utmost discipline and obedience are enforced. As party selects its men, not only for Congress and the Central Government, but for the several State Governments and legislatures, as well as for municipal offices—all of which act together and fit into each other like pieces of one machine, beginning with the town or city, and, through the medium of the individual commonwealth, acting upon the United States Government at Washington—it is easy to see how vast is the ramification, and how complicated the cranks and wheels that are set in motion. At the recent nomination of a mayor for the city of New York, which threatened to produce a split in the democratic ranks, and a serious defalcation from the party, it was openly avowed and insisted upon by democratic organs in the press, and by democratic speakers at Tammany Hall — a celebrated place of meeting, to which political slang gives the name of the "Wigwam," and to the

principal speakers at which it gives in like manner the name of the "Sachems"—that if the party proposed the devil himself for mayor of New York, member of Congress, or President of the Republic, no member of the party would have a right to exercise any judgment as to the propriety of the nomination, but must support the devil by vote and influence, or leave the party. And in the United States, the rewards of party service are not only much more numerous than in England, but the opportunity of giving and receiving them occurs regularly every four years on the nomination and election of a new President. It is not simply the ministers and heads of departments, but all the officials, clerks, and even supernumeraries in their employ, who go out of office with the President,—not only ambassadors and consuls, but every person, high or low, great or small, in receipt of a salary from the State. That such a system leads to corruption, and to making the most of opportunities while they last, to peculation and to jobbery of all kinds, and that it cannot lead to good, efficient, honest public service, few Americans deny. But none can see a remedy which would not in general opinion be worse than the disease. To extend the Presidential term to

eight or ten years is one remedy that has been suggested, rather for the sake of showing its impracticability than for any other reason. Such a President, if an able man, might become too powerful for the constitution, and seek to overthrow it; and if engaged in a foreign war, in which he was gaining victories and territories, and thus flattering the national vanity, and feeding the national passions, might, by a *coup d'état*, render his position permanent or hereditary, and so make an end of the Republic.

Another remedy which has been suggested is that of leaving the President to go out of office every four years, but appointing for life the minor officers of the State. But this proposition has excited almost as much opposition and jealousy as the other, and armed against it all the multitudinous aspirants to office; all the classes who have not energy enough for successful trade and commerce, but greediness enough to look with wistful eyes upon the public money; all the classes who are more fitted to obey than to command, and to be subordinates than principals; and all that still more numerous class in America who think that the honours and emoluments of public life are due to those who organize victory for the candidates of their party, and that the triumph of the party ought to be

followed by the personal advancement of every one prominently connected with it. The United States are overrun with placemen and functionaries; and as the members of the local legislatures as well as the members of Congress are paid for their services, politics has become a recognised profession, to which men are regularly trained, and by which they expect to gain their subsistence, or make their fortunes. The consequence is, that party is as strict in its rules and discipline, as the clerical, the medical, the legal, the military, and the naval professions are in Great Britain, with regard to the conduct of those who are once admitted within the circle. As in England there are offences in a clergyman which the bishop or archbishop cannot overlook; as there is conduct in a barrister for which he may be disbarred; and in a military man for which he may be tried by court martial; so in America, the party-politician must adhere to the rules of his party, follow the proper lead, and vote and act as the party require, or be brought to judgment, and if found guilty be drummed out of the regiment, and lose all right and title to the loaves and fishes, as well as those honours with which the President elected by the party might in other circumstances have rewarded him.

And it is held, moreover, that this condition of

affairs is not only proper in itself, but absolutely necessary to the efficient conduct of public business. The obvious tendency of government in the United States is to be weak, and to be weakened. Law makers there are more habitually law breakers than in older communities; and men, especially in the half-settled districts, and in the Slave States, are but too much inclined to be judges, jurors, and executioners in their own cause; and to supersede all other judgeship by the decisions of that very famous and expeditious judge, whose court is in the highway and the byways, whose instruments are the passions of the people, from whose decisions there is no appeal, and whose name is LYNCH. To prevent this tendency to the disintegration of power consequent upon the fact that every man considers himself a sovereign, a judge, and a lawgiver, by virtue of his inherent and indefeasible right to a vote, it is found necessary to set up a counter jurisdiction to that of the individual, in the jurisdiction of the party, and to fuse, as it were, the million chaotic, heterogeneous and conflicting tyrannies of the mass, into the two larger and more manageable tyrannies of the expectant Outs and the complacent Ins. Universal suffrage for the mere choice of a ruler, and for nothing else, may lead to a strong government, as in

France; but universal suffrage extending not only to the choice of the chief magistrate, but to the whole course of his policy, and to the whole *personnel* of his appointments, leads inevitably—as in America—to a weak government; so weak, that the tyranny of party becomes absolutely necessary to keep life and soul together, and to prevent that disintegration which is political death.

Party strife and its results in Great Britain indirectly affect the whole people, inasmuch as they affect the course of the national policy at home and abroad; but it is only a small section of the governing class and its immediate dependants who are directly interested, and whose personal positions and fortunes are palpably involved. With us the battles of party kill only the officers, and leave the rank and file unscathed. In the United States the whole army takes the chances of war; and when the generalissimo goes, his lowest soldier goes with him. And there is this defence for the American system —it is a natural conclusion from the premises. Granted a pure democracy; and party tyranny is the necessary result. Every man is eligible to the Presidency. Every man thinks himself as good or better than the President; and if the President have anything to give away, why not give it to

his political equal who helped to elect him? And when the President goes, it would seem to be a depreciation of the dignity and value of the humblest *employés* in custom-house or post-office whom he appointed, if they did not follow him into retirement. And they go accordingly, and remain in opposition for another four years, until a new turn in the wheel brings their party back again into office, and themselves into advancement.

In Massachusetts and some other States, the judges are appointed for life by the Senate and the Governor; and are thus placed above the turmoil of party politics, to breathe a serener atmosphere, more suitable to the due administration of justice, than the murky and lurid air which chokes those lower valleys where the combatants meet. But, with the exception of such local judges, and those of the Supreme Court, there is scarcely a functionary in the Union that has held the same office above four years; and perhaps the most ancient of all as a functionary is the honest Enniskilliner, named M'Manus, well known to all the city of Washington, and to everybody who has official business there, who holds the position of doorkeeper at the White House or President's mansion. For no less than three Presidential terms has M'Manus—as

great in his own way as any Gold or Silver Stick, Black Rod or Polonius in Europe—kept his position. Presidents, like comets, have sailed into the political heaven with their portentous tails, and passed out of sight; but he has remained in his appointed sphere, to introduce any one to the President with or without a card, or at any time; to be "Hail, good fellow, well met!" with senators, representatives, governors, ambassadors, and judges, to wait behind the Presidential chair, or usher the guests to dinner, or hold a conversation on the politics of Europe or America with them in the ante-room, ere dinner is announced. Partly a Lord Chamberlain, partly a Gold Stick, partly a lord-in-waiting, partly a doorkeeper, partly a butler, partly a footman, and entirely a citizen, M'Manus is himself an institution;—an important and urbane personage, and one who has probably had more real enjoyment in possession of the White House than any President who ever went in or came out of it.

CHAPTER X.

ALBANY.

April, 1858.

From New York to Albany was a short journey; but, ere starting, the interesting question—to one who had not beheld the magnificent scenery of the Hudson—was how to undertake it—by rail or steamer? The weather and time of year decided me in favour of the rail. The ice upon the Hudson had not sufficiently cleared away to enable steam-boats to recommence their usual passages. Though at a later period I was enabled to see this great river in all the glory of spring—to sail past the Pallisades, through the Tappan Zee, and up to Albany (when I found abundant reason to agree with the most enthusiastic of Americans that no river in Europe, unless it be the Clyde, surpasses the Hudson in natural beauty; and that the Rhine itself, deprived of its ruined castles, could not stand a comparison with this splendid stream), I saw nothing of it on this occa-

sion but a few stray glimpses of its surpassing beauty as the train shot rapidly along. Travelling thus on the left bank of the river for upwards of one hundred miles I arrived at Albany, and betook myself to "Congress Hall," in the upper part of the city. This hotel was recommended to me as an establishment much frequented by members of the two Houses of the Legislature, who here in the capital of the "Empire State" undertake the local government of a Commonwealth almost as large as England, and nearly doubly as populous as Scotland. I found no reason to repent my choice, and during a residence of ten days was enabled to see the senators in *deshabille*, and to learn something of the mode and the agencies by which public and private bills are brought into and carried through Parliament in an ultra-democracy, I also got some insight into the art and mystery of what the Americans very aptly call "lobbying."

Albany—beautifully situated on ground rising steeply from the banks of the Hudson—contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most attractive, cleanly, well-ordered, and elegant cities of America. Though overshadowed by the commercial greatness of New York, which in this respect it can never hope to rival, it is, next to

Washington, the greatest focus of political life within the limits of the Confederacy. Between the commercial and the political capitals of this great State—which it has been recently proposed to call Ontario instead of New York—there is a great contrast. New York city is busy, unscrupulous, energetic, ill-governed, full of rowdyism and of the most violent manifestations of mob-law and mob-caprice; but Albany is staid, decent, and orderly. The tone of society is quiet and aristocratic; and the whole appearance of the place gives the traveller an idea of wealth and refinement. Further acquaintance only tends to confirm the impression.

State Street—at the top of which in the park, a beautiful open space, adorned with noble elms and maples, stand the Capitol and other principal public buildings—rises steeply from the water's edge to the crown of the hill. It is a broad and busy thoroughfare, and at various points commands a picturesque view over the Hudson to the lofty green hills beyond. Albany is a place of considerable trade and manufacture. It produces very excellent cabinet-work of all kinds, and is particularly celebrated for its stoves, grates, and ornamental ironwork. It has two, if not three, daily newspapers, and a

flourishing Literary and Scientific Institution. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is internally one of the largest and most magnificent ecclesiastical edifices in America. Here high mass is sometimes performed with a splendour and completeness, orchestral and vocal, not to be excelled even in Paris or Vienna, and to which London, as far as I know, can make no pretensions. Albany is the proposed site of what promises to be the noblest Observatory in America, to the foundation of which the public spirit of a private citizen (if the term be applicable to a lady) has contributed the sum of 80,000 dollars.

Albany—which is memorable as having been the seat of the great Convention, held in 1754 for the purpose of bringing about a confederation of the thirteen original states and colonies for their mutual defence and general benefit—was called Fort Orange by the Dutch at the time when New York was known to the world as New Amsterdam. The Albanians—as the people of this city are fond of calling themselves, though to European ears the name sounds oddly, and is suggestive of Greece rather than of America—do not seem to be generally aware that the word Albany springs naturally from that of York; that the Dukes of York

in the "old country" are Dukes of Albany; that Albany is an ancient name for the kingdom of Scotland, and that the dukedom of Albany was the appanage, by right of birth, of the heir-apparent of the Scottish crown.

Up to this point, and no further, sailed the adventurous Hendrick Hudson, in search of the western passage to China; and here, and all the way up from the Pallisades—still dreaming that he was on the highway to Cathay and all its fabulous and scarcely-to-be-imagined wealth—he held intercourse with the simple-minded natives, and exchanged his petty gewgaws with them for the spoils of the forest. It was not until the year 1609—long after the discovery of America—that Hudson, in his ship the *Half Moon*, entered the Narrows, and pronounced the shores on either side to be "a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see." On the 11th of September in that year he began to ascend the noble stream which now bears his name; and on the 19th he anchored off the spot where now stands the city of Albany. At the place now called Castleton, he landed and passed a day with the natives, finding them kind and hospitable. He would not, however, consent to pass the night away from his ship; and the

natives thinking in their unsophisticated innocence that he was afraid of their bows and arrows, broke them into pieces, and threw them into the fire. Little did honest and unfortunate Hendrick Hudson know what an empire he was helping to establish! Little did the poor Indians dream what an empire was passing away from hands no longer fitted to hold it, and what omens of downfall and ruin lay in every flap and flutter of the sails of that strange ship! Had they foreseen that their race was doomed to melt away and disappear in the fierce light of those pale faces like the ice of the winter before the sunlight of the spring, their gentle courtesies might have been converted into hatred as unrelenting as that with which the white strangers were received elsewhere, and which looks, in the light of subsequent history, as if it were prompted by the instinct, which so often transcends reason. No trace of the Indians now remains in all the wide territories of the State of New York, except a few stunted, miserable stragglers and vagabonds in the wildernesses of Lakes Champlain and Niagara—wildernesses which will speedily cease to be wildernesses, and in which the red man in a few years, will no longer find a resting-place for the sole of his foot, and where he will even cease

to be regarded as a show and a curiosity. What an enormous change in less than half a century! At St. Louis there are men still living who had to fight hand to hand with the Indians for their lives, and whose hearts palpitated many a time in the silent watches of the night, when the war-whoop sounded in their ears, lest ere the break of day the tomahawk should flash before their eyes, and their scalps should hang as trophies at the girdles of the savages.

From the polite art of scalping to the politer art of lobbying is a long leap, but both are suggested by Albany past and present. Lobbying is one of the great results of equality, universal suffrage, and paid membership of Parliament. Where the profession of politics is pursued, not for love of fame or of honour, or from motives of patriotism, but simply as a profession offering certain prizes and privileges not so easily attainable in law, medicine, art, or literature; in a political scramble, where the man with "the gift of the gab," the organizer of public meetings, the marshaller of voters, the ready orator of the mob, is provided with a seat in the legislature and a respectable salary at the same time, it is not to be wondered at that men of more ambition than intellect or virtue, should aspire to and attain Parliamentary power. There are brilliant

exceptions, no doubt—men of fortune and intellect, who serve or try to serve their country from purely patriotic motives—but these do not form the bulk of the State Legislatures of the Union, or even of that more dignified Congress which sits at Washington. The three, four, or five dollars per diem which the members receive in the local legislatures is but too often their only source of subsistence; and no one who knows anything of the internal working of American politics will deny the fact that such members are notoriously and avowedly open to the influences of what is called "lobbying." In our ancient Parliament strangers have but scant and sorely-begrudged admission to the debates, and none whatever to the body or floor of the House; but in the American legislatures the privilege of the floor is, if not indiscriminately, very freely granted. Governors, deputy-governors, and ex-governors, ex-members, judges, generals, newspaper editors, and a whole host of privileged persons, can enter either chamber and mix familiarly with the members, sit with them on their seats, and be as free of the House for every purpose, except speaking and voting, as if they had been duly elected by the people. This easy and familiar intercourse leads, in the case of private and local bills to an immensity of jobbery,

and has made "lobbying," in most if not all the States, a recognised art and science among the prominent outsiders of political life. Nor can it well be otherwise, the preliminary conditions being granted. All the local business as regards public works and improvements of the great city of New York is transacted at Albany, which is the Westminster without being the London of the "Empire State." And how is it to be expected that a needy and ambitious lawyer without practice, having nothing but his three or four dollars a day, and upon whose single vote the fortunes of a project costing millions to carry into effect may absolutely depend, shall not be open to the influences of those who "lobby" him? No further disquisition upon the morality or propriety of such a state of affairs is necessary. It may be noted, however, for the guidance of such of the "advanced politicians" of our own country who think or argue that if a thing be established in America it would be well to give the same thing a trial in England, and who for this reason advocate paid membership of Parliament among ourselves.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

In traversing this great Republic—so vast in extent, so rich in resources, not one tithe or one hundredth part of which is yet developed, or thoroughly known—it is impossible for any traveller of ordinary intelligence, whatever be the bent of his mind, to avoid indulging in some degree of speculation as to its future destiny. If now, with a population not equal to that of the British Isles, but with a territory capable of employing and feeding ten or twenty times the number, it holds so high a place in the polity of nations, what will be its power and influence abroad and its happiness at home when its fruitful vallies, its teeming hill-sides, and its magnificent prairies, are all brought under cultivation; when its coal, its copper, its iron, its lead, its silver, and its gold mines shall be all adding their tribute to the national wealth; when the smoke of countless factories shall darken the air, in districts

where the primeval forest yet stands; and when it shall produce within its own boundaries all the articles of necessity and luxury that it now draws from Europe? Inhabited by the noblest and most intelligent races on the earth; starting fair and free in the great competition; utterly untrammelled by the impediments which have retarded the progress of the same peoples in our older hemisphere; to what uses will they turn their unparalleled advantages? Will they be able to solve the great problems of government which have puzzled sages and philosophers, kings and statesmen, students and men of business since the world began? And will they secure as they grow older and more thickly peopled that which all governments profess to desire—the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Shall practice and theory be found compatible with each other? And shall Republicanism be able to justify itself in the eyes of all men, as not only the most equitable and workable, but the most beneficial and convenient form of government for the masses of mankind? And, above all the rest, will the union of perhaps a hundred commonwealths—instead of only thirty-two as at present—be permanent? Or will the increase of population lead to difficulties which are now lightly felt—if felt at all—in consequence of the

immensity of elbow room which the wilderness allows discontent to emigrate to, and to thrive in? And will those difficulties—aided by time, aggravated by circumstances, and rendered different in degree as well as in nature in the South and in the North, and on the Pacific Sea board, by the operation of climate upon the life, character, and brain of the race—become so irreconcileable as to dissever the glorious fabric; and re-enact in America the melancholy drama of Europe and Asia?

Americans who bring the knowledge acquired by European travel to the study of their native politics—past and present—do not conceal their opinion that a dissolution of the Union is among the possibilities and even probabilities of the future; but as they do not anticipate such an event, while the population is under fifty millions, or even under a hundred, it gives them no great anxiety. The deluge that is to burst over the earth in a hundred years, is a deluge which—even if positively certain to come, and impossible to prevent—gives little trouble to the existing generation. Many persons in the United States talk of a dissolution of the Union, but few believe in it. At intervals some fiery orator, or editor in the South—exasperated by the taunts of equally fiery and unreasonable aboli-

tionists and free-soilers in the North—and feeling at the same time that he is taxed in his wearing apparel, his household furniture, and in every article of luxury for the supposed benefit of Northern manufacturers—calls for a Southern confederation of Slave States, and insists that they could maintain themselves against the Free North, either by their own unaided energy and resources, or by means of a commercial and free-trade alliance with Great Britain, their best customer for all their agricultural produce of sugar, rice, and cotton. Sometimes a Northern orator, or editor, endeavours to retaliate upon the South, to show it that without the North they could not subsist, and that the North, with three times their population, and all composed of free men, could reannex the South in a summer campaign, even without raising the cry of freedom to the negroes to exasperate and to shorten the struggle. Another section of the North, not so warlike in tone, is sometimes driven to make the assertion that if it could get rid of its enforced participation in the sin of slavery by any other means than disruption, it would welcome disruption as a boon. But all this is mere bravado and empty talk. It means nothing. The Union is dear to all Americans whatever they may say to the contrary; and if any

one not an American presumes to reiterate the belief—which may perhaps have been instilled into his mind by American arguments—that the Union will be disrupted, he is either told that he knows nothing about the matter, or that, being filled with a mean jealousy of American greatness, "the wish is father to the thought."

Whatever may happen in future there is no present danger to the Union; and the violent expressions to which over ardent politicians of the North and South sometimes give vent have no real meaning. And those who would truly understand the feeling of Americans in this respect must remember that the North and the South have not all the arguments to themselves, and do not compose the whole Union. The largest portion, and one which promises to be hereafter the richest and most prosperous of the whole Confederation, is the West. The "GREAT WEST," as it is fondly called, is in the position even now to arbitrate between North and South should the quarrel stretch beyond words, or should the anti-slavery, or any other question succeed in throwing any difference between them, which it would take revolvers and rifles rather than speeches and votes to put an end to. General Cass, who in early life was United States Com-

missioner for the Indian Territory west of the Ohio—a territory at the borders of which now stands the large city of Cincinnati, and which is covered for hundreds of miles beyond that point with cities, towns, and villages, and all the stir of a busy civilization—expressed at a recent railway meeting in Cincinnati the prevalent idea of his countrymen on this subject:—"I have," said he, "traversed this western region when it was a wilderness—an almost unbroken forest from this point to the Pacific Ocean—a forest inhabited only by the wild Indian and by the wilder animals which God gave him for his support. Where I then followed the war-path I now pass up the railway. I have in the interval visited the most highly civilised nations of the Old World, and I have returned, I think, a better citizen, and a wiser man. I say that there is not on this earth from the rising to the setting sun a more prosperous country than the United States, a better Government, or a happier people. You, my fellow citizens of the West, hold the destinies of this magnificent Republic in your hands. Say to the North or to the South, or to any quarter whence comes a threat of disunion, 'Peace, be still!' We in the West have the power to preserve this precious work of our fathers, and we *will* preserve it! The Hebrews of old had

their pillar of cloud by day and their pillar of fire by night to guide them through the desert to the promised land; and since the memorable day of our exodus from the bondage of England we have had guides—pillars by day and night—which have led us through many trials and dangers, till there is now no one to injure us but ourselves, and nothing to fear but the just judgments of God. Let us pronounce then with one voice, 'Withered be the hand that is stretched out to touch the Ark of the Union. The mighty West will defend it, now and for ever!'"

And no doubt this is the feeling of Americans of all parties wherever they reason calmly upon the subject, and are not betrayed into petulance by the slavery question. As the venerable statesman truly observes, the United States incur no danger from foreign aggressions; there is no one to injure them but themselves; and they have nothing to fear but "the just judgments of God." But this is only a portion of the subject, and the questions still remain, Will they not injure themselves? And, will they not incur the judgments of God by contravention of his moral laws, and by their lust of territory—bringing them into collision with foreign Powers? That the people will increase and multiply and replenish the

whole continent no one can doubt: and that in the course of ages North America will be as populous as Europe, and reach a far higher civilization than Asia ever attained even in the pre-historic ages, which have left us no other records but their marvellous architectural ruins, it would be a want of faith in the civilizing influences of freedom and Christianity to deny. But in speculating upon the future of a people the mind clings to the idea of Empire and Government—and we ask ourselves whether Empire in this noble region will be one or many—central or local—imperial or republican? Whether the great Republic shall exist undivided, or whether it will fall to pieces from its own weight and unwieldiness, or from some weakness in the chain which shall be the measure and the test of its strength? Or whether for mutual convenience, and by common consent, these Anglo-Saxon commonwealths—when they have doubled, trebled, or quintupled their numbers by the subjugation of the entire wilderness—shall not re-arrange themselves into new combinations, and form a binary or a trinary system, such as the telescope shows us in the heavens? Or whether, in consequence of internal strife, some new Alexander, Charlemagne, or Napoleon of the West, shall arise to make himself lord absolute and hereditary? and at his death leave

the inheritance to be scrambled for and divided by his generals? Though it may be folly to attempt to look too far into the future, or for a statesman to legislate with a view to what may or what may not happen a hundred and fifty years hence, still true wisdom requires that men charged with the destinies of great nations, and having the power to influence the course of events by their deeds and their opinions, should not confine themselves to the things of to-day, but calculate by aid of the experience of history, and by knowledge and study of human nature, how the deeds of to-day may influence the thoughts of to-morrow, and how the thoughts of to-morrow may produce deeds in endless succession through all future time.

That the Union may be disturbed or disrupted at some period near or remote, is an idea familiar to the mind of every inquirer and observer; and were it not so the very threats of the North or South, meaningless as they may be at the present time, would serve to make it so. Mr. Buchanan, the actual President, whose perceptions have been enlarged by European travel and residence, and whose mind is not entirely enclosed within an American wall, as the minds of some of his countrymen are, is among the number of statesmen in the

Union whose eyes are opened to the dangers which it may incur hereafter when population has largely increased, and when the struggle for existence—now so light in such a boundless and fertile region—has become as fierce and bitter as in Europe. It is, after all, the hungry belly of the people, and not the heads of legislators, that tries the strength of political systems: and when all the land is occupied, and has become too dear for the struggling farmer or artizan to purchase; when the starving man or the pauper has a vote equally with the well-fed and the contented proprietor; and when the criminal counts at an election for as much as an honest man—what may be the result of universal suffrage on the constitution of the Republic and the stability of the Union?

In a letter, apologizing for non-attendance at the centennial celebration of the capture of Fort Duquesne, the President uttered these memorable words:—

"From the stand point at which we have arrived, the anxious patriot cannot fail, while reviewing the past, to cast a glance into the future, and to speculate upon what may be the condition of our beloved country when your posterity shall assemble to celebrate the second centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Duquesne. Shall our whole country then compose one united nation, more populous,

powerful, and free than any other which has ever existed? Or will the federacy have been rent asunder, and divided into groups of hostile and jealous States? Or may it not be possible that ere the next celebration all the fragments, exhausted by intermediate conflicts with each other, may have finally reunited, and sought refuge under the shelter of one great and overshadowing despotism?

"These questions will, I firmly believe, under the providence of God, be virtually decided by the present generation. We have reached a crisis when upon their action depends the preservation of the Union according to the letter and spirit of the constitution, and this once gone all is lost.

"I regret to say that the present omens are far from propitious. In the last age of the Republic it was considered almost treasonable to pronounce the word 'disunion.' Times have since sadly changed, and now disunion is freely prescribed as the remedy for evanescent evils, real or imaginary, which, if left to themselves, would speedily vanish away in the progress of events.

"Our revolutionary fathers have passed away, and the generation next after them, who were inspired by their personal counsel and example, have nearly all disappeared. The present generation, deprived of these lights, must, whether they will or not, decide

the fate of their posterity. Let them cherish the Union in their heart of hearts—let them resist every measure which may tend to relax or dissolve its bonds—let the citizens of different States cultivate feelings of kindness and forbearance towards each other—and let all resolve to transmit it to their descendants in the form and spirit they have inherited from their forefathers, and all will then be well for our country in future time."

The President, although it may seem presumptuous in a stranger to say so, seems to mistake the feelings of his countrymen on "disunion." He appears to believe their transitory anger to be the expression of a deep conviction. From his high position as an American, he does not adequately understand or clearly see that what Americans say to Americans in the heat of conflict is not what they say in cooler moments to Europeans. As husband and wife often hurl words of bitterness and scorn to one another, which they would be very sorry that any one else should hurl or even whisper against either of them; in like manner the Americans speak of the rupture of the Union "en famille." "They skin their skunk" in their own domain, and wish no foreigner to be within reach of the bad odour. And although the present constitution of the Confederacy

be a constitution for fair weather, often unworkable and coming to a dead lock, and no more suitable for stormy weather than one of the elegant and commodious Hudson River steam-boats is for the swell and tempest of the Atlantic Ocean, it is clear from their own past history, recent as it is, that the constitution can be amended, and be made elastic enough to meet all ordinary contingencies of wind and weather.

The real dangers of the Union do not spring from the inelasticity of the constitution or from the quarrels of the North and South, from slavery or anti-slavery, or from any domestic question likely to arise, so much as they do from lust of territory on the one part, and from political and social corruption on the other. Both of them are peculiarly the vices of Republics. The first leads to war; war produces warriors; warriors, if brilliantly successful, become ambitious; and ambition tempts to the overthrow of the political system that will not allow it scope. The Alexanders and the Bonapartes are a class which has more numerous representatives than the Washingtons. The United States have had one pure patriot, and will be both unfortunate and fortunate if they have another to equal either his purity or his renown—unfortunate in the civil commotions and diffi-

culties which can alone produce such a man, and fortunate, should a hero of equal courage and fortune emerge out of civil strife, if he do not turn his victories to personal account, and aggrandize himself at the expense of the liberties of his country.

But a greater danger even than this—the most formidable of all the rocks that are ahead—is the growth of peculation and corruption, and the decay of public virtue. A republic is, theoretically, the purest and most perfect form of Government, but it requires eminently pure men to work it. A corrupt monarchy or despotism may last for a long time without fatal results to the body politic, just as a man may live a long time, and be a very satisfactory citizen, with only one arm, one leg, or one eye. In despotic countries the people may be virtuous, though the Government is vicious; but a corrupt republic is tainted in its blood, and bears the seeds of death in every pulsation. And on this point Mr. Buchanan seems to have a clearer vision than many of his countrymen. The Presidential chair, like the tripod of the Pythoness, gives an insight into things. He knows by the daily and hourly solicitations of political mendicancy—by the clerkship demanded for this man's son, or for that man's cousin—by the consulship required for this brawler at a meeting,

and the ambassadorship to London or Paris, or a place in the Ministry claimed by this indomitable partizan or that indefatigable knocker and ringer at the door of promotion—how corrupt are the agencies at work. He knows, too, what personal humiliation he himself had to undergo before reaching the White House, and which he must daily suffer, if he would please his party. He knows, as every President must know, no matter who or what he is, or what his antecedents may have been, what a vast amount of venality has to be conciliated and paid—one way or another—before the hungry maw of Universal Suffrage can be fed and satisfied, and the wheels of the great car of the Republic be sufficiently greased. In reference to this fever in the blood of the State, he thus solemnly warns the citizens in the letter from which quotation has already been made:—

"I shall assume the privilege of advancing years in reference to another growing and dangerous evil. In the last age, although our fathers, like ourselves, were divided into political parties which often had severe conflicts with each other, yet we never heard until within a recent period of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their representatives in the State and National Legislatures shall become

infected, the fountain of free government will be poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in a military despotism. A democratic republic, all agree, cannot long survive unless sustained by public virtue. When this is corrupted, and the people become venal, there is a canker at the root of the tree of liberty which will cause it to wither and to die."

For the utterance of truths like these, and as if to prove, without intending it, and by a very roundabout method, that they are truths, although unpalateable, Mr. Buchanan has been held up to ridicule by his party opponents, condemned as an "old fogey," and proclaimed to be too slow for the age in which he lives. But if corruption have attained its present growth with a population so scant, in a country by the cultivation of which ten times the number could live honestly and independently, if they trusted to hard work, and not to intrigue, for the means of subsistence; what will be the extent of corruption fifty years hence? Shall a despotism attempt a remedy worse than the disease? Or will the patient be warned of the evil of his ways, and amend his life in time? But if these may be considered the views of a pessimist, what shall the optimist make of the picture? Grant that no foreign war brings into the field

a European coalition against the United States—a coalition that would infallibly make the Americans a far more warlike people than they are, and compel them to turn their thoughts to pipeclay and the rifle, and to the admiration of generals rather than of statesmen and orators;—grant, also, that public virtue becomes of the true republican standard of ancient days, pure gold without alloy;—grant, moreover, that slavery is peaceably abolished, or dies out and ceases to trouble the men of the twentieth century—is there no danger to the cohesion of the Union, resulting entirely from its physical magnitude? It is not likely either by fair means or by foul to annex Canada, for the Canadians feel that they have a destiny of their own to accomplish, and that they start without the great burden of slavery to impede their progress; but the United States will certainly annex to themselves all the moribund republics between Texas and Panama, including, of course, the whole of Mexico. The Union already extends to the shores of the Pacific, though the intervening spaces are not filled up. It takes a representative for California three times as long to reach Washington as it takes a New Yorker or a Bostonian to visit Liverpool, London, or Paris. Is there no danger in this? Is not the prospective unwieldiness of the Union a reason why it may be

expected to break up into compartments a little more manageable, and resolve itself into at least three or four federations instead of one? The time may come when the New England States, weary of participating in the slavery which they cannot abolish, may seek to effect a legislative union with Canada; when New York and the Middle and Western States may form another constellation of republics; and when the South, extending to Panama, may cultivate its "domestic institution" and cotton at the same time, defying North or West, or the whole world, to trouble it; and when California and the other commonwealths on the Pacific sea-board, from mere considerations of distance and locality, may set up in business for themselves. That such a result would be injurious to the cause of liberty and progress in the United States, there is not the slightest reason to believe. On the contrary, by diminishing the chances of collision, by segregating the incongruities caused by climate, character, and education, into related, but not identical, systems; and by rendering the prizes within the reach of military ambition less glittering and valuable than they would otherwise be, it is possible that the pacific dissolution of the Union, for reasons as cogent and as unimpassioned as these, would be greatly for the advan-

tage of the Anglo-Saxon races in America. A binary, trinary, or quadrinary system of republics, having the same language, literature, laws, and religion, might preserve their identity as republics, and yet be able to establish and consolidate among themselves a balance of power, by means of which no one of the number could, under any circumstances, be permitted to declare war against another, just in the same way as by the present constitution of the United States, Maine cannot declare war against Louisiana, Maryland against Ohio, or New York against Oregon; or, as in England, Kent cannot take the law into its own hands to remedy any grievance it might chance to have against Pembroke or Merioneth. So far from the indivisibility and inviolabity of the Union tending to the happiness or advancement of the race by whose energy and enterprise it has been established, it would seem, on the contrary, as if its very bulk would lead it into mischief, independently of those other causes of evil which wise and prudent statesmanship, looking beyond To-day at the possibilities of To-morrow, may endeavour to remove. The United States of America are but the first step in a great progression, of which the next may be the "United Republics of America." Why not? And yet it is vain to ask,

for the present age can give no answer to the inquiry. But the men of the present age may, at all events, be allowed to calculate the chances of the next; and that this is one of the most important of them, no one who looks intelligently at the actual condition of Christendom can permit himself to doubt.

CANADA.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM ALBANY TO MONTREAL.

April, 1858.

From Albany to Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Canadas, is a ride of 254 miles;—a long distance if measured by time, for the express trains upon American railways, so far from equalling the speed attained in England, seldom average more than twenty miles an hour. Leaving Albany late in the afternoon, our train halted, after having made ninety miles, at Rutland, in Vermont, where the passengers had to sleep for the night. In this distance an incident occurred, of no particular importance in itself, but interesting to a stranger and worth recording, as showing the free-and-easy manner in which some public affairs are managed in America, and how much more of a levelling insti-

tution the railway is sometimes made to be in the New World than it ever can be in the Old. I had taken my place in the car at the extreme end, where there is but room for one person on the seat, but with accommodation opposite for two. A traveller shortly afterwards deposited his overcoat upon one of these seats to retain possession. In about three minutes afterwards a stout, burly personage entered the car, leading in a white man and a negro, fettered, and manacled together. This was the first time during my travels in the States that I had ever observed a coloured man in a public vehicle. Approaching my place, the burly individual in charge, whom I supposed to be a constable, but who called himself the Sheriff, coolly threw upon the floor the coat left by the intending traveller, and directed his white and black prisoners to take possession of the two seats. I told him that one of the seats was engaged. "I can't help that," he replied, "it's doubly engaged now by my prisoners." Not desirous of such close proximity either to a white or a black felon, I looked around the car in search of more agreeable accommodation, but all the seats were filled. Resolving to make the best of a disagreeable business, I took refuge in the perusal of a book, and hoped that I should soon be relieved from such un-

comfortable companionship by the arrival of the captives at their place of destination.

"What have these chaps been a doin', Sheriff?" said a traveller to me, turning his quid in his mouth.

"I am not the Sheriff," I replied. "If I were, I think I should travel with my prisoners somewhere else than in the public carriage."

"Well, it a'nt pleasant," he rejoined, "especially when one of 'em's a nigger. What have you been a doin' on, Sambo?" he added, turning suddenly to the negro.

"Nuffin at all, massa," was the reply. "I'm innocent, and did nuffin; and am got two years for it."

The white prisoner made no observation; and, the real Sheriff making his appearance at this moment, my interlocutor assailed him with a cannonade of inquiries, and elicited the whole of the circumstances. The white man—a well-formed youth, scarcely twenty years of age, with a countenance by no means unprepossessing—had committed a desperate highway robbery, and, after having nearly killed a man, had rifled him of all his money, amounting to no more than seventy-five cents, or three shillings. For this crime he had been sentenced to ten years'

imprisonment. The negro had been implicated, with a woman of bad character, in robbing a sailor of thirty dollars, and had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The negro was loud in his complaints of the injustice of his punishment; but the white man refused to enter into any conversation upon the subject; not because he was dogged or obstinate, but apparently because he knew that his sentence was just, and that the less he said about it the less there would be of hypocrisy in his behaviour. He was exceedingly gracious to his black companion, and several times took a large cake of chewing-tobacco out of a side-pocket of his coat and offered it to the negro. The two chewed together in sympathy of sorrow, and contributed quite as largely as any two freemen present—perhaps a little more so—to the copious saliva upon the floor. The "Sheriff," in this respect, kept them company, and condescended to accept from the highwayman the luxury of a chaw.

"Will he have any of that in prison?" I inquired.

"No, poor devil!" said the Sheriff; and, as if that were the most grievous part of his sentence, "no, not for ten years."

Next morning, on starting from Rutland for Montreal, I secured a seat at a distance from the officer

of the law and his prisoners, and saw no more of them. Our train sped near or through the cities of Vergennes, Burlington, and St. Albans, and amid the beautiful scenery of the Green Mountains. The weather, though it was the second week of April, was exceedingly cold, and the tops and slopes of the Green Mountains were covered with snow; but in the valleys the neat white cottages and villas, and still neater white churches of the descendants of the ancient Puritans, built of wood, but painted to imitate stone, gleamed cheerily in the sunshine. But the further north we went the thicker lay the snow; and, on arriving at the shores of Lake Champlain, not one of the largest, but perhaps the most beautiful of all the American lakes, we saw innumerable blocks of floating ice upon the water. From Whitehall, at its southern extremity, where it is no wider than a river, to Rouse's Point at its northern termination, Lake Champlain extends for nearly 150 miles. In some parts it is twenty miles in width, and in other parts varies from one mile to ten or twelve. In the summer it is traversed by numerous fine steam-boats, but at this early period of the year they had not commenced their trips, and the only mode of conveyance was the dreary rail and the suffocating car. Before arriving at Rouse's

Point the rails cross Lake Champlain twice, the transit on each occasion affording to the passengers magnificent views over its beautiful expanse.

At Rouse's Point I took my farewell of the territory of the United States, and entered into the dominions of her Majesty Queen Victoria. This important station ought to have belonged to Canada, and would have done so if Lord Ashburton, despatched by our Government in 1846 to settle the Oregon and Maine boundaries, then in dispute between the two nations, had been anything like a match in intellect, in dexterity, in logic or in purpose to the astute lawyer, Daniel Webster, against whom he was pitted. But the British Lord, half an American in heart, and perhaps allied too closely to the trading interests of the great house of Baring Brothers to see things in their true light as regarded either Great Britain or Canada, was of no more account than a piece of red tape or a stick to be whittled, in the hands of the great Yankee lawyer and orator. Not only Rouse's Point—a place of great strategical importance—but the larger portion of the State of Maine, and with it the free access of Canadian traffic to the ocean in midwinter, when the St. Lawrence is closed up by the ice, were thus lost to Canada. And all because Great Britain, ignorant

of Canada and of its vast importance, sent a good-natured and incompetent Lord to make himself agreeable to Brother Jonathan, and settle a business which neither he nor the Home Government understood anything about, except that it was troublesome. Let all true Englishmen fervently pray that war between the United States and Great Britain will never arise to make the Canadians rue the day when their interests were so grossly sacrificed by a man who knew so little about them, and by a Government that scarcely deserved to retain so splendid a colony.

From Rouse's Point the rail stretches to the Canadian village of Caughnawaga, on the St. Lawrence. This village is inhabited wholly by the Indian tribe that forms almost the sole remnant of the once-powerful Iroquois. These Indians, who have a strong family resemblance to the gipsies of Europe, and who pretend to tell fortunes in the same manner by palmistry, are the sole recognised pilots of the Rapids. To the emoluments which they derive from this source they add the profits gained by the manufacture of mocassins, leggings, bead-purses, and other fancy work, in which their women more particularly excel. Here our passengers had to leave the rail and embark on the steamer to cross the St. Lawrence

BREAK-UP OF THE ICE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

to Lachine. This place is situated near the celebrated Rapids of the same name. Here the loud cry of "All aboord!"—universal in America summoned us to take our places once more in the railway cars; and, after a journey of some miles, we arrived at the venerable, picturesque, and flourishing city of Montreal.

In the United States the towns are so much alike in their architectural and general appearance as to cease very speedily to have much interest for the traveller beyond that inspired by history, or by the remembrance of the kind friends who reside in them. The only prominent exceptions within the compass of my experience were New Orleans and Boston—far apart, it is true, but suggesting reminiscences of Europe, either by the crooked picturesqueness of their streets, or, as in New Orleans, by the foreign names and costume of the people, and the style of building. But Montreal combines, to European eyes, all these sources of interest, and has features of its own which give it a character quite distinct from that of any other place on the American continent except Quebec. Let me not be accused of narrowness of mind and sympathy, or of an undue and unwarrantable feeling of nationality, if I avow that I experienced a sensation of pride and satis-

faction, after a six months' tour in a country where I was made to feel that I was a "foreigner," on once again setting my foot upon British territory, upon seeing the familiar standard of England floating from the public buildings, and noticing the well-known red coats of the British soldiers who were doing duty in the streets. To pass from Rouse's Point to Canadian soil was like crossing the Atlantic, in the difference which it made in my patriotic sentiments —or prejudices, if they deserve the latter name. I felt almost as much at home in Montreal as if I had landed in Liverpool. To me the Canadians were Englishmen, not Americans. And one of the most noticeable things in Canada, with which a stranger can scarcely fail to be impressed before he has been a week in the country, is not exactly the antipathy but the estrangement which has sprung up between the people of the United States and those of the British possessions. During the last twenty years the line of moral and political demarcation between the two seems to have been gradually lengthened and strengthened. The explanation is, that the less heavily the yoke of the mother country has been allowed to bear upon the colony, the more affectionately the colony has clung to the old land, from whose best blood she has sprung, and by whose

gentle example she is governed. So far from expressing a desire for annexation to or incorporation with the United States, the Canadians insist in the most fervid manner upon their separate and irreconcilable nationality. Not unfrequently, when hard driven by ultra-Republican orators of the "Spread Eagle" school, they declare it to be far more probable, if ever a split take place in the Union, or a war break out betwixt the United States and Great Britain, that Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts will claim incorporation with the Canadas, than that the Canadas will claim incorporation with the Republic of the Stars and Stripes, and so inherit the heavy responsibilities of slavery, without deriving any real advantage from association with the North. When an over-zealous American so far forgets his manners as to talk of annexation in the company of Canadians, the reply not unfrequently takes the somewhat contemptuous turn that the Hudson is the natural boundary of Canada, and that, if annexation be either necessary or desirable, Canada may some day take the initiative, and seize upon Maine and the harbour of Portland. I have witnessed more than one Yankee so taken aback at the daring of the suggestion as to give up the struggle without any further parley,

except, perhaps, between two chaws or two whiffs, such slang phrase as "I guess that's coming it strong—raythe r!" or "Brother Jonathan's not green enough to be done."

Montreal, generally pronounced Montre-all, is one of the most ancient cities of North America, having been founded in the year 1642. It contains a population of about 70,000. It is beautifully and solidly built of stone, and wears a general air and aspect of strength, befitting the climate. By the French Roman Catholics, who form nearly one-half of the population, it is called affectionately the "Ville Marie," or town of the Virgin Mary, and the names of its principal streets, derived from those of the Saints in the Romish Calendar, bear witness alike to the fervency and to the faith of its founders. The original Indian name, or rather that of the village on the site of which it is built, was Hochelaga, a name still given to it by poets, and by orators who desire to speak grandiloquently. Its French and British name of Montreal is derived from that of the large island in the St. Lawrence, on the southern base of which it is built, and in English ought properly to be Mount Royal. Its gray limestone embankments on the St. Lawrence —its long, substantial quays and wharves—its noble

cathedral with the two tall towers (the most imposing-looking ecclesiastical edifice on the North American continent, unless Mexico offer exceptions)—its stately Market-hall of Bon Secours, a prominent object either in near or remote views of the city—its elegant public edifices, banks, nunneries, monasteries, and churches—and, above all, the Victoria Tubular Bridge, the most gigantic work of science and enterprise on the habitable globe—all combine to render Montreal either important or picturesque, and to give it an enduring place in the memory of all who visit it.

The island of Montreal, or the Royal Mountain, is about thirty miles long, and in some parts eight or nine wide, and rises in the centre to a height of about 900 feet. It has been called from its fertility the Garden of Canada, but whether the compliment be deserved is matter of dispute among scientific agriculturists. Against the northern shore of the island beats the strong and turbid current of the Ottawa; and against the southern shore, where Montreal rears its busy streets, rushes the stronger and clearer current of the St. Lawrence. These powerful streams unite about eighteen miles westward of the city, but refuse to commingle their waters until they have travelled beyond the mountain isle in their

progress towards Quebec. The bases of the mountain are gradually being occupied by the houses and villas of the wealthier inhabitants of Montreal. In Rosemount—one of these—it was my good fortune to enjoy for three weeks the generous hospitality of the Hon. John Young—late one of the representatives of Montreal, in the Canadian Parliament, and Minister of Public Works—and to obtain through his good offices a greater insight into the real condition of Canada, and of the city of Montreal, than I could have procured without such aid in a much longer sojourn in the country. The view above Rosemount, towards the summit of the mountain, stretches over a wide expanse of fertile country, and away to the Green Hills of Vermont and the State of New York, the St. Lawrence rolling its majestic tide through the valley, and sounding a music from the Rapids of Lachine, nine miles distant, far louder than the roar and rumble of the adjoining city. Its carrying and forwarding trade, as a port competing with New York for the European commerce of the Far West, constitutes the principal business of Montreal. As such it possesses few manufactures; but it has a growing trade in potash and pearlash; and one more recently established in those luxuries—so dear to the Anglo-Saxon—bitter ale and porter. Its

average exports of potash and pearlash amount to about 300,000*l.* per annum; and in the year 1857, they reached 400,000*l.* The farmers in the back woods, and in newly cleared or half cleared lands, add considerably to their resources by the sale of his portion of their produce. For the testing of the strength of these two valuable commodities, inspectors are appointed by the Government. By the courtesy of one of these gentlemen, I was shown over the establishment whence all this agricultural wealth is distributed over the world, and initiated for the first time into the previously unsuspected mysteries of burnt timber and boiled ashes.

The brewery and distillery recently established at Montreal, where there are no excisemen to interfere with the manufacture and increase the cost of the articles, are under the superintendence of proprietors who learned the mysteries of their art in London and Burton-upon-Trent, and who have succeeded in producing bitter ales far superior to the Lager beer of the United States, and almost, if not quite equal, to the ales of Messrs. Bass or Allsop.

Much has been done of late years to develop the capabilities of the harbour of Montreal, and when the Victoria Tubular Bridge—already the pride and chief ornament of the city—shall have been opened for the

traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway, it will become, to a larger extent than it is at present, the rival of New York and Boston. The idea of bridging the St. Lawrence River at Montreal is of older date than is generally known. The Honourable John Young was, perhaps, the most zealous and untiring in his endeavours to bring the subject prominently before the world. More than one engineer of eminence in America was referred to and consulted by him, before any steps were taken to bring the subject before the public. Surveys, examinations, and various reports resulted from these — differing, of course, somewhat in their details, but generally recommending timber structures similar to those invariably resorted to in the United States for bridging the great rivers. Nothing in connection with the Tubular Bridge had ripened into maturity until the project of the Grand Trunk Railway had been propounded and urged on by the Provincial Government in 1852. The Honourable Francis Hincks (being then Prime Minister and Inspector-General of Canada) and Mr. Young (being at the same time a member of his Administration), after several fruitless endeavours to interest the Imperial Government to aid in furthering their objects, which had in view the accomplishment of an international

THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.—MONTREAL.

railway, extending from Halifax to the western extremity of Canada, ultimately resolved to invite private English capitalists to undertake the great work of the Grand Trunk Railway in so far, at least, as Canada was concerned. For this purpose the province undertook to provide thirty per cent. of the capital required; and with this impetus the Grand Trunk Railway assumed in due time the proportions of a palpable and beneficial fact.

In July, 1853, Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, visited Canada for the purpose of finally fixing the most eligible site, and determining the dimensions and general character of the Tubular Bridge; and, having communicated his ideas to Mr. A. M. Ross, who, in accordance with them, prepared and arranged all the information required, the result, in a very little time, was the adoption of the structure now far advanced to completion, and which promises to be the greatest triumph of engineering skill of which either the Old World or the New can boast.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO THE TOP OF BEL ŒIL.

Montreal.

LOOKING southwards from Rose Mount, on the sunny slope of the great hill of Montreal, the most conspicuous object in the distant landscape is the mountain of Bel Œil, commonly, but erroneously called Bel Isle. To scale its heights, and visit the lake near its summit, was an expedition which I fancied might be easily performed on foot, and back again in one day. The idea was no sooner mentioned than scouted by my excellent host. Near though the mountain looked, its apparent proximity was the effect of the pure Canadian atmosphere upon the eyes of one not accustomed to measure distances through such a transparent medium. Instead of being no more than nine or ten miles from the city of Montreal as I had calculated, the nearest point of approach to Bel Œil was at the railway station of St. Hilaire, seventeen miles from Longueil, on the opposite shore

of the St. Lawrence. The river itself being nearly two miles wide, and Rose Mount being two miles from the Montreal shore, the distance to St. Hilaire was, according to all methods of computation, European or American, twenty-one miles. From St. Hilaire to the centre of Bel Œil was nine miles more, or thirty altogether from point to point. Thus it was clearly out of the question to make the excursion on foot. Thirty miles out and thirty miles in, even if we had taken two days to the excursion, were too many for pleasure. But the difficulty was overcome, as most difficulties may be, by a little management. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada kindly placed a special train to and from St. Hilaire at our disposal, and our party of three, Mr. Young, Mr. Andrew Robertson, solicitor and barrister (for legal gentlemen combine both branches of the law in the United States and the Colonies), and myself, started to dine *al fresco* on the top of the mountain. The weather was propitious, and Canada is not in this respect like the Old Country. When day begins favourably it ends favourably, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred: so that a preconcerted picnic is not likely to be disturbed in Canada, as it is almost certain to be in any part of the British Isles.

Our hamper, thanks to the provident thoughtfulness and liberal reckoning up of our wants, which only a kindly-hearted woman could have so well appreciated, was abundantly stored with bread, biscuits, cheese, sandwiches, tongue, chickens, and beef; besides pale ale, pale brandy, champagne, and sparkling Catawba. Not the smallest minutiæ were forgotten. Even tumblers, salt, and a corkscrew were included in the repertory. We had to cross the St. Lawrence in a wherry, with two oarsmen, for it was a holiday; and the only morning steamer across to Longueil had taken its departure an hour before we were ready. It is only necessary to say of the passage across, that we had to make it diagonally and so to double the distance, to allow for the strength and rapidity of the current; and that any one who should advise a future traveller to miss the steam ferry-boat, for the chance of any pleasure derivable from this more primitive method of passing the great river, would be a *mauvais farceur*, and a false friend. Arrived at Longueil, we found the steam up, and our train ready; and in less than three quarters of an hour were safely deposited at St. Hilaire, at the base of the mountain which loomed large before us, and promised us from its steep top a pro-

spect to be enjoyed, and an appetite to be earned by hard exercise. Both of these blessings were duly appreciated at their appointed season. The road lay all the way from Longueil, through the flats of the St. Lawrence, and of its tributary, the Richelieu, the northern outlet of Lake Champlain. The country is as level as Lincolnshire, and so thickly studded with farms and villages, as to look as if it maintained a population of at least half a million. But these appearances are deceptive. The subdivision of the land, each family on its own plot, with the house in the centre, gives the idea of a population twenty times denser than it is; and the soil itself, a hard clay, has been impoverished and well nigh exhausted of what original fertility it ever possessed by the bad farming of the *habitans*, consequent upon the perpetual parcelling and reparcelling of the land, and the non-employment of either capital or science to renew its over-taxed capabilities. It is Old France repeated over again in New France. The ignorant husbandry, the unwise attachment to the paternal nest, or pig-hole, as the case may be, in preference to better spots of earth at a hundred, fifty, or even twenty miles distance; and a limpet-like contentment with poor diet, and the enjoyment of the good that Fate and Chance provide on the original rock, in

preference to a greater good to be found afar off—all seem to combine to keep the country poor, and to prove the ineradicable tendencies of race and religion. Of late years there has been a slight improvement; a few Scotch and English farmers having found their way into the valley, and introduced a better system of husbandry. But owing to the smallness of the farms, and their constant tendency to grow smaller from generation to generation, the good example has not been of the efficacy that might have been expected under other circumstances. Yet superficially considered, a congeries of happier-looking communities than those which occupy the valley of the Richelieu is not easily to be found. Socialism without communism; contentment willing to sink rather than exert itself; a poor lot on earth cheered by the hope of a happier lot in heaven;—such seem the characteristics of the place, and of the good, docile, honest, and amiable people. Their great defect is that they lack above all things what the homely Scotch proverb calls "a spice of the devil in them to keep the devil out."

Arrived at St. Hilaire, our first difficulty was how we should manage to carry our provisions to the top of the mountain. The road was rough, steep, circuitous, and long; and though the crest of Bel Œil

seemed but two miles off, it was in reality near upon nine. To carry the provender ourselves would have been to make too much toil of a small pleasure, and a stout guide fit for the duty and willing to undertake it upon a saint's day and a holiday, was not easily to be found in a country where such festivals were highly venerated and greatly enjoyed. After nearly an hour's inquiry we heard of an old farmer who had a cart and a pony, who would drive us up as far as the lake; an ancient Jean Baptiste, as Norman in his dress, his speech, his aspect, and his ideas, as if we had fallen in with him in one of the remote villages beyond Rouen or Caen. But we took him and were glad of him, not for the sake of our legs, for we preferred walking to riding; but for the sake of the provisions, which we could not otherwise convey. Besides his pony was lame, and his cart had no springs; and so by walking, we were not only merciful to his beast, but to our own bones. The road skirted the bases of the hill, and the ascent was gradual for three or four miles, in the course of which we passed a great number of small but comfortable-looking farm-houses, many gardens and orchards, principally of apple-trees, bearing the famous *pommes grises* of Canada. We also passed many groves of wild maple, the finest trees by the

road side, having each the well-known wounds, and the rude trough on the ground, to catch the juice that flows in the early spring when they are tapped, and of which the *habitans* manufacture a very excellent sugar for home consumption. Indeed in most of the Northern and Western States of the Union and throughout Canada, the maple is extensively used for this purpose, and is not only one of the most abundant and useful, but most beautiful trees of the country. It is lovely alike in spring, summer, and autumn. In autumn more especially, it glows and glitters with its gold and crimson leaves, illuminated by the first touch of frost, and lights up the whole landscape with a glory of colour unknown in Europe.

Leaving Jean Baptiste, his cart, his pony, our hamper, and two dogs, which had persisted in following us all the way from St. Hilaire, to await our return on the shore of the lake, we started alone through the pine woods for about a mile and a half to the summit of the mountain. The lake, which is about two miles in circumference, and discharges its overflow in a small brook that runs down the side of the mountain towards St. Hilaire, fills the hollow of what seems to have once been the crater of a volcano, and though shallow on its banks, is said to

be of great depth in the centre, and to abound with very excellent trout.

The grass had not begun to show itself, and there were considerable drifts and wreaths of snow in the pine woods, and in the shaded recesses of the hills, but in the glades where the sunshine could penetrate, and wherever there was a southern aspect, the anemones were peeping out among the pine spiculæ and the dead leaves of the last autumn. As we clomb higher and higher, we left the pine woods behind us for the bare, hard rock, and at last stood upon the wind-beaten summit of Bel Œil. Here, in the clear sunshine, we indulged our eyes with a goodly prospect. We were in the centre of a circle of at least 100 miles in diameter, and could see on the far horizon a majestic panorama of a thousand hills, the indented rim of the great basin, in the hollow of which pierced up our mountain top, a solitary cone. To the south and west stretched the green hills of Vermont, and the higher peaks of Lake Champlain; and to the north and east the long Laurentian range which forms the only bulwark between Lower Canada and the polar blasts that sweep from Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Circle. The broad St. Lawrence wound its way through the prospect like a river of gold;—joined by the Riche-

lieu, a smaller but equally brilliant thread in the mazy web of beauty. Montreal, with the twin towers of its cathedral and the tin roofs and spires of its numerous churches and ecclesiastical buildings glittered like a fairy city at the base of its own mountain; while at every point in the nearer prospect on which the eye happened to rest might be caught the shimmer of a tin-covered spire, and underneath and around it a village, seemingly no larger than a wasp's nest or an ant-hill. It seemed from that height, looking over a country rather bare of trees, that here was the abode of a civilization as ancient as that of China, and that the population in those countless hamlets, bourgs, and villages, too numerous to subsist only by agriculture, must have long ago had recourse to trade and manufactures to provide themselves with the means of subsistence. But the standard of living is not everywhere so high as in our bread, beef, and beer consuming England. The French Canadian can live happily on a diet upon which an Englishman would either starve or become a red republican. But if the Englishman can conquer the world upon his high diet, he does not always conquer that which is still better — as all philosophers inform us — a contented mind.

Reflections connected with man or his works were,

however, not those which were predominant in my mind after the first impression of the scene had worn away. As I stood on the mountain top, looking up and down the course of the St. Lawrence, I could not refrain from carrying my imagination back to the day when the peak of Bel Œil was a small island in the middle of as large a lake as Ontario, and when that great system of inland seas, commencing at Superior and ending with Ontario at the Thousand Isles, extended to Quebec; when the Falls of Niagara did not exist, and when the level of Lake Erie was the level of the waters all the way to the gulf of St. Lawrence.

It is scarcely possible to look down from Bel Œil upon the immense flat alluvial basin from which it rises in solitary grandeur, without coming to the conclusion that at an early period in the history of our planet the Laurentian range on the one side, and the hills of Lake Champlain and Vermont on the other, were the landward barriers of a lake nearly 300 miles in length and seventy or eighty in beadth,—and of which the shores all round were on the level of Goat Island at the Falls of Niagara.

After descending from the crest of the hill, and winding our way back through the pine woods to the lake, at the shores of which we had left our car,

we found Jean Baptiste keeping watch and ward over our provisions. We selected a sheltered spot for our picnic on the bank of the little stream that carries the overflow to the valley, and here having spread our cloth and unpacked our hamper, we commenced operations. A few stragglers gathered about us to learn what we were going to do; but when they saw the solemnity and importance of the business that was to occupy us, they politely withdrew, and Jean Baptiste along with them. Not so the two dogs which had followed us from St. Hilaire. They knew by a sense keener than that of sight that there were fowls and beef in the hamper, and were contented to take their chance of the bones if nothing better offered. Neither of these animals understood a word of English; but their comprehension of French was perfect. The one of them was tolerably well fed, and manifested his contempt of bread and biscuit by a perfect immobility of every part of his body, his tail excepted, which wagged, "*Non, je vous remercie,*" quite as intelligibly as a tongue could have spoken it. The other dog had not only no contempt for bread, but an insatiable love of it. To him bread or bare bone was alike acceptable. He was as lean as if he had tasted nothing for a month; and his behaviour, during

our repast, contrasted with that of his companion, afforded us an amount of amusement greater than any farce upon the stage could have given us. To throw a piece of bread into the stream and to see the lean dog leap after it and chase it down the current, while the fat dog looked on with philosophic contempt; to throw him the skeleton of a fowl, and see him gulp bone after bone with one sharp and decisive crunch, as if it had been firm flesh; and to give him a piece more than usually large, and watch him jump with it over the stream, and retire into a corner under a tree, about twenty yards off, to devour it in the seclusion of private life, were but a few of the varieties of recreation which the good dog afforded us—his companion all the while looking at him with lazy, but undisguised contempt. But the crowning absurdity, at which we laughed till the tears actually trickled down our cheeks, was when in despair of satisfying the cravings of the animal by anything smaller than a half quartern loaf, we solemnly presented him with that article uncut. He eyed it for a moment wistfully; and then suddenly turning round with a low howl of sorrow, mingled with indignation, that he should be so insulted, leaped over the stream, and took his station within sight, but far off, where he barked and howled

as if his heart were broken. We whistled to him, and called to him in vain. His pride was hurt. He was not to be soothed or conciliated. At last we threw him half the leg of a fowl as a peace-offering. He accepted it, and came back to us gaily, as if nothing had happened. Three or four small slices of bread were next given to him, and taken; when as an experiment upon his canine nature, we for the second time presented him with a whole loaf. The result was the same as before. He was offended at the idea that we should consider him so gluttonous as to accept it, and bounded off with a reproachful moan, to his former place of penitence and seclusion, where he howled dolefully, and refused to be comforted, even by the wing of a chicken.

Jean Baptiste shook his head. "You have given that dog food enough in one day to last a man for a week." And as he himself up to this time had had no share in the repast, his criticism was doubtless intended as a reminder. Whether or not, it was so received. Jean Baptiste had his full share of the solid contents of our hamper, and half a bottle of champagne to boot—a liquor which he declared he had never tasted before. When told that it came from France, he held up his withered hands, and exclaimed—

"*Le cher pays! que je ne verrai jamais!*" He begged to be allowed to keep the empty bottles as souvenirs of our excursion, and especially the bottle that had come from France. "That," said he, "shall have the place of honour on my mantel-shelf, *là bas à St. Hilaire.*"

And so we returned as we came, the two dogs following us to the village, and the lean one looking as lean as ever, frisking sometimes before and sometimes behind, the happiest dog that day in all Christendom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Forsaking the Grand Trunk Railway for the beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence—most magnificent of all the rivers of North America—and having engaged our state rooms on board the steamer *Napoleon*, we—that is, myself and Mr. Young—left that city for Quebec on a lovely afternoon in early May. In compliment to the French Canadians, whose sympathies with France are not yet utterly extinct, one of the two principal vessels on this line has been named the *Napoleon* after the Emperor of the French. The other, in compliment to their liege lady and mistress—under whose mild and beneficent sway they enjoy an infinitely greater amount of freedom than could ever have fallen to their lot under the domination of their mother country, which, continually changing its form of government, from a limited Monarchy

to a limited Republicanism, and finally to an unlimited Despotism, has always escaped what it most desired, a rational and well-defined liberty—has been named the *Victoria*. The *Napoleon*, on which we steamed, was an admirable boat; and there being neither snags nor sawyers in the St. Lawrence, nor a reckless captain, and a still more reckless negro crew to work her, we had no such fears for our safety as those who travel on the Mississippi, the Alabama, or the Ohio, must always entertain, more or less. From six o'clock, when we embarked, until midnight, when we turned into our berths, the time passed both pleasantly and profitably, for my companion knew all the intricacies, all the history, and all the beauty of the St. Lawrence, and had done more by his single energy to improve its navigation, deepen its shallows, and make it the first commercial river of the continent, than any other man in America. As we left Montreal, the tin-covered domes, steeples, and roofs of its cathedrals, churches, convents, and monasteries gleamed brightly in the rays of the setting sun; and when evening fell, as if by one stroke, upon the landscape, without the intervention of that lingering twilight to which Englishmen are accustomed at home, the whole firmament was suddenly irradiated by the corus a-

tions of the Aurora Borealis. It was so vivid in its brightness, and so rapidly changeful in its hues—from green to red, amber and purple, and back again through the whole gamut of colour, that the scenery of the river was for a while eclipsed by the grander scenery of the skies. By that glorious light our voyage down the St. Lawrence became a kind of triumphal procession in which the heavens as well as the earth and the waters seemed to bear their part.

The Canadians on board paid no particular attention to the magnificence of the spectacle, which was doubtless too familiar to their eyes to excite the wonder and delight which it created in mine, that had never, in the more watery clime of England, beheld such splendour. It seemed as if the banners of Eternity were waved in the clear blue firmament by angelic hands, and as if aërial hosts of seraphim and cherubim were doing battle in some great undefinable cause of liberty and right; or, perhaps—for imagination was unusually vagrant at the time, and roamed whither it pleased—these electric ebullitions were but the tentaculæ of the great Earth-Monster floating in the Ocean of Space, as the medusæ float in the clear waters of the Western Seas. Nay, might they not be the respirations of

that sublime Mother and Bona Dea, upon whose epidermis man is but an insect, and his proudest works but the scraping and piling up of the exudations of her cuticle?

But after a time—for admiration, however great, requires novelty to feed upon—this sublime spectacle did not take such entire possession of the mind as to shut out altogether that of the majestic river on whose bosom we floated, nor cause us to forget that its never-changing current, rolling rapidly to the sea, was the drainage of the larger portion of a continent. The river, which is from a mile and a half to two miles wide, is studded with many islands, some of them large and fertile. At every three leagues on either shore, in a prominent position, to be easily seen of all who pass up or down the river, is built a church of the well-known style of architecture so familiar to all who have ever travelled in France, the only difference being the invariable tin spire, or dome, which gives such peculiar picturesqueness to the ecclesiastical buildings of Canada. These churches indicate the religious zeal and piety of the French Roman Catholic colonists of early times, who made the most ample provision for the religion of the people when they first took possession of the country. They called it New France,

and endowed the Church with broad lands and ample revenues, upon the model and example of Old France, ere the ploughshare of the Revolution passed over the land, half-burying the Church and wholly burying the aristocracy. The farms of the *habitans*, and their neat white houses, are thickly strewn on both banks of the river; and the lights from the windows, shining in the darkness as we journeyed rapidly along, conveyed the idea that we were passing through a densely-peopled and highly prosperous country—an idea far different from that which takes possession of the traveller on the Mississippi, who by night or by day sees more frequent signs of the rude, untrodden wilderness, and the dismal swamp, than of the abodes of free men and the haunts of an active commerce.

As regards the St. Lawrence itself, familiarity with it breeds no contempt. On the contrary, the more it is known the more it is admired. Without exaggeration, it may be called the chief and prince of all the rivers of the world. If it be presumed that its real sources are to be sought in the multitudinous, and often nameless, streams that rise in the wildernesses of the Far West, and that have poured the rainfall and the thaws of thousands of years into the three great hollows which form the

Lakes of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, we shall find the true commencement of the St. Lawrence at the place where the combined waters of these inland seas force their passage to the lower levels of Eastern Canada on their way to the ocean. This is at Sarnia, in Canada West, at the southern extremity of Lake Huron. The stream at this point is called the St. Clair River. After running a course of about forty miles under this name, it discharges itself into the small Lake of St. Clair; whence, again seeking an outlet, it takes the alias of the Detroit River. Running for about twenty-five miles further, it fills up another great hollow in the earth and forms a fourth inland sea, called Lake Erie, 18 fathoms deep and 564 feet above the level of the ocean. At the eastern extremity of this lake the overflow, hastening ever onwards to the Atlantic, finds a channel which is called the Niagara. The stream, flowing swiftly but equably for fifteen miles, froths up suddenly into the Rapids as it approaches the celebrated Falls, and thence dashes itself in foam and spray into the noblest cataract in the world. After its precipitous descent of 160 feet, it rushes for three miles so furiously that at one part of the narrow channel, a little below the Suspension Bridge, the middle of the

stream is ten feet higher than its two sides—a veritable mountain of waters. Growing calmer as it runs, and as the channel widens, it discharges itself into a fifth great hollow, which it fills, and thus forms Lake Ontario. It is only at its outlet from this magnificent sheet of water, which is 100 fathoms deep and 235 feet above the level of the sea, that it receives at the "Thousand Isles" the name of the St. Lawrence, by which it is known in all its future course of 750 miles.

Including the chain of lakes by which it is fed, the course of the St. Lawrence is upwards of 2,500 miles. Its chief affluents, besides the myriad streams that originally formed the gigantic bulk of Lake Superior, are the Genessee, which falls into Lake Ontario; the Ottawa, which mingles with it to the south-west of Montreal; and the Saguenay, a deep, dark river, with high precipitous banks, which unites with it below Quebec. The Lakes, the Rapids, the Falls, and the Islands of the St. Lawrence add to the multifariousness of its attractions, and render it immeasurably superior to the Mississippi, the Missouri, or any other river of North America for grandeur and beauty. Indeed, there is no aspect under which a river may be regarded in which the St. Lawrence is not pre-eminent. But, like every-

thing else in the world, it has its imperfections. In the first place, it is liable to be closed for half the year by the ice. A disadvantage such as this, man's energy and skill are, unfortunately, not able to remedy. Its remediable defects commence at the extremity of Lake Erie, where it overflows into Lake Ontario, to the lower level of its future course. The Falls of Niagara, which render it so beautiful in the eyes of the lover of Nature, give it no charm in those of the merchant who sees his way to a profitable trade in agricultural produce with the great corn and wheat growing States of the American Union that border upon the great lakes of the West. But this commercial defect has been partially remedied. The Welland Canal, twenty-eight miles in length, has been constructed; and through its narrow channel a corn-laden vessel from Chicago has already made the whole voyage from that city to our English Liverpool without transhipment of cargo. For vessels of 400 tons the Falls of Niagara are virtually non-existent. The question remains, and will speedily have to be decided, whether they cannot be rendered non-existent, commercially, for vessels of 1,000 tons burden and upwards. The solution of this question is the deepening and widening of the Welland Canal—a

costly work no doubt, but one which must be accomplished if Canada is to derive all her rightful advantages from her admirable geographical position, or to hold up her head on an equality with the United States. The cost will be large, but will be met either by private enterprise or by Government encouragement, unless the whole trade of this vast region, seeking its market in Europe, is to be permitted to pass over the Erie Canal and through the United States, instead of through Canada and the St. Lawrence, its natural outlets.

The next obstruction to the navigation occurs at Dickenson's Landing, 120 miles beyond Kingston and the Thousand Isles, at the first Rapids. The beauty and grandeur of these and the whole series of Rapids between the Thousand Isles and Montreal will be more particularly described hereafter. At this place the Rapids run for nearly twelve miles; and the difficulties they place in the way of the up-stream navigation have been surmounted by a canal from Dickenson's Landing to Cornwall, at the head of an outspreading of the river called Lake St. Francis. The next interruption occurs at the Rapids between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis, to surmount which the Beauharnois canal has been constructed. From this point to the

third and last series of Rapids at Lachine, within nine miles of Montreal, no difficulty occurs. The Lachine Canal admits vessels of a burden much greater than the Welland Canal can accommodate. The remaining obstruction to the navigation arises from a totally different cause, the shallowness of the river, where it widens out to the Lake St. Peter. This lake, which in one place is nearly fifteen miles broad, acted, until the works for its improvement were undertaken, as an effectual bar to the direct ocean commerce of Montreal, except by transhipment. In the year 1843 the Canadian Government commenced the construction of a ship canal through the centre of the shallows. The work was continued until 1847, when it was temporarily abandoned. In 1850 the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal, impressed with the importance of the work, applied to the Government for authority to complete it. The power was granted, and the necessary legislative provision made for the cost and maintenance of the improvements. In five years the channel throughout the whole length of the lake was deepened five feet; and in the summer of 1857 a depth of seven feet greater than the original bed of the lake had been attained. "The magnitude of the work," says the Hon. John Young, on behalf of the Montreal

Harbour Commissioners, "will be seen when it is considered that the deepening extends over a distance of eighty miles; that dredging has actually been done over twenty-four miles, the width of the channel dredged being nowhere less than 300 feet; and that about 4,250,000 cubic yards of excavation have been removed from the bed of the lake and river, and carried off and dropped at distances averaging more than a mile." The object of all these works is to afford free egress from and ingress to the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and the great lakes of the West, to vessels drawing twenty feet of water—a work which, when accomplished, will not only divert from New York a vast amount of trade that now finds its way thither, but which will largely aid in developing the resources of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Canada West, and the yet almost desert and untrodden regions of the Red River and the Saskatchewan.

But how to avoid or overcome the impediments to trade and navigation caused by the climate, and the imprisonment of the great current of the river under the ice of an almost Siberian winter? That difficulty is not to be entirely conquered. There is no remedy that man can apply. But the difficulty does not affect the St. Lawrence alone, for it extends even

to the Hudson River and to Lake Champlain, which are nearly, if not entirely, valueless to commerce, during the greater part of the winter and early spring.

But even here the same far-sighted wisdom which has been the cause of such improvements in the St. Lawrence—improvements advocated and carried on amid every kind of discouragement and difficulty—has seen the opportunity of aiding in the development of the country. The Hudson and Lake Champlain are less affected by the frosts than the St. Lawrence. From Caughnawaga, nine miles west of Montreal, and nearly opposite to Lachine, to the northern extremity of Lake Champlain, is a distance of no more than twenty miles. A corn-laden vessel from the rich lands around Lake Superior, if prevented by the severity of the winter from proceeding beyond Montreal, might have the chances to a later period of the year of sailing down Lake Champlain, and thence to the Hudson and to the ocean, provided there was a ship canal from Caughnawaga to Rouse's Point. The state of New York—wise enough to see not only the importance of connecting the Hudson with Lake Erie by means of the Erie Canal, but with Lake Champlain—constructed a canal some years ago, effecting the junction at the southern end

of the lake. This canal is sixty-five miles in length, but only admits vessels of eighty tons. But the link between Caughnawaga and the northern extremity of the lake, in British territory, would more effectually unite the St. Lawrence, and consequently Lake Ontario, with the Hudson. This project has been put prominently forward by Mr. Young, and, there being no engineering impediments, the only real objection raised against it is the expense. But this objection will disappear; and, it is all the more important that it should, not only for the sake of the trade of the St. Lawrence, but for that of all Canada —deprived by geographical circumstances of the Erie Canal—and, by the easy, good-natured ignorance of the late Lord Ashburton, of the harbours in the territory of Maine, which, by every consideration of geography, trade, politics, and natural right, ought to have belonged to it.

How necessary it is for Canada and the friends of Canada to stir in all matters relating to the improvement of the St. Lawrence and to the harbour of Montreal may be understood by the instructions to Messrs. Childe, M'Alpine, and Kirkwood, the civil engineers appointed by the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal to examine and report on the subject:— "Although the magnificent canals on the St. Law-

rence are in perfect order, and have been in operation since 1849, with a system of railways also in operation for two years, running from Quebec, and connecting with all points south and west, yet, up to the close of 1856, the St. Lawrence route had only succeeded in attracting fifteen per cent. of the Western Canadian and Western United States' trade, eighty-five per cent. of that trade passing through the Erie Canal and over the railways of the State of New York."

All these matters, and many others, I studied that night upon the St. Lawrence. At seven in the morning, with a clear bright sky above us, we arrived within sight of Cape Diamond and the imposing fortifications of Quebec. By half past seven we had passed Wolfe's Landing and the Heights of Abraham, where the battle was fought that decided the fortunes of America; and at eight were safely landed in the quaintest and most remarkable city of the New World.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEBEC.

May, 1858.

To Quebec belongs the distinction of being the most antique, the most quaint, the most picturesque, and in many respects, both historical and strategical, the most important city on the North American continent; and, before attempting either to describe it or to record the reflections excited by its singular history, a few words on the very doubtful point of the origin of its name may neither be uninteresting nor inappropriate. The names both of Canada and of Quebec have long puzzled etymologists, and, rampant, fiery, and ungovernable as may be the etymological hobby—a very Pegasus careering through all the sciences, and through all knowledge, sacred and profane, ancient and modern — it cannot be denied that inquiries into the derivations of words and names of places, if fairly conducted, may conduce to instruction, and throw new light upon old subjects, both in the highways and byways of History and Literature.

The name of Canada is supposed by one class of etymologists to have been derived from the Spaniards, and by a second from the native Indians. Father Hennepin, a Jesuit writer, states that the Spaniards first discovered Canada—a very doubtful point, however—and that, finding nothing on the coasts that came up to their expectations or excited their cupidity, they called it the "Capo di Nada," or "Cape Nothing," whence, by abbreviation, Canada. Charlevoix, a later French writer, repeats the story, and adds that the natives of Gaspé, on the St. Lawrence, were in the habit of repeating to the French navigators of the days of Jacques Cartier, the real discoverer of the St. Lawrence and of Canada, two words which they had picked up from the Spanish adventurers of an earlier date, "Aca nada," or "Nothing here;" and that the French mistook their expression and imagined that the name of the country was Acanada, or Canada. The French have laid no claim to the word, though it may be mentioned as singular that in the Walloon country of Belgium, and in the neighbouring French territory, where the same dialect is spoken, a potato is called a canada. But the Indian derivation seems the most probable. Both on the Canadian and the New York side of the St.

Lawrence occur Indian names of places of which the word Caugh is the leading syllable. Thus, opposite Lachin is Caugh-na-waga, or the Village of the Rapids, Caugh-na-daigha, or Canandaigua, in the county of Genessee, in the State of New York; and Onon-daugha, or Onondaga in the same State. Caugh-na-daugh, pronounced by the Iroquois Indians Cah-na-dah, signifies a village of huts, or a town; and the word seems to have been adopted by the French in the time of Jacques Cartier. Wherever they found an Indian village in their intercourse with the natives from Gaspé to Sault St. Louis, they asked its name, and were invariably answered Caugh-na-daugh, and thence believed that the word was the name of the whole country.

Whether this be or be not the true solution is now difficult, and perhaps impossible, to decide; but it seems fortunate that so large and fine a country has a good and sounding name of its own, whencesoever it may have been derived. In this respect, as well as in some others, Canada has an advantage over the "United States of America"—a phrase which designates, but does not name, the country. And equally difficult is it to know whence came the name of Quebec. The Iroquois Indians

called the place Staugh-Daugh-Cona, or Stadacona; and the Hurons, a small remnant of whom still lingers in the neighbourhood, called it Tia-ton-ta-rili, or the "place of the narrows." Champlain, who has given his own name to the large and beautiful lake that lies between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson, says that the word Quebec is of Indian or Algonquin origin, and signifies a "strait." Charlevoix, who wrote nearly a century after Champlain, repeats the statement; but the Indians themselves deny that there is any such word in their language or dialects, and universally agree that it is of French origin. La Potherie, who wrote on the discoveries of Jacques Cartier, relates that the Norman crew of that distinguished navigator, on catching the first glimpse of the imposing Promontory of Cape Diamond, on which the citadel of Quebec now stands, exclaimed, "*Quel bec!*"—what a beak! or promontory—and hence the name. But although this derivation seems improbable, if not absurd, it leads inquiry towards Normandy, and to the early settlers in New France, as Canada was then called, as to the true source of the word. As there is a town called Caudebec on the Seine — as there is the Abbey of Bec-Hallouin, in Normandy—may there not have been some hamlet, bourg, fief, or castle,

named Quebec, of which the name was transferred to the New World by some immigrant Norman adventurer and native of the place? This supposition was at one time greatly strengthened by the discovery of a mutilated seal of the famous William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry V. of England. This seal, engraved in *Edmonstone's Heraldry*, bears in the legend the distinct syllables "Quebec" and "Suffolchiæ;" and, as the greater portion of the legend is broken off, the gap was thus conjecturally supplied:—SIGILLUM WILLIELMI DE LA POLE, COMITIS SUFFOLCHIÆ, DOMINUS DE HAMBURY, ET DE QUEBEC. "This," says the writer in Hawkins' excellent "Picture of Quebec," published in that city in 1834, "proves *beyond doubt* that Quebec was a town, castle, barony, or domain, which the powerful Earl of Suffolk either held in his own right, or as Governor for the King in Normandy, or some other of the English possessions in France." But, though there was no doubt in the mind of the local historian, there would, perhaps, have been a very considerable doubt had he consulted "Dugdale's Baronage" for the titles of William de la Pole. In vol. ii., page 186, of the folio edition of 1675-6, occurs the following passage:—"In 4 Henry V. this William was

retained by indentures to serve the King in his wars of France with thirty men-at-arms, whereof himself to be one, five knights, twenty-four esquires, and ninety archers. * * * In remuneration of which and other services, he then obtained a grant to himself and the heirs male of his body of the Castles of HAMBOR and BREQUEBEC, with their appurtenances, as also of all the fees and inheritances which Sir Fulke Pagnell, Knight, possessed within the duchy of Normandy, being then of the yearly value of three thousand and five hundred scutes."

Thus it appears that William de la Pole was Lord of *Brequebec* and not of *Quebec*, and this explanation suggests that on the mutilated seal the first syllable (Bre) may have been broken off. Brequebec, or, as it is now called, Bricquebec, is a village eight miles from Valognes, in Normandy, between Cherbourg and St. Malo, and possesses the ruins of an ancient castle, with a lofty donjon keep, eighty feet high. It was taken from the family of Paynell, Paganel, or Paisnel, after the battle of Agincourt, and bestowed by Henry V. on the Earl of Suffolk, as stated in Dugdale. So the etymology founded upon the authority of the imperfect seal must fall to the ground; and we must

either look for some other French town, castle, or bourg named Quebec without the "Bre," or the "Bric," or discover a more probable derivation.

It appears that an early French writer, Le Père du Creux, writes the word in Latin,—Kebeccum; and that, in Major Wally's "Journal of the Expedition against Canada under Sir William Phipps, in 1690," the place is called Cabeck. Is not the last-mentioned the real clue, after all, to the difficulty? The western extremity of the long promontory of which the citadel of Quebec forms the eastern termination is called Carouge, an abbreviation of Cap Rouge; and may not Cabeck be in the same manner derived from Cap Bec? The name, said to have been given to it by the sailors of Jacques Cartier, was Bec, or promontory, whence the transitions to Cape Beck, Cap Bec, Cabeck, Kebbeck, and Quebec, are so simple as to require even less than the usual amount of etymological stretching to make them fit. But if the name of the Cape have been given to the city, as seems most probable, the Cape itself has lost its original designation, and is now called Cape Diamond.

I had not been many hours in Quebec before I stood at the wall of the citadel, overlooking the river from a dizzy height of three hundred feet—the

standard of Great Britain floating over my head; the red-coated soldiers of my native land pacing their rounds, and suggesting, by their arms, their dress, their accoutrements, their whole look and bearing, the dear old country, from which I was separated by so many thousand miles of ocean; and on the soil of whose noblest colony I stood.

And the panorama, stretching on every side, had all the elements of grandeur and loveliness to impress itself vividly upon the memory and the imagination. The wintry snows, though it was in the second week of May, had not entirely disappeared from the landscape, but glittered in the distance in patches like the white tents of some immense army; or lingered, in still larger wreaths, on the high banks of the opposite side of the St. Lawrence; though on the Quebec side, having a southward aspect, they had long since disappeared. The sky was beautifully clear, and distant objects seemed closer to the eye than in the mellower and hazier atmosphere of home. At the feet of the spectator, one hundred yards in perpendicular descent, and closely huddled against the rock, lay the old city—picturesque, narrow, and crooked—a Transatlantic Edinburgh—with its castle-crowned height and bristling citadel: but

possessing an advantage over Edinburgh in the broad and majestic river at the base of the precipice. To the west were the Heights of Abraham, and the path up the rocks to the Plains, famous in history as the battle-field where Wolfe, the young and immortal General of thirty-two, gained Canada for Great Britain, and wrested from the French their American empire. Opposite were the Heights of Pointe Levi and the town of New Liverpool. Away to the east was the beautiful island of Orleans, where Jacques Cartier landed on his second voyage, and called it the Island of Bacchus—for its beauty and fertility, and the number of wild grapes he found growing there; an Island, thirty miles long, dividing the broad St. Lawrence into two currents; while the river itself, blue and beautiful, and studded with vessels, of all sizes, wound its majestic way to the ocean. The white sails of the ships and boats gleamed in the sunshine, and gave both beauty and animation to the scene; while, close to the edges of the stream, the "booms," in which the "lumber" or timber, which forms so large a portion of the wealth of Canada, was inclosed previous to its shipment for Europe and the United States, suggested the idea that Quebec was not merely a war citadel and

fortress, but the important centre of a lucrative and increasing commerce.

Even had the spot been unassociated with the historic and heroic incidents that have made it one of the most memorable on the surface of the globe, it would be difficult for any cultivated mind to refuse the homage of admiration to its natural advantages and its romantic loveliness. Within the citadel is a monument erected to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm—a small obelisk, bearing the names of the mighty dead: Wolfe on one side of the tetragon, Montcalm on the other; and recalling by their juxtaposition in death and in history, as well as on the monument, the lines of Sir Walter Scott on two very different heroes:—

> "The solemn echo seems to cry
> Here let their discord with them die;
> But, search the land of living men,
> Where wilt thou find their like again?"

And if their rivalry, just one hundred years ago, had taken another turn, what would have happened? If Montcalm had vanquished Wolfe, or Wolfe had failed to scale the Heights of Abraham, and drag up his one gun to the Plains, what—if we are justified at all in entering into such inquiries—would have been the

condition of North America at the present time? Nay, what would have been the condition of our ancient Europe? Wolfe's victory, and the fast-following conquest of Canada, were, there cannot be a doubt, among the most powerful of the reasons which induced the French Monarchy to lend its aid to the revolted subjects of the British colonies in America, and which brought to George Washington the chivalrous aid of Lafayette, and procured for the United States that independence of England which under other circumstances they might not perhaps have enjoyed to this day. And that noble struggle, in which Lafayette and his Frenchmen played so distinguished a part, had its influence in Europe, and wrought so powerfully upon the minds of the French people as not only to predispose them for the events of 1789, but to exasperate and impel them. American Liberty was the mother of the French Revolution. It was the example of Washington and Franklin that helped to raise up the early zealots of 1789 to attempt in the Old World what was so splendidly accomplished in the New. If Montcalm had been the conqueror instead of Wolfe, and if Canada had remained French, Louis XVI. might not have lost his head on the scaffold; no Robespierre and Danton might

have proved themselves the fanatics of Liberty; no Napoleon Bonaparte might have arisen like a fiery meteor to illumine and affright the world; and the mighty Republic of the United States might have been what Canada now is—a free and a prosperous colony of the British Crown. It is difficult in such a spot as Quebec—the military key to North America, and where the great event associated for ever with the name of Wolfe was decided—to avoid indulging more or less in reflections of this kind. Such trains of thought are the homage demanded by the *genius loci*, and he who does not pay it may be as wise as an owl, and possibly as insensible.

Quebec has greatly outgrown its original limits; and the large suburb of St. John's stretching far beyond the fortifications of the citadel towards the Plains of Abraham, contains a population which considerably exceeds that of the City proper. The whole population is estimated at about 40,000. The aspect of the old town is essentially French, while the suburb partakes more of the Anglo-Saxon character; but not so much so as to destroy the predominant French element. The monasteries, convents, churches, and cathedrals vindicate by their architecture the country of their founders, and are

the main ornaments of Quebec. Indeed it may be said that, without exception, the ugliest building in the city—the wharves on the river side excepted—is the English Episcopal Church, or perhaps it should be called Cathedral, as it boasts an English Bishop. The Roman Catholic churches have more pretensions to architectural beauty; and the tin roofs of the numerous spires and cupolas, glittering in the clear sunlight of the clime like burnished silver, add greatly to the picturesque beauty of the town, and aid in impressing it upon the memory of the traveller.

From the rising ground of Mount Pleasant, forming the eastern ledge of the Plains or Heights of Abraham —where I was lodged in the hospitable abode of one of the principal merchants—the view over the valley of the Charles River to the long, straggling village of Beauport was suggestive, like that of the panorama of the St. Lawrence, of a densely-peopled and highly cultivated country. The whole land seemed to swarm with life, and to be cut up into little farms—each farmhouse in the centre of its own square, like a pawn upon a chessboard. The French Canadians, like the French at home, have divided and subdivided the land *ad infinitum*, until they have well-nigh exhausted the fertility of the soil. Instead of

spreading out into the wilderness as population increased, they have preferred to remain upon the narrow strips on the banks of the river where their forefathers first effected a settlement, while for miles beyond them lies the virgin forest, ready for the axe and the plough, and capable of maintaining a numerous population, both of agriculturists and traders. But Jean Baptiste, as the *habitant* is called, is a quiet, good soul, strongly attached to his paternal four acres, or one acre, as the case may be, and has not the restless spirit of enterprise within him that carries the Yankee or the Englishman into the busy world to carve himself a fortune. He loves to linger around the church, and would rather live upon a small pittance within its shadow than quintuple his income, or rise to wealth, in a new and ruder district. In the still busy and fertile valley of the Richelieu, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, already described, the same feeling and practice prevail, and the same results have ensued. The land is so subdivided and exhausted that a district which once annually exported large quantities of wheat, now scarcely grows enough for the consumption of its own inhabitants. This defect in the character of the people appears to be ineradicable, and threatens to produce in Canada a state of things

though with a difference, such as that which existed in Ireland prior to the famine and plague of 1847-8-9, and which made the government of Ireland the greatest difficulty with which the Crown of England ever had to contend. The New World, with its boundless agricultural resources, would seem at the first glance to be too large for pauperism; but it must be confessed that the past history and present condition of the French colonists of Lower or Eastern Canada justify the fear that this plague of Europe may be introduced into America, and that as was the case in Ireland, the social disease may be aggravated by questions of race and religion. Yet when the evil attains its climax there will doubtless be a remedy; and the *habitans*, pushed into the wilderness by a necessity from which there will be no means of escape, will not have so far to travel in search of new fields and fresh pastures as their fellow-sufferers of the Green Isle. If those who see or suggest the possibility of such a growth of circumstances be not open to the accusation of looking somewhat too far into the uncertain future, should not those who have it in their power to direct public opinion in Canada, and especially among the descendants of the early French, warn the people while it is yet time? A rich Church and a poor,

contented, and simple-minded people form one sort of Arcadia; but it is not the Arcadia of Englishmen, or of any branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; neither is it an Arcadia for the perpetuation of which they are likely to contribute any portion of their own hard-won earnings.

Every visitor to Quebec, unless his heart be utterly ossified by the pursuits of trade and deadened to all sentiment, pays a visit to the Plains of Abraham, to the spot where Wolfe fell, marked by an obelisk; and to the steep path up the cliff from the shore, at the place now called Wolfe's Cove. The drive over the Plains to Cap Rouge would well repay the visitor by the beauty of the scenery, even were there no such history attached to the ground as to hallow it by the reminiscences of patriotic heroism and glorious death. The road runs parallel with the St. Lawrence from Cape to Cape, and the river bank is studded with the villas of the merchants of Quebec, each with its surrounding groves and gardens. The cultivated and inclosed ground has gradually occupied the battle-field and its approaches, so that it is now difficult to trace the actual scene of the conflict; but in the very heart of the battle, on the spot where Wolfe fell mortally wounded, a stone was erected in 1834—

seventy-five years after the event — bearing the following simple and eloquent inscription:—

HERE DIED

WOLFE,

VICTORIOUS.

Better in 1834 than never; but it was not creditable to the British Government that three-quarters of a century should have been suffered to elapse ere this tribute was paid to the gallant soldier and man of genius, who won for Britain so splendid a prize as Canada, and sealed the purchase with his blood. In the history of this great struggle it should always be remembered, to the enhancement—if that be possible—of the pure fame of Wolfe, that he and his army of Britons scorned to accept the murderous aid of the Indian tomahawk, and that, as far as Great Britain was concerned, it was a fair fight with fair weapons. When Montcalm was told that Wolfe had landed above the town, and made good his footing on the Plains, he refused to give credence to a fact so unexpected and alarming. "It must only be Wolfe and a small party," he said, "come to burn a few houses, look about him, and return." When no longer able to doubt that Wolfe, with

a goodly force of British troops, and the Grenadiers burning to wipe off the stigma of a previous repulse at Montmorenci, were in actual military possession of the Plains, and of the approaches to Quebec, "Then," said he, "they have got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. Therefore we must endeavour to crush them by our numbers, and SCALP them all by twelve o'clock." Montcalm, though he did not hesitate to employ the Indians and their scalping knives, was, perhaps, allowed no discretion in the matter by his superiors at home, and was not otherwise an ungenerous foe. He, too, lost his life in the struggle; and, ere dying, paid the British forces and Wolfe—who expired several hours before him—this magnanimous compliment: "Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning, with one-third the number of British troops."

It is difficult to decide which of these two great soldiers is most beloved by the existing generation of Lower Canadians. There is sympathy for the fate, and glory for the name, of both. It is no longer

bad taste for an Anglo-Saxon to praise Wolfe in the presence of a French Canadian, or for a French Canadian to glory before a British settler in the deeds and character of Montcalm. Time has effaced all jealousies, and to the victor and the vanquished are alike accorded the tribute of history and the love and respect of posterity.

Quebec possesses the beautiful public cemetery of Mount Hermon, two miles from the city, on the road to Cap Rouge. From every point of the grounds is to be obtained a fine view of the St. Lawrence, rolling far beneath the feet of the spectator the abundant current of its waters. Seen from that height, it seems to repose as calmly as the bosom of a mountain lake, and gives no evidence of the strength and majesty with which it sweeps to the Atlantic. The grounds of Mount Hermon are very tastefully laid out and planted; and, while sufficiently near to the city for convenience, are too distant to justify the fear that any possible increase of Quebec will ever render the cemetery intramural. Here, at the extremity of a leafy avenue, lies, under a handsome monument, erected by the liberality of his sympathizing countrymen, the body of John Wilson, the once-celebrated Scottish vocalist, who died of Asiatic cholera, in Quebec, in 1849. But the solitudes of

Mount Hermon possess a more melancholy and a more interesting grave than this. In one long trench, two deep, one above the other, buried with their clothes on, as they died, lie no less than two hundred and sixty-two persons of all ages. Here are grandfathers and grandmothers, sons and daughters, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and little children—who all perished in the burning of the steam-ship *Montreal,* bound from Glasgow to Montreal, in June, 1857. The sad calamity excited a painful sensation throughout Canada, as well as in Scotland, from which nearly all the emigrants came. They were all of the best class of farmers and mechanics, mostly strong young men, with their wives and families, who had saved a little capital by prudence and thrift in the Old Country, and came hither in all the pride of health and strength, and in the flush of hope and enterprise, to try their fortune on a new soil. They had passed in safety through all the perils of the Atlantic; and for upwards of six hundred miles through the Gulf and River of the St. Lawrence, with the land of their adoption within an arrow's flight on either side of their ship. As the noble vessel passed Quebec on her way to Montreal, the people on the wharves and on the fortifications turned out to look at her; and

one who had been a sailor, and had a keen eye for all the appurtenances of a ship, remarked to a comrade, "That vessel is on fire!" And so it proved. She had not steamed above two miles past Wolfe's Cove when the flames burst out; and the captain, as the only chance of safety, drove her on shore on a narrow ledge of rock between Wolfe's Cove and Cap Rouge. Unfortunately, there were ten feet of water on the landward side of the ledge, and the distracted people, listening to no counsel, in their terror to escape from the dread enemy, Fire, leaped by scores and hundreds into the water, knowing nothing of its depth, and hoping to be able to wade ashore. Out of upwards of four hundred souls, only about eighty were rescued; the remainder, including many hapless mothers and their little children, and many beautiful young girls, were drowned within sight—and, had they remained quiet and self-collected for a few moments longer, within reach—of deliverance. And here they lie in one long grave, their very names unknown, save, perhaps, to their sorrowing relatives in Scotland; and, in some instances, where whole families perished together, unknown to living man. Few of the survivors of the calamity remained in Canada. There seemed to their minds to be a curse upon the country; and they

returned to the old land in despair. The loss to Canada was great. They were the very class of emigrants the most needed, and the most useful; and their combined capital, and the use they could have made of it within four or five years, represented at least half a million of pounds sterling. The Canadians came forward on the occasion with a generosity that did them honour. The Scotch particularly distinguished themselves by the liberality of their subscriptions for the relief of the survivors. Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and other cities contributed large sums to the fund. It seemed to me, when standing upon the spot, that few graves could be more affecting. The mounds raised over heroes slain in battle, or the trenches into which are thrust the victims of a plague, may appeal strongly to the sympathies of those who in the presence of Death remember humbly and reverentially their own humanity; but the grave of hope, of health, of strength, of youth, and of infancy, all mingled together by the accident of one moment —by one tick of the great pendulum of Fate— appeals still more potently both to the heart and the imagination.

Closely adjoining Mount Hermon, and on the same Heights of Abraham, is Spencer Wood, the summer

residence of the Governors-General of Canada, through the pleasant grounds of which our party strolled at will for upwards of an hour, ere we proceeded to an equally pleasant though smaller villa, where an English gentleman retired from the British army to cultivate a Canadian estate, awaited our coming, and gave us a hospitable welcome.

But, though the Heights of Abraham and the road to Cap Rouge are among the first drives or walks taken by every visitor to Quebec who has time at his command, they are not the only excursions that should be made by those who have an eye for the picturesque, and who desire to enjoy the beauties of a land that is pre-eminently the land of torrents and waterfalls—a land that is even more musical with the voice of streams than Scotland or Switzerland, and that possesses, in addition to the world's wonder, the great Niagara, such splendid cataracts as those of Montmorenci, Lorette, and the Chaudière. The ride to the Falls of Montmorenci, and that equally picturesque to the village and Falls of Lorette, cannot be omitted by any traveller who dares to say, on his return to Europe, that he has been to Quebec. The ride to Montmorenci, through the long village of Beauport, is only interesting from the glimpses which it affords

of French Canadian peasant life. The fine church, the mean cottage, and the cross by the wayside, are all familiar objects to him who has travelled in Europe; but Beauport possesses characteristics of its own, which are due to the climate rather than to the people. The village (the head-quarters of Montcalm in 1759) extends nearly the whole distance from Quebec to Montmorenci, straggling on both sides of the way, each house presenting itself to the road diagonally, with a sharp corner. The front door is reached by a high flight of steps;—both arrangements being essential to the comfort of the people in the long and severe winters of Canada. The cornerwise implacement of the houses allows the wintry winds to carry to the rear the snow which might in other circumstances be drifted to the front; and the high door is necessary for the safe egress and ingress of the people to their homes, in seasons when the accumulated snowfall is often ten or twelve feet in depth. The windows of nearly every one of these cottages were so profusely filled with flowers as to challenge a stranger's attention, not only to their beauty and choiceness, but to the elegant taste of the wives and daughters of the *habitans*, of whose love of floriculture they afforded such pleasant proofs.

The Montmorenci River discharges itself into the St. Lawrence over a high precipitous bank of nearly two hundred feet;—a very noble cataract. The winter seldom lays its icy touch upon the waters with such severity as to arrest the current, but every year the spray cast upwards by the torrent is frozen ere it falls, and sprinkles the banks and the ice of the lower stream with showers of snow, which form a cone or hill at a short distance from the Fall. In cold weather this cone often rises as high as the upper level of the rock from which the river leaps. It is a favourite diversion of the citizens of Quebec, when the winter forbids all business, and nothing is to be thought of unless it be pleasure, or the balancing of the gains and losses of the previous spring and summer, to make excursions to Montmorenci, and give the young folks or the ladies a slide down the cone in cars constructed for the purpose. At the time of my visit, though the spring was far advanced, the cone still remained about forty feet in height, and the river, at the base of the Fall, was thickly coated with ice. From one point of the rock, on the eastern side of the gorge, a fine view of Quebec, glittering at a distance of seven miles to the west, is to be obtained; while east-

ward stretches the Island of Orleans, with its superabundant wild grapes, its sunny shores, and its fertile hills and valleys.

There is within the limits of the British isles one spot from which a view equally grand and extensive is to be had, and that is at the very summit of Strone Point, in the Firth of Clyde;—a place seldom visited, but which may be recommended to all pedestrians and lovers of the grand and romantic in scenery who find themselves on a summer day at Greenock, Kilmun, Dunoon, or any other of the beautiful watering-places for which the Clyde is celebrated, and who may wish to see at small effort, and without the necessity of crossing the Atlantic, a resemblance to the most romantic scenery of Canada.

The Falls of Lorette are not so picturesque as those of Montmorenci, but are well worthy of a visit, not only for their own beauty, but for their close proximity to the Indian village of Lorette, where resides the last scanty remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Hurons, the former lords and possessors of Canada. Paul, the chief or king of the tribe, is both the most exalted and the most respectable member of the tribe, and carries on with success, by means of the female

members of his family, a trade in the usual Indian toys and nicknacks which strangers love to purchase, and in his own person cultivates a farm in a manner that proves him to be a skilful and thrifty agriculturist. His aged mother and her sister, the "Queen of the Hurons," received us hospitably in their neatly-furnished cottage; and the latter, eighty years of age, whom we regaled with a quart of Bass's pale ale, which she relished exceedingly, and drank off at two draughts, showed us a silver medal which she had received from Alderman Garratt, Lord Mayor of London, in 1825, when she and her late husband, the "King," had visited London, to urge some claim of territorial right upon the British Government. The old lady, in return for the interest I had expressed in her, and, perhaps, also, to show her gratitude for the bitter ale, obligingly told my fortune by looking at my palm, and refused to receive fee or reward for her pains. What the fortune predicted was, and whether it has come true, need not be told, further than it was just as favourable and just as true as that with which any gipsy nearer home could have flattered me. And any one more like a gipsy than the "Queen of the Hurons" I never saw. I could not help believing,

when I looked upon her, and as I do when I recall her to my mind, that the red men of the New World and the gipsies of the Old are one people; the same in their features, build, and habits; in their restless and wandering mode of life; in their claims to the power of divination; and in their incapability of enduring continuous hard labour, or reaching any high degree of civilization.

CHAPTER XVI.

TORONTO.

From Montreal to Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway is a long day's journey of 333 miles. The line passes by or near the towns of Cornwall, Prescott, Brookville, Kingston, Belleville, Coburg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oswaka and others, of which the populations vary in numbers from 1,800 at Port Hope, to 16,000 at Kingston. By taking the rail, the traveller misses all the scenery of the St. Lawrence, the Rapids, and the Thousand Isles, but as these are seen to greater advantage in descending the river, and as there is no possibility of shooting the rapids, except with the current, the rail is the most expeditious mode of travelling from Montreal westwards, and the steamer by far the best and most agreeable for travellers going east. I therefore left unvisited until my return, the Thousand Isles and the Rapids, and bidding a temporary farewell to the pleasant city of Montreal, started for Toronto, at seven in the

TORONTO.—CANADA WEST.

morning. The scenery after we lost sight of the hills of Montreal, and the glistening spires and cupolas of the city, soon ceased to be picturesque, and all the way to Kingston, a distance of 173 miles, was flat and monotonous in the extreme. Our train was composed of five long cars of a construction precisely similar to that of the comfortless travelling kennels used in the United States; and the method of taking the tickets, and of allowing to the conductor the entire control over moneys received from the passengers who enter at the principal or at the intermediate stations, without the preliminary purchase of tickets, was exactly the same. Soon after leaving Kingston our course for upwards of 150 miles skirted the shore of Ontario. The lake was on this occasion roughened by a storm that made its broad expanse far more picturesque than the flat, unvarying panorama on the landward side; from whence, ever and anon, as our train stopped, we could hear the loud croaking of multitudes of frogs, which, from their power of lung, must have been of a considerably larger species than the largest bull-frogs of the Old World. I was informed by a passenger that these were the "veritable nightingales of Canada," and that their croak sounded uncommonly like the words "strong rum, strong

rum." Our train reached its destination in little more than fourteen hours and a quarter, arriving at twenty minutes past nine in the evening, only five minutes after the advertised time. Such punctuality as this it was never before my good fortune to witness on any railway in America, and the speed, nearly twenty-nine miles an hour, including stoppages, was greater than the average rate of travelling in the States. Having taken up my quarters at the Rossin House, a monster hotel,—the largest in Canada—conducted by an American on the American principle, I sallied out in the morning to take my first look at the legislative capital for the time being of the two Canadas.

The contrast between Toronto and the cities of Canada East was so marked and striking, that it was some time before I could persuade myself that I was not back again in the United States. In Montreal and Quebec the solid, substantial aspect of the houses, the streets, the churches and public buildings, continually suggests the idea of Europe. Everything seems to have the slow growth of centuries, as in France, Germany, and England. The streets seem to have arranged themselves to the wants of successive generations, and to have been made straight or crooked, wide or narrow, according

to the need or caprice of the moment, and not in pursuance of any pre-devised plan. But Toronto, a thing of yesterday, a mere mushroom, compared with the antiquity of Montreal and Quebec, though rivalling the one, and exceeding the other in trade and population, is built upon the American principle, which loves the economy of straight lines, asserts the necessity of system, prefers the chess-board to the maze, and the regularity of art to the picturesque irregularity of nature. It is first the plan and then the city; not the city in the first instance, to grow afterwards, or to cease to grow as it pleases, as was the case with all cities more than two hundred years old.

The streets are long and straight. There is no more crookedness in them than there is in Philadelphia; and they all run at right angles to the Lake; and one of them—York Street—is supposed on the map to stretch away—straighter than an arrow's flight—to Lake Simcoe, nearly forty miles distant. There is a Yankee look about the whole place, which it is impossible to mistake; a pushing, thriving, business-like, smart appearance in the people and in the streets; in the stores, in the banks, and in the churches. I could not but observe, too, that there was a much larger predominance of Scotch names over the doors than I

had previously seen in any other city of America. Looked upon from any part of itself, Toronto does not greatly impress the imagination; but seen from the deck of one of the ferry steam-boats that ply at regular intervals between the city and the long low strip of a peninsula that, at a distance of four miles from the shore, protects the harbour, it has all the air of wealth and majesty that belongs to a great city. Its numerous church-spires and public buildings; its wharves, factories, and tall chimneys, mark it for what it is—a busy, thriving, and expanding place. In the year 1793, the spot on which it stands was covered with a dense forest, amid which, close to the lake, might be seen the wigwams of the Mississagua Indians. The site was fixed upon by Governor Simcoe, and the future town named York, in honour of the duke of York, then a favourite with the British army; and the ground cleared in 1794. The Parliament of Upper Canada met here in 1797. But the growth of the place was not rapid; for, in 1821, a quarter of a century after its foundation, it contained but 250 houses and 1,336 inhabitants. During the next nine years its progress was more satisfactory; and its ambition was great enough to draw upon it the ill-will of other struggling places

upon the Lake, by whose inhabitants it was called in derision "Little York," "Dirty Little York," and "Muddy Little York." But "Little York" was well situated; its early inhabitants knew how to turn its advantages to account; and by rapid steps it became the seat of a large trade and of very considerable manufactures—amongst which those of furniture and machinery are now the most important. The name of Toronto, derived from the original Indian appellation of a collection of wigwams that once stood upon the same site, and signifying "the meeting place," was adopted in the year 1834, at which time it had become a flourishing place of about 10,000 inhabitants. Since that period its progress has been greater than that of any other city in Canada. In ten years it nearly doubled its population, which, in 1844, amounted to 18,420. In 1851 the population had increased to 30,755, and in the spring of 1858 to upwards of 50,000. The number of houses in the city is 7,476, of which 3,212 have been built since 1850. The amount of real property within its limits is assessed at 7,288,150*l.*; the yearly value of which is estimated for purposes of local taxation at 437,289*l.* The value of personal property is estimated at 1,296,616*l.* Independently of the real

property in the hands of citizens, the corporation of the city holds property in public buildings, lands, and water lots, estimated at upwards of 430,000*l.*, and yearly increasing in value.

Toronto possesses no less than four daily newspapers, one of which, the *Globe*, circulates every morning about 19,000 copies; and the editor and proprietor of which is a member of the Legislature and acknowledged leader of the Opposition in the Lower House. The other daily papers, the *Leader*, the *Colonist*, and the *Atlas*, are also widely circulated, and conducted with much ability. The weekly and semi-weekly papers are too numerous to specify, and betoken by their success an amount of intellectual activity among the people that is not to be found in any city or town of the same size in the Old country, or, indeed, anywhere out of London. It also possesses two small newspapers, of a class of which *Punch* is almost the only representative in England, and which have never yet been successfully established in any city of the United States; the *Poker* and the *Grumbler*—each a *Punch* in its way—without the illustrative wood engravings which make *Punch* so attractive. The Canadians seem to have more of the British and Irish relish for wit than exists among the people

of the United States; who, if they enjoy broad humour, are for the most part, unless they have travelled in Europe, or are *littérateurs* by profession, quite unable to appreciate wit.

Toronto possesses a well-endowed university, several colleges and public schools, and may be said to have set an example to all Canada in the cause of public education. It also possesses a park for the health and recreation of the people, as well as for the amenity of the city, objects of which the necessity has not unfortunately been so manifest in other cities both in Canada and the United States, as to induce either the early founders, or the existing municipalities of the most populous among them to look so far into the future, or even into the wants of the present, as to purchase land for purposes so desirable.

The legislature was in full session on my arrival; and having the honour of the acquaintance of one actual and three ex-ministers, and of half-a-dozen members of the lower house, I was speedily made free of both Chambers, and admitted to all such privileges of the floor as can be accorded to any one not actually a member. The proceedings were almost if not quite as devoid of ceremonial and formality as the State legislatures of the American

Union. Indeed, the only difference that I could discover was, that at the back of the Speaker's chair were the royal arms of Great Britain, and on the table before him, as in the House of Commons at home, a large silver-gilt mace—"that bauble," as Cromwell called it.

The "show-places" of Toronto, after the Houses of Parliament, are the University, the normal and model school, under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, to whom education in Canada owes much; and the furniture manufactory of Messrs. Jacques and Hay. All these establishments are not only interesting in themselves, but suggestive of the present importance and future progress of Canada. At the manufactory of Messrs. Jacques and Hay may be seen the production by machinery of furniture *en gros* from the commonest stool, chair, table, or bedstead required for the log-hut of the humblest settler in the wilderness, to the most costly ottoman and fauteuil demanded by the luxury of the richest merchant. Walnut wood, so expensive in England, is in Canada among the cheapest of the woods of which furniture is made.

Toronto has a great future before it. For the last ten years its progress has been such as to justify the expectation that it will rival if not surpass Chi-

cago, and Milwaukie, still further west, for it has advantages not possessed by either of these cities, and which will indubitably be turned to proper account, when Canada shall be properly known to the emigrants of the British Isles. At present, the great tide of emigration sets to the United States. Hereafter, it is more than probable that Canada will be the favourite.

In looking at the vast capabilities of the two Canadas,—in considering the climate, so much more congenial to the hardy races of the British Isles than that of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, —in considering, above all things, the fact that the immigrant into the Canadas enters into the enjoyment of a much greater degree of political liberty than is possessed in the United States, and that he does not thereby cut himself entirely adrift from the protection and relationship of the old and dear mother country, with which he is associated by so many tender ties of memory and sympathy, one cannot but feel surprise that the Canadas do not absorb a far larger proportion of the overflow of the teeming population of Great Britain and Ireland.

For one Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman who fixes his lot in Canada, ten Englishmen, Scotch-

men, and Irishmen try their fortunes in the United States; not because there is cheaper, better, and more abundant land to be had; not because there is a greater amount of rational liberty, or a lighter amount of local and imperial taxation; but apparently from a vague fear that a day must come when the Canadians will have to struggle for their freedom and do over again what was done by the people of the United States in the days of Washington. There seems to be a dread that the battle for independence will have to be fought against England. Emigrants do not choose to run the risk of such a struggle, and to do such violence to their feelings as to take arms against the land of their love and of their childhood; against the land where rest the bones of their fathers; against which they have and can have no natural or even political animosity. If such be the idea or the instinct of the mass of emigrants, nothing can be more erroneous, as far as we can judge from the present politics, interests, and feelings of the Canadians; and as far also as we can judge from the tone and temper, and let us hope, the increased wisdom of the British Government. Should the Canadians ever wish to be independent, they have but to say the word, and the British people, so far from supporting the Government in any attempt to

thwart their wishes, will say, "Go! God bless you! May you increase and prosper! You are blood of our blood, and bone of our bone; and all that we desire of you—as we should desire of our dearest son—is that you should flourish, pay your own way, cease to be a burden or an expense to us, and remain for ever our dearest friend and best customer." The same feeling would influence the Government whether it were Liberal or Conservative. The mistakes of George III. could no more be repeated in our day, than the mistakes of King John or James II.; and Great Britain warned by experience, and having learned wisdom in adversity—and having, moreover, a truer appreciation of the value of Colonies, and of the duty of the queen bee to the swarms that she sends forth, could not fall into the errors committed in the bygone and almost antediluvian times of Washington and Lafayette. Public opinion has grown too strong for the commission of such blunders, and would not tolerate their repetition, even if a Ministry could be found in our day wrong-headed and foolhardy enough to repeat them. And while the loyalty of the Canadas is an established fact, it is equally established on the other side, that the Canadas must make their own way in the world, fight their own battle, and take their own choice.

Great Britain, like a fond mother, will rejoice in their prosperity, even though it be acquired by their independence.

These considerations, if properly weighed and understood in the British Isles, will in due time cause a far larger stream of emigration to flow towards those noble provinces, and to the yet undeveloped wildernesses of the Red River and the Saskatchewan, than the superior attractions, though not the superior advantages, of the United States have yet permitted,—and further even than these remote regions—across the whole breadth of the continent, to British Columbia, Vancouver, and the shores of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAMILTON, LONDON, AND OTTAWA.

THE flourishing city of Hamilton, in Burlington Bay, may be reached from Toronto, by the Great Western Railway of Canada, in an hour and a half, and by a pleasant drive along the shores of Lake Ontario. Hamilton contains a population of upwards of 30,000, and has from small beginnings made as rapid a progress as any city in Canada. It aspires to rival, and looks with considerable jealousy upon Toronto. The principal journal of Hamilton was, at the time of my arrival, in great spirits at the supposed effects of a recent storm in the Lake, which had made a breach through the long, narrow peninsula—six miles long, and about twenty yards wide—with its row of trees, which protects the harbour of Toronto. In the estimation of the writer, this catastrophe had ruined Toronto as a port. The people of Toronto, however, were of a different opinion, and looked upon the alleged calamity as a piece of great good fortune, in saving them the expense of cutting a previously

projected canal through the very place which the storm had so opportunely broken down.

The inhabitants of Hamilton call it the "ambitious little city;" and if ambition is to be measured by deeds as well as by words, the promise is, in this case, justified by the performance. It is handsomely laid out with broad clean streets, and built upon the level of the Lake. Behind it stretches what its people call "the mountain," but the summit of which is merely the real level of the whole surrounding country—the margin of the great Lake of Ontario, at a time, perhaps fifty or a hundred centuries ago, when its waters were on a height with the upper rapids of Niagara; and when between Kingston and the Thousand Isles there stretched towards Quebec and the Gulf of St. Lawrence that other lake no longer existent, in which Montreal and Bel Œil were islands, and of which the Laurentian range on the one side, and the hills of Vermont on the other, were the boundaries. The position of Hamilton renders it extremely hot and close in the summer months, and such of its inhabitants as can afford the luxury of country villas, betake themselves to the upper plateaux of the "mountain" in search of the cool breezes which are denied them in the

city. It boasts not only a monster hotel on the American principle, but several fine churches and some commercial buildings, which would do honour to St. Paul's Churchyard;—among others that of Mr. M'Iver, whose "dry goods' store" is upon a scale of magnitude that the great wholesale houses of London, whether in St. Paul's Churchyard or elsewhere, have not yet surpassed. Hamilton is of a decidedly Scottish character. Gaelic is often heard in its streets, but not to so great an extent as the Saxon Doric of the Lowlands. The names over the shop doors and stores smack of Sutherlandshire, Inverness-shire, and Argyllshire. There are a few Germans and Irish to be found, as there are in every city of America, but the preponderating race in Hamilton is the Scotch—both Highland and Lowland—all, or the greater part of them, thriving and well-to-do persons. At Montreal, a Highlander introduced himself to me, whose cottage or hut had been unroofed by order of the agents of a great Highland proprietor, and he and his wife and destitute family turned out upon the highway to live or die as they pleased. Resolving not to die, and putting a brave heart to a rough work, he had emigrated to Canada; and, after years of patient industry, had succeeded

in establishing himself as a merchant. Fortune had favoured him; and he had built a mansion on the base of the hill of Montreal almost as large, substantial, and elegant as Spencer House in the Green Park of London, or the Duke of Sutherland's adjoining. And more than one such instance of prosperity, achieved by indomitable Highlanders cleared out of their small holdings by the supposed necessity that impels great proprietors to make sheep-farms of the valleys, and grouse-shootings or deer forests of the hill-tops of the Highlands, were reported to me in Hamilton and in other parts of Canada. The desolate glens of Ballahulish, the bleak moorlands of the Black Mount, and the wide-stretching wildernesses of the Reay Forest, or "Mackay country," have contributed many stout hearts, strong arms, and clear heads to till the soil and develop the resources of Upper Canada; and though no thanks be due to such landlords in Scotland as think more of their rents than of the peasantry—more of money than of men—and who derive a larger revenue from bare hill-sides, where the sheep pasture with one solitary shepherd per square mile to guard them, than from the glens and straths which were formerly cultivated by hun-

dreds of honest men who could fight the battles of their country in days of peril, the result has in numberless instances been to the advantage both of the expatriated people and the new land of their adoption. If Scotland have suffered, Canada has gained; and "there being a soul of goodness in things evil," the pauper of the Old World has, by a little severity—if not too aged and decrepit when the operation was tried upon him—been converted into the flourishing farmer or merchant of the New, by a rough but, perhaps, wholesome process.

Want of time prevented me from extending my journey through the whole length of Western Canada to Sarnia upon the river St. Clair; — a place described by a local poet, whose title-page affirms him to be both "satirical and sentimental"—

> "Sarnia is a thriving town,
> And lately was incorporated,
> Has no rivals to pull her down,
> Nor none against her can be created."

I also intended to visit the large city of Detroit—once on Canadian soil, but now the principal port of Michigan in the United States—but had only time to proceed as far as London, seventy-six miles beyond Hamilton. This place ought assuredly to have received another name. It is as interesting as

any city in Canada for its rapid growth, and more so, perhaps, for the sudden check which its prosperity received, in consequence of the recoil caused by the over-eagerness of land and building speculators to force it into premature importance by inadequate means. The name of the place and river was originally "The Forks;" but when its early founder absurdly chose to call it London, the river, on the high bank of which it is built, was with equal absurdity miscalled the Thames. And now, when it is a city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and when its streets are either planned or laid out in anticipation of the day when it shall number fifty thousand or upwards, the original idea has been carried out to the full extent in the naming of its principal buildings and thoroughfares. Thus, we have in this "Forest City," as it is sometimes called, Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, Covent Garden Market and Theatre, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Grosvenor Street, and other appellations known in the world's metropolis; and the use of which, coupled with the word "London," very often leads to serious mistakes in the post-office, and sends to Europe letters and orders for goods which are intended for Canada. Every one with whom I came in contact during my

visit was loud in denunciation of the folly; and there seemed to be a general wish that the city should receive the name of Huron, as more appropriate and distinctive. When the Anglican Bishop for this part of Canada was appointed, it was intended to call him Bishop of London; but the inconvenience of this adoption of an ecclesiastical title already appropriated was felt to be so excessive, that on the representation of the Home Government, the new prelate was called the Bishop of Huron—a precedent which will, perhaps, lead to the substitution of Huron for London, in the name of a city that deserves, and is important enough, to assert its own individuality. Toronto is infinitely better as the name of a city than York; Ottawa is a vast improvement upon Bytown; and, generally, the Indian names, wherever they can be adopted, are far more sonorous, musical, and appropriate than any names derived from the geography of Europe, or from individuals, illustrious or the reverse, who may have chanced to possess the land on which cities are built.

London had scarcely recovered from the effects of its reverse of fortune at the period of my visit. Its "Great American Hotel" was shut up for want of patronage, and a general depression seemed to

hang over the place. But there can be little doubt, from its situation, on the high road from the Atlantic to the Pacific—or, to speak more moderately, from Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto to Detroit and the Far West—that London will yet become a flourishing place, and justify the sanguine expectations of its early founders. Here, as in Hamilton and Toronto, the Scotch muster in large numbers, and are among the most thriving and respected of the inhabitants.

It was with regret that I left unvisited those rural districts of Upper Canada, where the ultra-Highlanders, turned out of their holdings in the north have founded a new Scotland, and where they unfortunately, in an unwise love of their mother-land, cultivate the Gaelic to the exclusion of the English language; and where with a more pardonable love of country, they keep up the sports and games, the dress and music of the Gael, and are far more Highland in their habits and prejudices than Highlanders at home. After a short stay in London, I turned my steps back towards the east, to accept an invitation to the city of Ottawa, the place selected by Her Majesty in Council as the future capital of the United provinces. Proceeding by rail beyond Toronto to Prescott, a miserable town at the eastern extremity

of Lake Ontario, where it narrows into the St. Lawrence, and threads the mazes of the Thousand Isles, I passed the night in a fourth-rate inn, after the English, and not after the American fashion, and wofully remarked the difference. In the morning I proceeded to the station of the railway, first opened for traffic in December, 1854, and waited for some time the departure of the tardy train, amid a loud and exultant chorus of bull-frogs; amusing myself at times by looking at the frogs, and thinking of the lines of the poet of Sarnia,—

> "This pond is full of toads and frogs,
> And here and there of rotten logs;"

and of his exclamation to the boys who pelted them with stones, when they croaked, "strong rum! strong rum!"

> "Oh, how can man be so unjust
> As thus betray his Maker's trust?
> Yes! tyrant man acts thus unholy,
> His hope of heaven's a *hyperboly!*"

But my principal amusement was to watch the antics of an unconscionably numerous family of little ones belonging to an Irish squatter, who had taken possession of a piece of land by the road-side, and built himself a very respectable log-hut, or wigwam, for it partook more of the nature of a savage than of a civilized edifice. At last we started, and in the course of three hours

got over the distance of fifty-one miles, and arrived safely at Ottawa, on the border line between Upper and Lower Canada—the very place that any intelligent person, unaware of, or making no allowance for established interests or ancient jealousies, would select, after a study of the map, as the most eligible and proper site for the capital of the two Canadas. And if a capital can be artificially created, Ottawa will be the capital of Canada. But as there are more things necessary for a capital than an act of the legislature and the assembling of a parliament within its boundaries, and as commerce has laws of its own, over which Parliaments,—imperial or provincial,—are utterly powerless, it is tolerably certain that Ottawa never will become the commercial metropolis or the greatest and most populous city of Canada. As the small city of Albany is to the large city of New York, as Columbus is to Cincinnati, and Baton Rouge to New Orleans—so will the small legislative city of Ottawa be to the great commercial emporium of Montreal. Montreal is the real capital of the Canadas, and will continue to be so, whatever progress may be made either by such rival cities as Toronto on the one side, and Quebec on the other, and by such a neutral city as Ottawa, where the Canadian Parliament may well meet, but where

Canadian merchants will most assuredly never congregate to the same extent as in the cities of the St. Lawrence. For the legislative capital Ottawa possesses many advantages of position, especially when considered in reference to the now extinguished jealousies of the Upper and Lower Canadians; and the possibility, though not the probability, of a war with the United States. In the last supposed case, Toronto would be at the mercy of a *coup de main*: and if Canada were independent and the nucleus of another and self-supporting system of allied commonwealths, in case of a purely American war, in which Great Britain had no concern, Montreal, since the abandonment of Rover's Point and a large portion of Maine by the short-sighted stipulations of the Ashburton Treaty, would scarcely be defensible against an invading force from the United States. Quebec, it is true, with its strong natural position, rendered stronger by art, might bid defiance to any force despatched against it; but fortresses do not make the most eligible capitals; and for this reason Quebec is objectionable. No such arguments apply against Ottawa, and though the selection made by Her Majesty, at the request of the Canadians themselves, whose jealousies and predilections in favour of

Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Kingston and other places rendered their agreement impossible, was somewhat ungraciously and ungenerously repudiated for a time, the Canadian Parliament has at length acquiesced, and the question may now be considered decided. Ottawa will be the future capital of Canada, town lots will rise in value, and the holders of real property in and around it will grow rich in consequence.

The original name of Ottawa was Bytown—derived from Colonel By, an officer of engineers, who led to its foundation in 1826, by the construction of the famous Rideau Canal, which connects the Ottawa river with Lake Ontario. It was found, during the last war with the United States, that the transport of ordnance and other military stores up the St. Lawrence was rendered both difficult and hazardous, in consequence of the attacks made upon the vessels from the American side, and a bill was introduced into the Imperial Parliament for the construction of a canal to obviate this danger and inconvenience. The project was warmly supported for strategical reasons by the Duke of Wellington; and having passed both Houses, and received the royal assent, Colonel By, the original projector, was entrusted with the

execution of the works, and the canal was opene in 1832. Its cost was upwards of 800,000*l.* sterling.

The locks of the canal are of the most substantial masonry, and so many men were employed for some years in completing the works, that the little village of Bytown grew in importance, until by degrees it began to arrogate to itself the name of a town, and afterwards of a city. In the year 1854, its name was changed to Ottawa, and its present population, including that of its suburb of New Edinburgh, is estimated at about 10,000. The Rideau Canal divides it into the Upper and Lower Town. Its principal commerce is in timber, both sawn and square, the staple of Canada, for the transport of which from the rivers of the interior it possesses unrivalled natural advantages in the Ottawa and the almost equally important streams, the Gatineau and the Rideau. The sites for the new Parliament House and other public buildings have been already selected; and if the edifices themselves are worthy of the imposing situation on which it is proposed to place them, Ottawa will become one of the most picturesque cities in America.

Ottawa is sometimes called the "City of the Woods," but a more appropriate name would be the "City of the Torrents;" for it may truly be

said that no city in the world, not even the straggling village, dignified with the name of a city, that has been laid out on the American side of Niagara, contains within it, or near it, such splendid waterfalls as those of which Ottawa can boast. The two falls of the Rideau into the Ottawa, at the commencement of the suburb of New Edinburgh, would be of themselves objects of great beauty and grandeur, were they not eclipsed by the Chaudière or falls of the Ottawa—a cataract that possesses many features of sublimity, that not even the great Niagara itself can surpass. To stand on the rock below the saw-mill, looking down the boiling and foaming flood towards the Suspension Bridge that spans the fearful abyss, is to behold a scene of greater turbulence, if not of greater majesty, than Niagara can show with all its world of waters. The river does not leap precipitously over a sudden impediment as at Niagara, but rushes down a long inclined plane, intersected by ledges of rock, with a fury that turns dizzy the brain of those who gaze too long and earnestly upon the spectacle; and that no power of poet's or painter's genius can describe. No painting can do justice to a waterfall, and words, though capable of more than the pencil and the brush, are but

feeble to portray—except in the old, stale set terms that have been well nigh worn out in the service of enthusiasm—the ineffable magnificence of such mighty forces, obeying for ever and ever the simple law of gravitation. If Niagara may claim to be the first and noblest cataract in the world, the Chaudière at Ottawa may claim to rank as second. And if ever the day comes when American travel shall be as fashionable and attractive as travel in Europe, no one will cross the Atlantic without paying a pilgrimage to the multitudinous waterfalls of Canada, or think his journey complete unless he has visited both Niagara and the Ottawa.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Not having time to visit Kingston, which, although it was once the capital of Upper Canada, has dropped somehow or other, out of the line of march, and become a place almost as unprogressive and stagnant as its namesake in England, I was advised to make the town of Prescott my point of departure for a new and more beautiful trip on the St. Lawrence than I had yet undertaken. The scenery of the river between Prescott and Montreal was declared to be grander and more varied than in any other part of its course; for within the distance of 120 miles between the two were to be seen not only a portion of the fairy-like panorama of the Thousand Isles, which commence at Kingston, where the St. Lawrence, issuing from Lake Ontario, first assumes its name, but the long series of rapids, the "shooting" of which is a feat that must be accomplished by every traveller in Canada, who desires to sow the seeds of the "pleasures of memory." Upon this

advice I shaped my course. Bidding farewell to my kind and hospitable namesakes in the city of Ottawa; I took my seat in the car, and the train soon brought me to the little, dull, insignificant town of Prescott, where lodged like the great Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, "in the worst inn's worst room," I was compelled to await the arrival of the steamer bound from Toronto to Montreal. Let me qualify the expression. My temporary abode was in reality the "best inn's best room," but when best and worst are equally intolerable, or not to be distinguished the one from the other by a hair's breadth, it does not greatly signify which epithet be used.

As there had been a storm on the lake during two days previous, the steamer was beyond the advertised time, though hourly expected, and I had to amuse myself as best I could, in an inchoate village, in which there was nothing whatever to be seen or learned, and not even a newspaper to read. It is true that during the Canadian rebellion, Prescott was invaded from the American shore by a too adventurous Pole, named Von Schulze, at the head of a small band of Filibusters, and that he was captured by the British commanding officer, and hanged forthwith. But there was nothing in this historical incident to invest Prescott with additional attraction. Right opposite,

upon the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and in hourly communication with Prescott by a steam ferry-boat, stood Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, whence Von Schulze's expedition started. As it was apparently a large and populous city, I very much longed to visit it, if but to pass the time. But it was unsafe to run the risk of an hour's absence, for the Toronto boat might arrive at any moment, and would not delay at the wharf at Prescott above five minutes. As things turned out, I might have safely gone to Ogdensburg, for hour after hour passed away, noon succeeded to morning, evening to noon, and night to evening, lengthening themselves out till they were as attenuated as my weariness, and still there were no tidings of the tardy steamer. At midnight, worn-out, sleepy, and if the truth must be told, somewhat out of patience with the place, I lay down in my clothes upon the bed with strict injunctions to a messenger whom I had kept all day in my pay, to arouse me the moment the steamer appeared in sight. At three in the morning, sixteen hours after her time, the lights of the approaching vessel came within view of my scout. I was duly aroused according to agreement with two other expectant passengers, the one from Hartford in Connecticut, and the other from Chicago. Guided through the dark and muddy streets

by a man with a lantern, we had the mortification to arrive at the wharf just three minutes too late, the steamer having landed a passenger in hot haste, and started off again without waiting to ascertain whether there were any others to come on board. We saw the lights of her stern-cabins shining brightly through the gloom of the night; and the man of Connecticut, who was very anxious to get on, having vented his wrath and his disgust in a volley of imprecations in the choicest Yankee slang, we retraced our steps, in the worst possible humour, to the inn, and held a council of war around the stove. The Yankee ordered a glass of "whiskey-skin," very hot, which restored him to something like equanimity, and the agent of the boat, who was responsible for not having given the captain the proper signal to stop, having, as in duty bound, thrown the entire blame of our disappointment upon the absent skipper, we went quietly to bed, to await the next regular boat, the *Kingston*, due at 8 in the morning. Much to our satisfaction, the *Kingston* was punctual to her time. The weather was magnificent, and we started for Montreal, none the worse for our disappointment in body or mind, and but little lighter in pocket. For if the hotel in which we had wasted the day was bad, we had but little to pay, and might have exclaimed with

the Englishman who travelled for the first time in a railway car from New York to Philadelphia, "that we never had so large an amount of discomfort for so small an amount of money."

The "Thousand Isles," through which the St. Lawrence winds its way in beautiful intricacy from Lake Ontario to the Rapids of the Long Sault, are said to number in reality considerably upwards of a thousand—if not of fifteen hundred; and though, in embarking at Prescott, we may have missed two-thirds of them, we saw sufficient to be enabled to judge of their variety and loveliness. Some of them were fringed with trees to the river's brink; others were smooth, flat, and grassy, as a bowling-green; some were rocky, bare, and small as a dining-table; while others were of fifty or a hundred acres in extent, and presented hill and dale, wood and coppice, meadow and pasture to our view, as the steamer shot rapidly by—sometimes in a narrow but deep channel, scarcely wider than our deck, and at others through a reach of the river as broad as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. The man from Connecticut, one of that class of Job's comforters, who will never allow a stranger to enjoy the loveliness of any natural scene present and palpable before him, without reminding him that he has left unvisited something still finer which he

might and ought to have seen, emphatically made me understand that all this beauty was as nothing to the scenery between Kingston and Prescott;—that I had been misdirected and misinformed;—that I had not seen any portion of the real "Thousand Isles;"—and that the little "scraps" of rock and island amid which we were passing, and that to my eyes appeared quite fairy-like in their beauty, and multitudinous in their number, were mere "humbugs," and "false pretenders." This personage, hard as he tried, was not able to mar my enjoyment by his companionship; and even he became excited as we approached Dickenson's Landing, shortly below which commences the Great Rapid of the Long Sault, or "Long Leap," pronounced Long *Soo* by the Americans and the English. Having taken in one, and disembarked another passenger, we prepared to "shoot" the Rapid, and all became bustle and excitement on board. The order was given to let off steam, and at a sudden bend of the river, where the banks seemed as if they had contracted to deepen the channel, the white crests of the waves, foaming like the breakers on a rocky coast, became visible; and the roar of the descending waters was heard, dull, heavy, and monotonous, but grand as a requiem sounded from a cathedral. Most of the ladies, and more than one of the rougher sex, whose nerves were

unable to bear the excitement of the scene, retired into their state rooms or the saloon; and those who had resolved to stay upon deck, provided themselves with plaids and wrappers as a protection against any sudden dash of the waters, should our fast-driving keel strike against a billow at an angle too acute. We kept to the northern or Canadian side of the Rapid, which, in the days ere steam-vessels ploughed these stormy waters, and when the only craft that ventured down were the light canoes of the Indians, was supposed to be more dangerous than the other, and called "La Rapide des Perdus," or the Rapid of the Lost. We were speedily in the midst of great round eddies twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and ere we had time to admire them, shot down fast as a railway express from London to Brighton, or faster if that be possible, in the bubbling, raging, foaming, thundering, and maddening waters;—our prow casting up clouds of spray that drenched the deck, and formed rainbows ere they fell. At intervals there came some tremendous "thud" on the side of the steamer, causing her to stagger and shiver through all her framework, like a living creature mortally wounded, and the spray mounting as high as the top of the funnel, fell like a torrent upon the deck. Then a moment of comparative calm succeeded, to be followed by another

thud and another shower. In the space of five hundred yards which we shot through in from two to three minutes, but which one lady very much alarmed and excited declared had occupied us half an hour,—the St. Lawrence falls no less than thirty feet, a declivity more than sufficient to account for this magnificent perturbation—and "hell of waters." The whole scene, heightened by the novelty, the excitement, and the danger, impressed itself upon my mind, as the third greatest marvel that I had seen in America, and only next to the Rapids and Falls of Niagara and the Chaudière at Ottawa. Now that the feat is accomplished almost every day by large steamers, the Canadians and Americans look upon it as a matter of course, and do not seem to be really aware of the danger of the achievement and the grandeur of the scene. If he were a bold man who ate the first oyster, heroic and of Titanic energy and audacity was the captain or pilot of the first steam-vessel that ever braved the frantic whirlpools of the Long Sault, and came out triumphantly from among them.

We were again in smooth water in much less time than it takes to tell the story; and in about three quarters of an hour stopped for a few minutes at Cornwall, the frontier town of Canada West, and were again in sight of the land of the *Habitans*. Steaming

on once more through a succession of small islands—and St. Lawrence most certainly contains ten times, if not twenty or fifty times, as many islands as any other river known to travellers or geographers—we emerged into the broad quiet Lake St. Francis, also studded with islands. This lake, or enlargement of the river, is about fifty miles in length, but of a breadth scarcely sufficient to justify its appellation of lake, in preference to that of river. At its eastern extremity is the little town of Coteau du Lac, where commences a new series of Rapids, all of which we had to "shoot," and the first of which is at a short distance beyond the town. It is one of the rapidest of the Rapids; and our steamer shot it like an arrow in two minutes, and launched itself into a deep, and comparatively placid but strong current, where we scarcely required the aid of steam to carry us along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Becoming *blasés* with Rapids—as people will do with almost everything in this world except sleep—we passed in succession the Cascades and the Cedars—the latter with its little church and tin spire, built upon the shore of the foaming current—suggesting in a new form Byron's beautiful though well-worn simile, of "love watching madness." To these succeeded the Rapid

of Beauharnais, after shooting which with the accustomed drenching, though with less excitement among the strangers than had been exhibited at the Long Sault, we glided into another expansion of the river, known as the Lake St. Louis, at the extremity of which, the dark brown and turbid Ottawa mingles with the blue and clear St. Lawrence. Here we came in sight of the large island of Montreal, which interposes itself between the uniting but not commingling rivers, the one of which rises far in the furtherest West, and the other runs through a country scarcely half explored, except by forlorn remnants of the Indians, and the scouts, trappers, and fur traders of th Hudson's Bay Company. The Ottawa, seen in the distance from Lake St. Louis, looks broad as an estuary widening into a sea, but it speedily narrows and sweeps along the northern shore of Montreal island to effect a second junction with the St. Lawrence, of which the deeper and more vigorous current rushes impetuously to the south, down a steep incline to Lachine, the last of the magnificent series of the Rapids. Lachine—so called by an early navigator, who imagined, as Hendrick Hudson did a little further south, that he had found the western passage to China—is

nine miles above the city of Montreal, and the roar of the Rapids may be heard in the still midnight in the streets of Montreal, when the wind is from the west, almost as distinctly as if the torrent were in the heart of the town.

The Rapids of Lachine, though they do not run a course so lengthened as the Long Sault, and are not in themselves grander or more picturesque, are far more perilous to navigate. They are jagged, and dotted both with sunken and visible rocks, scattered in most perplexing confusion, lengthways or athwart, at every possible and apparently impossible angle, amid the rushing waters. Any one beholding the turmoil of the flood, and the innumerable Scyllas on the one side, balanced by as many Charybdises on the other, would be quite justified—if no previous adventurer had made the perilous journey—in pronouncing the attempt to "shoot" them, either in large vessel or small skiff, an act beyond foolhardiness—a reckless tempting of Fate, if not a proof of positive insanity. But the feat was continually accomplished by the Indians of Caughnawaga, opposite to Lachine, at the head of the Rapids, in their frail canoes, long before the white man and his steam-vessels had penetrated to the shores of the St. Lawrence; and the danger and the means

of surmounting it became alike familiar to them. Whether by treaty, and as a recompence for the surrender of their lands, or whether entirely on account of their superior knowledge of the intricacies of the Rapids, or whether for both reasons in combination, was not made clear to my comprehension, either by the individuals, or the books that I consulted on the point; but for some of these reasons, if not for all, the Indians of Caughnawaga—a remnant of the Iroquois—enjoy the legal monopoly of the pilotage. Letting off steam at Caughnawaga, we lay to, opposite the village for a few minutes, to allow the pilot to come on board. The squaws and other idlers turned out, in considerable numbers, to the shore to witness our passage; and I saw enough of the village, which is inhabited entirely by the Indians, to excite a desire to visit it, if only to investigate the kind of life they lead in their state of semi-barbarism, and what progress they have made in the arts of civilization. It was evident, even from the shore, that they had not been entirely neglected by the clergy, for a handsome Roman Catholic church — with the glittering tin spire, universal in Lower Canada — proved that their spiritual welfare had been deemed a matter of importance. The zeal of the Roman Catholics

for the extension of their faith in Canada, and the wealth they have scraped together for the purpose, should make Protestants blush for their own lukewarmness. The immediate successors of Jacques Cartier, by introducing not only the feudal tenures, but the ecclesiastical zeal of Old France into the New France which they founded, proved that they knew how to colonize upon system. They left nothing to hazard, and wherever they went the Pope and the Church went with them—an example which the Church of England seems never to have had the zeal or the wisdom to follow, except lately in a small corner of New Zealand. I was not able to carry into effect my design of visiting the Iroquois in their village, but learned that their advances towards civilization have not extended much beyond costume, and the love of "fire-water;" that the gipsy element is strong in them, and that continuous hard labour is considered fitter for squaws than for men.

Our pilot started from shore in a canoe, and, on reaching the "Kingston," sprang nimbly upon deck —an indubitable red man, but without paint and feathers—in the European costume of his vocation. He had a keen black eye and a quick hand, and seemed to be fully aware of the importance of the

task he had undertaken, and of the necessity that lay upon him to have every faculty of mind and body on the alert, to carry our vessel in safety down this frantic staircase of seventy feet in a run of about three miles, intersected and encumbered by many rocks and with a current rushing, in some places, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Our trusty pilot was equal to his work. He was all nerve—and nerves—and at one point more especially of our mad career, when we seemed to be running right upon a point of rock projecting about two feet above the surface of the torrent, to be inevitably dashed to pieces—a sudden turn of his wrist altered our course instantaneously, and sent us down a long reach, amid showers of dashing spray, at reckless speed—like a railway train—full tilt upon another heap of rocks, that seemed absolutely to bar the passage. A delay of one second in altering our course would have been certain perdition; but the mind of the red man, quick as electricity, communicated its impulse to his hand, and his hand, with the same rapidity, to the wheel; and away we were again, before we could draw breath, safe in deep waters—dancing along impetuously, but safely, into new dangers, to be as splendidly and triumphantly surmounted. The trees upon

either side seemed to pass out of our field of vision as instantaneously as the phantasmagoria seen in a magic lantern; and when we darted at last into the blue water, and saw far behind us the snowy wreaths and feathery crests of the mountainous waves through which our ship had whizzed like an arrow, the propriety of the expression, "shooting the Rapids," needed no justification but this scene and its remembrance. It should be stated that, although many canoes and boats have been lost in the Rapids, no accident has ever yet happened to a steam vessel in navigating them.

We speedily arrived at what is called the "Tail of the Rapids," a strong but equable current; after which, having fallen two hundred and seventy feet between the Long Sault and Montreal, the St. Lawrence runs to the sea without further obstruction, as calmly as our English Thames. Ere sunset the city of Montreal and the solid piers and masonry of the Tubular Bridge were in sight; and before dark I was safe again, amid the kindly society and cheerful hospitalities of Rosemount.

CHAPTER XIX.

EMIGRATION.

Montreal, May, 1858.

THE population of Canada in 1858 is considerably greater than that to which the ancient and illustrious kingdom of Scotland had attained in the first year of the present century; long ere its name and fame in literature, science, art, and arms, had become famous over the civilized world. It is about as great as that of England was when William the Conqueror dispossessed Harold of his throne, and little inferior to that of Norman England, when Henry V. gained the victory at Agincourt, and sowed the seeds of that animosity between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which have unfortunately germinated since that day into results which philanthropists may deplore, but of which British and French statesmen are bound to take cognizance, if they would govern their countrymen either in war or in peace. It is not because its population is so small, but because its territory is so great, and its resources so little known, that Canada is con-

sidered in its infancy; and because it is conterminous with a republic so much older, more developed and more populous than itself. Stretching westward from the Gulf of St. Lawrence along the northern margin of the great chain of lakes, Canada—even if no additional territories in the fertile regions of the Red River and the Saskatchewan be included hereafter within its boundaries—has room enough for a population as great as that of France or Germany, and only requires men and time to rank among the greatest powers of the earth. Its water communication alone would point it out as a country destined in no very distant Hereafter to play a great part in the drama of civilization. An ordinarily intelligent study of the map is sufficient to show that the line of the southern Canadian frontier, along the shores of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, will become the highway of the trade and travel of Europe to the Pacific Ocean; if what is called the "lay" of the country be more favourable for the development of railway communication than the regions of Central North America to the south of the lakes. And this it appears to be from the reports of all the scientific men, who, either in official or non-official capacities, have explored the

land. A great railway will inevitably unite the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean through British territory; although it is possible that a southern line may also be constructed across the centre of the United States. But the Canadian and British line will have the advantage, for the solid and substantial reasons that the engineering difficulties are not nearly so many or so costly; that the country lies on a much lower level, and that there is no high plateau of utterly barren ground, twelve hundred miles in extent, to be traversed in the centre of the line. Between the Canadas, the Red River settlements, and the great districts of the Saskatchewan, and the Fraser River, British Columbia, and Vancouver, there will be but the territory at the head of Lake Superior, which will not ultimately repay by its own traffic the expenses of its construction; while the Atlantic and Pacific line, through the centre of the United States, across the Rocky Mountains, will have to traverse a bleak and howling wilderness, never to be settled at any time, because quite incapable of cultivation, and extending for more than twelve hundred miles.

When the outlying British provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, are

connected by rail with each other, and with the Canadas, and when the Grand Trunk Railway shall be linked with other grand trunk lines, as great and useful as itself, British America will become strong enough to rival the United States, both in commerce and in politics. There has lately been considerable talk, if not agitation, in Canada in favour of a federation of the North American Colonies, which in consequence of the want of railway communication are very little known to each other. But such a federation is not likely to take place while they remain dependencies of the British crown. Their ignorance of each other leads to jealousies sufficiently great to render their union a difficult achievement, if left to themselves to effect; and as the Mother Country has nothing to gain, but might possibly have something to lose by encouraging the idea, there is no likelihood that it will make much progress, or meet with adequate encouragement on either side of the Atlantic. If from any circumstances in their own or British history these noble Colonies should hereafter declare themselves independent, their federation for mutual protection would either precede that event, or immediately follow it as a matter of course. But under existing circumstances the best federation which they can establish is the federation of rail-

ways, and the union of interests, of which commerce is the best and readiest instrument.

The passion or instinct of loyalty is so strong in Canada, that even the recoil of the great rebellion of 1839 has increased the fervour of the sentiment instead of diminishing it, as it might have done. Both Upper and Lower Canada once possessed a kind of aristocracy composed of what are called the "U. E. Loyalists," or "United Empire Loyalists;" persons who disapproved of the war waged against the Mother Country by Washington; who, while they deplored the ill-judged proceedings of King George III. and his ministers, held that nothing could justify rebellion, and fled across the St. Lawrence to avoid staining their consciences with an opposition which they stigmatised as treason. Loyalty *à l'outrance* was their motto, as it was that of the cavaliers of England in the days of Oliver Cromwell. This feeling survives in their descendants. The very rebels pardoned by the British Government after the events of 1839, have become as truly loyal and as fervent in the expression of their attachment to the crown of Great Britain, as the most zealous living representatives of the U. E. Loyalists of old. The change in the popular feeling is perfectly natural. Throughout the whole of those unhappy disputes,

which had well nigh cost Great Britain her most valuable colony, the Government at home, supported by the people, acted with enlightened and far-seeing generosity, forbore to exasperate grievances by superciliousness or neglect on the one side, or by vindictiveness on the other, admitted to the fullest extent the right of the Canadians to self-government, and by a series of truly liberal measures, prepared the way for that democratic freedom which the Canadians enjoy, and which could not by any possibility be theirs if their institutions were identified with those of their brethren on the other side of the Lakes, or if they had like them to elect a President every four years. Canada enjoys a far greater amount of liberty than any nation on the globe, unless Great Britain be an exception; and if it be, the Canadians have far less to pay for their freedom than their brethren in the Old Country. The national debt of Great Britain touches them not. They are defended by British soldiers, and British ships of war, without cost. The standard of England, which prevents all nations from insulting them, costs them nothing to uplift. They have but to pay their own way, and to be happy in an allegiance nominal in its burden, but real in the protection which it ensures. The Canadians are fully impressed with the value of these

advantages, and are not likely to imperil them either by a self-sacrificing annexation to the United States, or by a costly independence of Great Britain, which would entail upon them all the expenses of a nation that had to provide for its own security against the world, and especially against its nearest neighbour.

As already observed, the first want of Upper Canada—for Lower Canada is well peopled—is men; men who will push out into the wilderness, fell and clear the forest, found villages, towns, and cities, and run the race that is run by their kindred in the more popular emigration fields of the "Great West" of the United States. Men of the right sort are, and will continue to be the wants of Canada, and of the colonies planted, or to be planted between the present western limits and the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

But who are the men of the right sort? Let no reader of these pages be deceived. It is but one class of men whose presence will be acceptable to the Canadians, or advantageous to themselves. Loiterers about cities—fellows who herd in the back slums, and think the life of the backwoodsman too hard for their dainty fingers, or for their notions of what is right and proper, should remain in Europe, and not presume, with their sickly education, to venture into the free, fresh air, and rough work of the wilderness.

Canada requires, and will require, a large stream of immigration; and yet immigrants are hourly arriving who are not wanted, and Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and Quebec, swarm with young and middle-aged men, who find it quite as difficult to "get on" as they ever could have done in Great Britain. Who then are the classes that should emigrate to Canada? This is a question that should be well and thoroughly debated by all who, not having elbow room at home, imagine that they must of necessity have greater scope in America. Those who ought not to emigrate may be designated in a few words, as those who expect to live by their brains; by trade, commerce, or professions of any kind. Neither clerks nor shopmen, nor men with ready pens, or readier tongues, should try their fortunes in Canada. Such men are always to be had in young communities in greater numbers than young communities require, and are useless in a country where rough work is to be done; and where one good blacksmith, stonemason, or ploughman, is worth half-a-dozen clerks, and a score of barristers. The strong men who inherit nothing from their forefathers but their brawny limbs and their good health, and who by the employment of their physical strength, with more or less of skill and industry, are able to derive their subsistence from the land;—these are the people wanted. The classes who, by the

exercise either of more than an average amount of talent, or the enjoyment of more than an average amount of social advantages derived from education, desire to live pleasantly, should stay at home. Their existence in this old, is far more comfortable than it can be in a new country; which desires them not, and has no adequate field for the exercise of their abilities, except in rare instances, which are speedily taken advantage of by people on the spot.

It is the agriculturist who is most urgently required; the class that in the British Isles is the most hardly used, whatever Arcadian poets and Belgravian novelists may urge to the contrary. Traditionally and poetically, or telescopically viewed, we are told that in England the cottages of this class peep out from the verdure of the land;—that the roses blossom at their doors;—that the ivy and the honey-suckle clamber over their walls;—that the swallow builds in their thatch;—that the lark and the nightingale, the blackbird and the thrush, make music for them;—that the honest house-dog watches at their gate;—and that their children sport beneath the lofty elms, or make garlands in the fields of the butter-cups and daisies. They are said to be the wealth and the boast of the nation. Out of their ranks, as we are told, is recruited the vigour of the generations. They are a

bold and independent race. Honesty is their stay. Health is their portion. A sufficiency is their reward. All this is very fine, but unluckily it is not true. Actually or microscopically considered, what are the peasantry of England? Enter one of their cottages and look around and all the glory and poetry disappear. The peasant is found to be a man of many sorrows. He toils for an insufficiency. He has not wherewithal to cover himself in comfort from the inclemency of the weather. His cottage is ill-furnished and dirty, and has no convenient separation of apartments for the decencies of a family. A dung-heap and a cess-pool fester at his door. His intellectual life is as degraded as his physical. If he reads at all, which is very doubtful, he has read the Bible; but whether with understanding or without, it is hard to say. He goes to church because his fathers went before him, and because men better dressed than himself have set him the example, and urged upon him the duty of going. He is told when he gets there that he is a miserable wretch, that by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, the many must ever be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and that he is born into that state, and must live in it. He is warned to respect those above

him, and to be contented with his lot. If he be a true man he learns after his own humble and dejected fashion, that there may be some chance for him in heaven if not on earth. If he be not a true man, if he have no spiritual life in him, if he have no hope for the future, he becomes reckless and brutal, seeking for animal enjoyment wherever he can find it, and seizing eagerly the coarse pleasures and excitements of the passing day, lest death and annihilation should come upon him before he has enjoyed anything at the expense of anybody. His wife is prematurely old with bearing many children and many woes. She labours hard and has no rest. Her children toil before their bones have acquired consistency; and the combined labour of the family, provided they could procure work for the whole year, might maintain them in coarse food indifferently well, and supply them indifferently well with coarse raiment. But they cannot procure work all the year round, and the moderate sufficiency of six months so dearly bought, is painfully beaten and hammered out into an insufficiency for twelve.

When decrepitude, or old age—and the first very often precedes the second—comes upon the peasant and his wife, they have no resource but the poor rate. They are a broken-spirited, and utterly worn-

down couple, and become a burden to the community. If a young, vigorous man of this class wished to possess for himself a small portion of his mother earth, he must expatriate himself. At home, though no serf *de jure*, he is a serf *de facto*. The land is so valuable as to shut utterly against him the slightest chance of his ever obtaining one yard of it to call his own. There are many thousands of such people in England, to whom the Canadas would offer a career of industry, usefulness, and prosperity. Let them depart, and benefit themselves, the country which they quit, and that to which they go. And not only the Englishman of this class, but the Scotchman and the Irishman will be welcome in Canada; if they can fell the forest, plough the land, shoe a horse, or a man; or do any kind of hard-hand work, such as is required in the wilderness. As much trash has been spoken of the Scottish as of the English peasant. It is said that though he live in a cold and moist, it is by no means an unhealthy climate. We are told that the grandeur and the glories of nature surround him;—that the everlasting hills rear their magnificent peaks on his horizon;—that fresh-water lakes of extreme beauty are embedded among his hills, and that salt-water lochs wind far into the country from the sea, presenting not only the sub-

limities and the splendours of scenery to his eyes, but wealth for his wants, if he will but labour in search of it. We are told, moreover, that although the hills are bleak and bare, the glens and straths are green, and capable of cultivation. Even if the country be deficient in coal and wood, nature is so bountiful that the peasant need not perish from the inclemency of the climate, inasmuch as great tracts of moorland are spread on every side, affording him an inexhaustible supply of fuel. But how does the so-called fortunate peasant live? What has civilization done for him? What has he done for himself? The answer should be, that he has done nothing for himself; that he is but half civilized; that he is worse off than his forefathers; that he lives in a miserable wigwam built of unshapely stones gathered from the *débris* of the mountains, or lying loose on the uncultivated soil; that the interstices between them are rudely plastered with mud; that he has very often no windows to his hut, and that if there be a window, a piece of paper commonly serves the purpose of a pane of glass. When there is a chimney —a somewhat rare case—an old tub without top or bottom stuck amid the rotten heather of the roof, answers for a chimney-pot. The door is low, and he has to stoop before he can enter it. He gathers his

fuel from the peat moss, a privilege accorded to him for the labour of a certain number of days upon the farm of which the moorland forms a portion. The smoke from this peat-fire fills his wigwam, and exudes from the door. The floor is of earth, and damp; and the cow which he keeps shares the shelter of his own roof. He has a little patch of ground, reclaimed perhaps from the moorland, for which he pays a considerable rent in labour, if not in money, and on this patch of ground he grows potatoes. He has little or no skill in agriculture beyond the skill necessary to plant his potatoes, but does as he is bid in a clumsy way when he works for other people. Oatmeal porridge, on which his forefathers grew strong, is a rare luxury with him. The easily-raised and less nutritious potato is much cheaper, and supplies its place. If his landlord, or his landlord's factor, will permit him, he marries upon his potatoes. If the landlord does not wish that he should marry, for fear of an increase of the population, inconvenient always to landlords who have not the skill, the enterprise, or the capital to employ them, he either dispenses with the ceremonial part of the business, or emigrates to Glasgow, or some other great town, and trusts to Providence to live some*how* and some*where*.

If he remains on his potato-patch, and marries

by consent, he has a large family; for, by a provision of nature, now beginning to be understood by political economists, each pair of living beings threatened with extinction by habitual insufficiency of nourishment, becomes prolific in proportion to the imminency of the danger.* He is idle and dirty in his habits, and his children are like him. If he can now and then get a little oatmeal-cake and a herring, in addition to his potatoes—a little milk for his children—a pinch of snuff now and then, and much fiery whiskey for himself, he envies no man in existence; except, perhaps, the laird and the minister. All around his wigwam are large tracts of country capable of cultivation, if capable people were allowed to undertake the task of clearing, draining, and manuring it; and if the owners of these tracts had the energy and the capital to exercise the duties of proprietorship. Undrained and untilled, these lands, if not valuable for raising corn and men, are admirable for raising sheep and preserving grouse. There is little or no expenditure of capital necessary for this purpose on the part of landlords. The hill sides afford excellent pasturage; and as sheep and black cattle can be herded in such a country at a small expense of

* See Mr. Doubleday's Theory.

men and money, the land is let out in large farms for this purpose, and at very heavy rentals. Additional rentals are procured for the right of grouse-shooting. None of the mutton, none of the beef, none of the grouse or other game, finds its way to the larder of the peasant, unless he steals it—which he sometimes does, taking his chance of the penalty. When peasants grow too numerous for a sheep and cattle-feeding country, for the confines of a deer forest, or for the due cultivation of that more valuable two-legged animal, the grouse, the less valuable two-legged animal, man, is "cleared out." The superabundant and useless people are warned to depart within a certain period. If they neglect the warning, their wigwams are pulled down over their heads, and they are left to the moorland and the hill-side, to enjoy an equality of shelter with the moor-fowl or the sheep. If any of these people have been provident or penurious enough to scrape a few pounds together, or if they have any remote cousins settled in the New World who have lent them a little money for the purpose, they emigrate to the United States, or perhaps to Australia,—anywhere where a man has a likelihood of being considered a man, and of living his life without oppression. These are the men that ought to go to

Canada. These are the men that Canada requires; and these are the men who, if they go there, will increase and multiply, and replenish the earth.

The Irish Celtic peasant when he is at home, leads much the same kind of life, except that he is not quite so closely elbowed as the Highlander is by the grouse and the deer. He is not the patient ass that browses upon the thistle, and takes insults from all comers. Though he, too, lives in a wigwam, and shares it with a pig, the priest comforts him when no one else will take the trouble. When a war breaks out among the nations, this class of men, partly from the misery of their daily fare and the wretchedness of their daily attire, partly from the ignorance which accompanies extreme poverty, and partly from a barbarian love of finery, press or are pressed into the legions of battle, and die in scarlet coats and feathered caps for the supposed good of their country. If war does not require him, and he has neither energy to emigrate nor friends to supply him with the means of paying his passage across the Atlantic, he comes over to England in the harvesting-time, and gains a few pounds to help him through the winter. Some of his good friends, who wish to try experiments at his expense,

settle him upon the coast, and lend him a boat and buy him nets, and tell him to fish in the sea; and not allow the Danes and Norwegians to come down hundreds of miles, and take away the wealth that the great deep affords. No doubt the man ought to fish, but he does not. The change is disagreeable to the Celt. He does not like continuous hard work. A potato-diet has weakened his energies. He has no fancy for the sea. He loves the old ways. Could he be allowed to fish in the rivers, he would be willing enough; but fresh-water fish are the property of the landlord, reserved for aristocratic, and not plebeian, sport and profit. Salt sea fishing is another matter. There is no landlord right upon the ocean. The great deep is free. There is no possibility of deriving any rents from the billows; but, free as it is, the peasant from the interior can make no use of it. He not only detests sea work, but has no skill in the management of boats or nets. He has, in fact, no liking for or knowledge of the business in any shape or degree. The strange result is, that while on one side of him there is a poor barren soil, with owners, who ask a large rent, the Celtic Irishman would rather pay that rent and draw a small subsistence for himself in potatoes out of it

than betake himself to the abundant sea on the other side, which has no owners—for which there is no rent to pay; and from which he might draw not subsistence merely, but wealth for himself and for his country. Though we bring the peasant to the sea-shore, we cannot make him fish. He prefers to fold his arms in his potato-ground, and trusts in Providence for the better days, which never come to those who do not make them. His children swarm half naked about him; and when the potatoes fail, get a miserable subsistence, by gathering limpets from the rocks, or plucking sea-weed, to boil into a jelly.

While such men as these are young, the British possessions in America could absorb any number of them; to dig and delve, to cut down the forest, make canals and railways, and do the work for which they are eminently qualified. In short, it is the peasantry of the British Isles who are wanted in Canada—not clerks, shopmen, and penmen. And until the peasantry go in larger numbers than they do at present, Canada, like the daughter of the horse-leech, will continue to cry, "give! give!" and will remain but half, or a quarter developed, even in its oldest regions.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AGAIN.

It might seem ungracious and ungrateful, after having been received in the United States and in Canada, at every town and city in which I sojourned, with a degree of kindness as great as it was unexpected—to conclude this record of my tour without saying one word in acknowledgment of the popular favour that was showered upon me. Without parading names, detailing private conversations, or indulging in personal gossip, I may be permitted, in a form somewhat less evanescent than a speech after dinner, that perishes with the newspaper of the following morning, even if it find its way to such transient notoriety—to avow my grateful sense of the hospitality of which I was the object, and of the good-will towards the Old Country expressed towards me, as happening to recall its memories to the minds of those with whom I was brought into personal and public intercourse. The following quotation from the

Toronto Globe will better than any words of my own tell all that is necessary to be told of the kindness of which I was the object, and which I should be worse than ungrateful were I ever to forget:—

CHARLES MACKAY IN CANADA.—The reception given by the Canadians to this distinguished poet has been cordial in the extreme. No English traveller of literary man who has hitherto visited this country has been welcomed with a tithe of the enthusiasm which has greeted the popular songster in every city in Canada in which he has set foot. At Montreal, after his lecture in the Bonsecour Market Hall, on "Poetry and Song," which was attended by upwards of 1,000 persons, he was entertained at a public supper at the Donegana Hotel. The band of the 73rd regiment, under the leadership of Mr. Prince, was in attendance during the evening, and honoured the poet with a serenade, appropriately playing some of his own melodies. At Toronto, where he has lectured under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, he has been honoured by the attendance of the largest audiences ever known to have gathered in the city to listen to a lecture. The St. Lawrence Hall was densely crowded on both occasions; many persons were unable to obtain even standing room. At Hamilton, where he lectured twice, the same enthusiasm prevailed, and, at the close of the second lecture, he was invited to a public entertainment at the Anglo-American Hotel, which was attended by many of the notabilities and leading merchants of the city. At London, where the corporation granted the gratuitous use of the City Hall for the occasion, an audience of 1,000 persons was present, and, as in other cities, a public supper was hastily organized, at which the healths went round until the small hours of the morn; and libations were drank full of loyalty towards the Old Country and of attachment to the New. At Quebec, after the lecture, there was a public supper; and at Ottawa

the poet was publicly serenaded in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mrs. Mackay of Rideau Hall. Mr. Mackay will, no doubt, take home the most favourable impressions of Canada. He expresses himself deeply sensible of the kindness shown to him by its warm-hearted people. Mr. Mackay was entertained at supper last night at the Rossin House, and he leaves us this morning *en route* for England.

Leaving Canada with feelings of regret that I had not seen more of it, I took the rail at Montreal for Boston, and engaged my passage home in the steamship *Europa*, Captain Leitch, advertised to sail on the 19th of May. But I was not destined to leave America without receiving a further proof of kindness and esteem; and this time from people whose names and labours are alike the property and pride of all who speak the English language, and of which the following short record appeared in the Boston newspapers of the 20th of May:—

MR. CHARLES MACKAY.—This gentleman sailed in the steamer *Europa* yesterday morning from this city. Quite a crowd of his personal friends assembled to take farewells. He carries with him the best wishes of hosts of admirers, who will be glad to see him again on this side the Atlantic. A parting dinner was given to him on Tuesday evening, at which were present some of the most distinguished literati of the country. Among the sentiments drunk with the heartiest enthusiasm was the health of Alfred Tennyson, proposed by Mr. Longfellow—a most graceful and genial recognition of the genius of the author of "In Memoriam," by the author of "Evangeline." The company on the occasion included Professors Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz, and Lowell;

his Excellency N. P. Banks (Governor of Massachusetts); Josiah Quincy, Esq.; Josiah Quincy, Esq., jun.; W. H. Prescott, the historian; Dr. Howe, of the Blind Asylum; Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, the eminent publishers, and many others well known to fame. Mr. J. G. Whittier, Theodore Parker, and Mr. R. W. Emerson were unavoidably absent.

The speeches made on the occasion were not reported. In lieu of a speech, Oliver Wendell Holmes, known to fame in both hemispheres as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and author of some of the tenderest as well as some of the wittiest poems that American literature has produced, read the following amid much applause:—

TO CHARLES MACKAY,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

Brave singer of the coming time,
Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,
Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,
The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,
Good-bye! good-bye! Our hearts and hands,
Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,
Cry, God be with him till he stands
His feet amid his English daisies.

'Tis here we part. For other eyes
The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,
The dripping arms that plunge and rise,
The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,
The kerchiefs waving from the pier,
The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,
The deep blue desert, lone and drear,
With heaven above and home before him.

His home! The Western giant smiles,
And twirls the spotty globe to find it:
"This little speck, the British Isles?
'Tis but a freckle, never mind it!"
He laughs, and all his prairies roll,
Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,
And ridges, sketched from pole to pole,
Heave till they shake their iron knuckles.

Then Honour, with his front austere,
Turned on the sneer a frown defiant,
And Freedom leaning on her spear,
Laughed louder than the laughing giant:
"Our islet is a world," she said,
"Where glory with its dust has blended,
And Britain keeps her noble dead
Till earth, and seas, and skies are rended!"

Beneath each swinging forest bough
Some arm as stout in death reposes;
From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow,
Her valour's life-blood runs in roses.
Nay, let our ocean-bosomed West
Write, smiling in her florid pages,
"One-half her soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!"

Hugged in the clinging billows' clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak, with rooted grasp,
Her slender handful holds together.
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between—
Our little Mother Isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple, where we stand,
Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us,
We hold the missal in our hand,
Bright with the lines our Mother taught us.

Where'er its blazoned page betrays
The glistening links of gilded fetters,
Behold, the half-turned leaf displays
Her rubric stained in crimson letters.

Enough. To speed a parting friend,
'Tis vain alike to speak and listen;
Yet stay—these feeble accents blend
With rays of light from eyes that glisten.
Good bye! once more. And kindly tell,
In words of peace, the Young World's story;
And say, besides, we love too well
Our Mother's soil—our Father's glory.

Among other effusions called forth by the occasion were the following:—

You've seen us Yankees, Mr. Mackay,
The white, the red, the brown, the blackey;
The white, they say, who knows no colour
But that of the almighty dollar;
The red, who roves as free as nature,
Could give play to the gallant creature;
The black who laughs, amid his fetters,
More heart-free than his free-born betters;
And the wan hybrid, half his mother,
And half his father, yet a brother;
When telling in the little island,
Of sights seen here, in flood or dry land,
Say, white, red, brown, black, short, or tall,
You found some good among them all.

In conclusion, and for the benefit of Americans, and especially of critics, who are too apt to be oversensitive upon the *Cosas Americanas*, I need but say that time has strengthened every good impression which I formed both of the people and of the country, and weakened every unfavourable one; that if I have spoken of slavery and one or two other

subjects in a manner at which some may take offence, I have spoken conscientiously, and that I could not do my own heart the injustice to witness slavery, without raising my voice against it—not to blame the slaveholders, but to condole with them on the burden of their inheritance, and to pray for the day when the evil thing may be either entirely removed, or so diminished by natural, aided by legislative causes, as to lead to the hope that one or two generations at the furthest may witness its extinction. No Englishman can travel in the United States without seeing on every side and at each step of his progress, the proof of the indomitable energy of the people; and (if he will not judge too rashly from first appearances, or from random expressions,) of the pride which they feel in their Anglo-Saxon descent, in their relationship to England, and of the noble inheritance of British literature, which is theirs as well as ours. Should the day ever arrive—which may Heaven in its mercy avert—that the "Old Country" should be imperilled by the coalitions of despotism, or by the subjection of Continental Europe to a great and overpowering military barbarism, Great Britain would have but to say the word, and an alliance with the United States, offensive and defensive, would stir the heart of the whole American people,

and bring to the green shores of the "Mother-Isles" —of which Professor Holmes has sung so sweetly— a greater army of volunteers than England and America have at the present moment ships enough to convey across the ocean.

The voyage home occupied twelve days. The weather was propitious all the way. We saw but one iceberg—a very small one—at a safe distance; and the trip altogether was as pleasant as fair skies, a clever captain (both in the English and in the American sense), and a joyous company could make it. Our run, according to the daily estimate made at noon—an operation always looked forward to with much interest on board ship—was as follows:—

	MILES.
May 19, 20	232
„ 21	195
„ 22	180
„ 23	240
„ 24	250
„ 25	268
„ 26	290
„ 27	280
„ 28	305
„ 29	312
„ 30	295
Total ...	2,847

On the twelfth and last day—within sight of home, and the shores of Ireland—the passengers kept no reckoning.

On arriving once more in England, I may mention the pleasant and novel sensation I experienced at riding over the excellent pavement of the streets of Liverpool—so superior to the bad pavements and worse roads of the United States; and the delight I felt in beholding once more the garden-like beauty, and verdure of the landscape. The hawthorn and the wild chestnut, the lilac and the acacia were in the full flush of their early bloom; and in rolling up to London, at the rate of forty miles an hour, I came to the conclusion that not even the magnolia groves of the sunny south, or the exuberant loveliness of the northern landscape in America, were equal to the sylvan beauty and fair blue sky of England. And if, during my absence, I had learned to love America, I had also learned to love my own country better than before; or, if this were not possible, to render to myself better and more cogent reasons for doing so than I had before crossing the Atlantic.

THE END.

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